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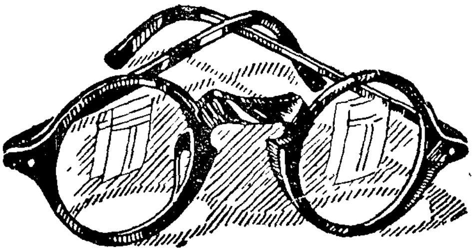

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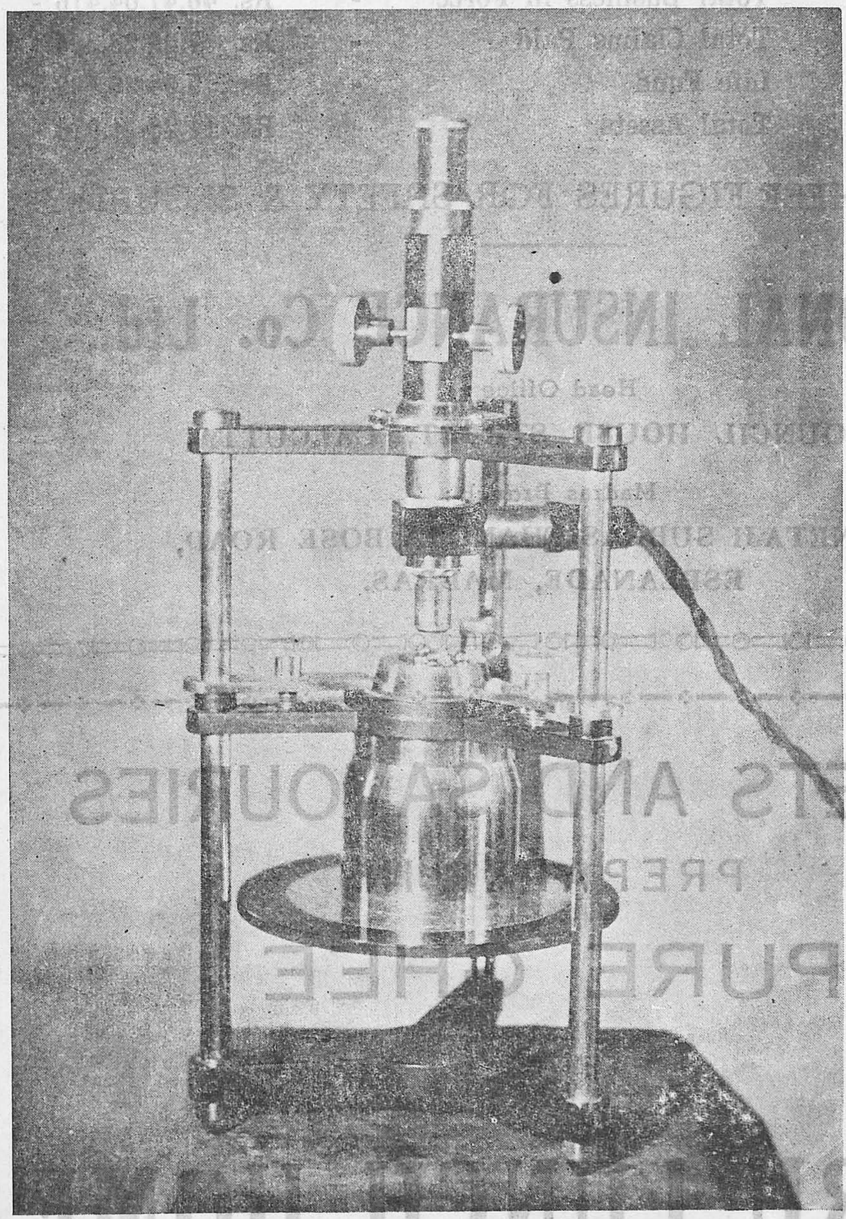

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Mrs. G. Parthasarathi, M.A., B. Litt. (Oxon.) M.A., L.T. (Madras)

Associate Editor :

M. H. Rahman, B.A. (Hons.), B.T.

Student Editor :

N. M. Balasubrahmanyam, IV (Hons.) English

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From the Editor's Desk

Since half life's joys are those of anticipation, we in Presidency College can still look forward to the prospect of larger and more orderly meetings and comfortably seated audiences, in years to come, for once again this year, we were disappointed to learn that the building of an Assembly Hall which the College needs so much, has had to be postponed.

By way of compensation, the construction of the new block intended for the Psychology, Geography and Geology Departments has been progressing apace, and these three Departments expect to start work in their new homes in July. When they shift out of their quarters in the main block, the Indian Language Departments, cramped for space at present, will, we hope, have all the rooms they require, and some of the partitions that break up the spacious verandahs may be removed.

This year too, a change of class-rooms has made it possible for the College to have a junior Commom Room, rather bare and empty at present, but with possibilities of becoming a more pleasant meeting place for students than the corridors upstairs.

Towards the end of the year, a clinic was opened in the College, by the Hon'ble Minister for Public Health. We hope that most of our students will not need to visit it, but that its existence will help those who need its facilities, to cure their illness with greater ease than in the past.

In the academic sphere, 1952-1953 has been a year of stabilising past gains rather than of new developments. Affiliation secured for the Politics group in the B.A. Degree course has been held in abeyance and no new Honours course has been opened. The Botany Department now has a Chief Professor, and there are as many as 25 research students in the College this year—working in the Economics, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Geology and History Departments.

When the year began, our Principal, Dr. Abdul Haq was away at Aligarh as Pro Vice-Chancellor of that University. He returned to the College in the second term; but stayed with us only for a very short time, and he was appointed a Member of the Public Services Commission in our State. It is a well deserved honour, and we offer him our warmest congratulations. We shall miss his genial presence at our College functions, but hope he will still visit us.

We welcome our new Principal, Professor V. K. Ayappan Pillai, and offer him our hearty congratulations. It is very fitting that after his distinguished service to the Department of English in the College, he should now be the head of the whole institution.

This year has seen several other changes among Heads of Departments; we would like to mention one of them in particular, because it is a significant link with Indians abroad—the appointment of Dr. S. Cooppan from South Africa, as Professor of Psychology.

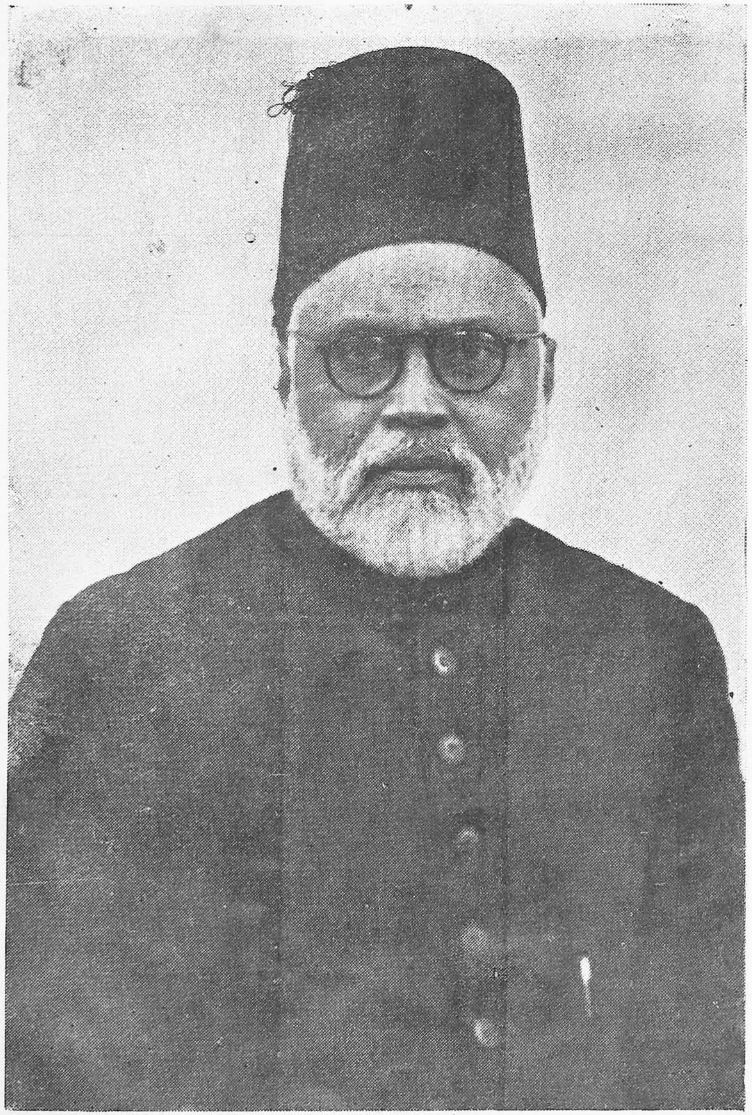
The various student organisations, led by the Union, have been usefully active during the year, as their reports will show. We would like however, to bring to the notice of our readers, the existence of the Social Service League and appeal to our students, both men and women, to remember in their own enjoyment and pleasure, the less fortunate boys and girls living very near us in Locknagar where the College Social Service League works. All our young men and women are always touched to the quick by distress, and whether by way of time, effort or money, Locknagar will give them the best outlet for their sympathy and idealism.

Presidency College was honoured this year by the presence of the country's most distinguished citizens. We shall long remember the mamoth meeting of the students of all the city colleges—organised by the Union of this College—which had the privilege of listening to Pandit Nehru's stirring address. The Chief Minister of our State, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, gave us one of his inimitable talks in our English Lecture Hall packed to capacity, and as always left us with stimulating ideas to think about and carry out in practice. Our Finance Minister, Sri C. Subramanian visited his alma mater on two occasions, and made staff and students of the College very happy and proud to know that a Presidencian helps to guide the affairs of our state.

Sri V. K. Krishna Menon and General Cariappa were two other visitors whom the college was proud to welcome and whose talks roused great interest.

Our students have distinguished themselves in various fields this year—in debates, sports and studies, and we hope that in the coming year standards all round will be maintained.

OUR PRINCIPALS



Dr. M. ABDUL HAQ, M.A., Dphil. (Oxon.),
Principal, Presidency College, Madras,
who has been appointed Member of the
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Prof. V. K. AYAPPAN PILLAI, M.A. (Oxon.),
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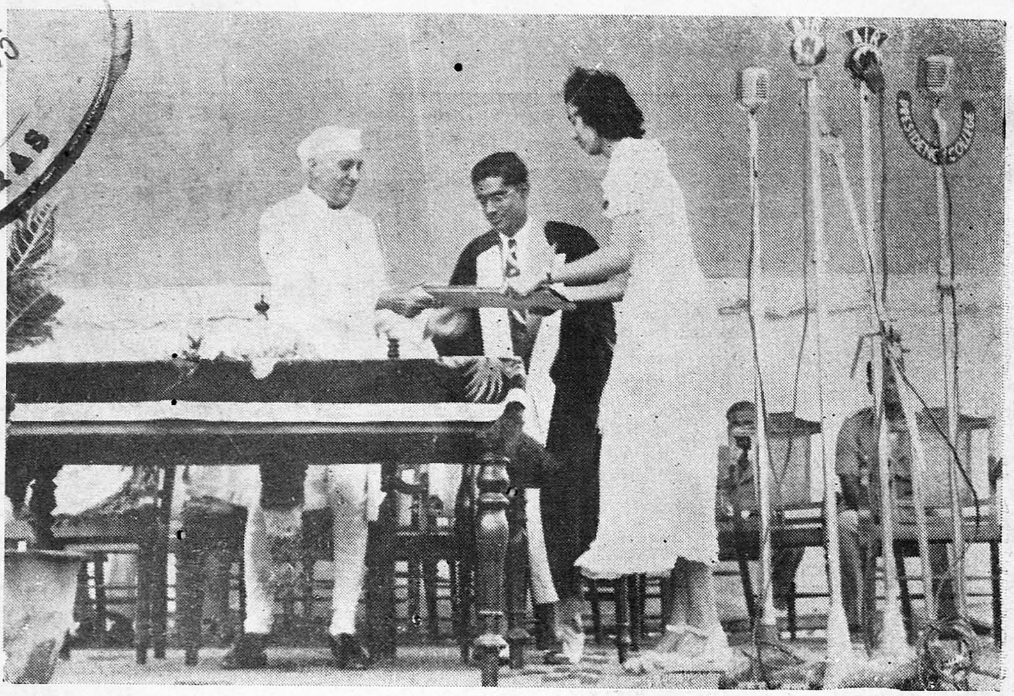
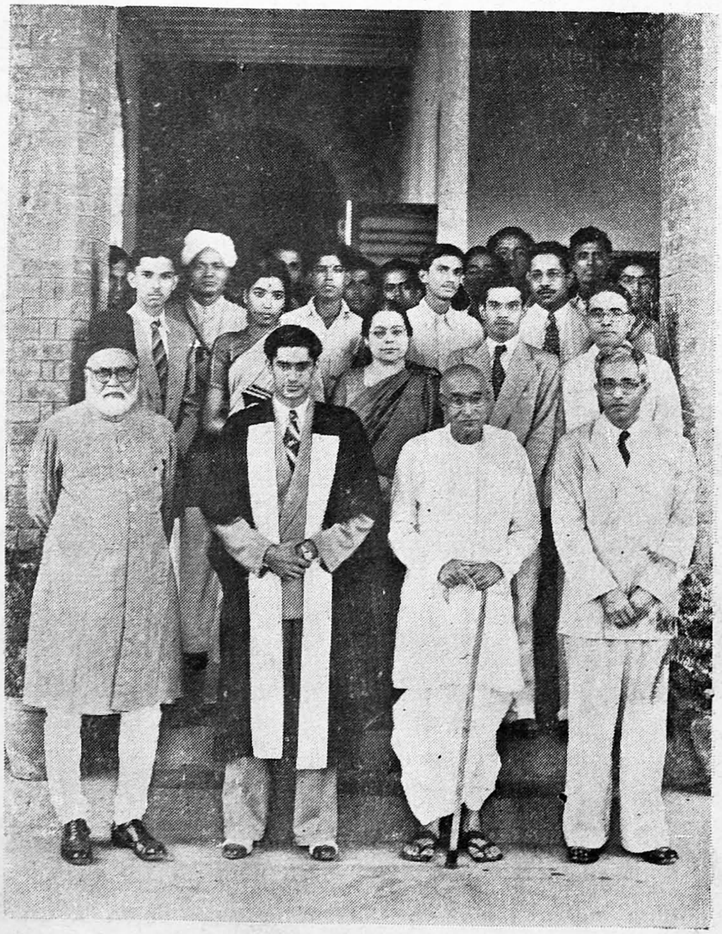


Pandit Nehru addressed the students of Madras on the Presidency College Grounds. He is seen receiving the address.



Shri C. Rajagopalachari addressed the Presidency College Union.

Somerset Maugham - The Portrait of a Genius

Somerset Maugham has no public personality. Although his "Lady Frederick" has been prancing about the stages of the world for nearly fortyfive years and although "Rain" is apparently never going to cease showering golden drops into the pockets of its creator, Somerset Maugham simply remains Somerset Maugham. There are so few tales about him. But there is one story—a true story, which is strikingly illustrative of his tremendous popularity as a novelist.

The scene was an English hotel. Suddenly there was a peal of thunder and a stream of lightening. The lights went off, and the hotel was plunged in darkness. But above all this, there was heard a piercing scream from a servant girl. One American writer Stephen Vincent Benet, asked her what the matter was. "Oh, my books, they will be drenched" she said. He was taken by surprise. "By gosh ! this vulgar flapper caring for books ! Naturally they are some obscene books about sex and nude colony", he thought. Suddenly she darted out of the hotel and ran. Out of mere curiosity he followed her to her garret.

She was weeping out of happiness, caressing a bundle of books on the sofa. He picked one of the books and glanced at the name of the author. He was struck speechless. The name of the author was Somerset Maugham and the book was "of Human Bondage". He picked another book. All the books were by Somerset Maugham. He was intrigued at the thought of this girl from the gutter reading Maugham and liking him so much, that she risked her job in trying to save them from rain. "Why do you like Maugham?" he asked her. "Well, I do not know really, perhaps he has got life in him" she said. He came away wondering at the inscrutability and inexplicability of human nature.

That is the great fact. Whether it be a philosopher or a prostitute, each of them finds "life" in Maugham, life in the raw, where mean passion runs high with streaks of nobility in between, life depicted as it is. That is the secret of his great popularity.

He writes about the shiftless slums of England, the ball rooms of Paris and the divorce courts of Reno with equal felicity. For him a coal miner will be as good as a duke to serve as a character in his novel. Everything is grist to his mill.

He came to London when he was twenty with his pockets full of money, and his head full of ideas of writing for a living. But those were years of sweat and toil and frustration. Some people call him a genius now. But he was a financial failure for the first eleven years of his career as a writer. His friends told him he was a fool to keep on trying to write.

He had already been graduated from a medical college. So they urged him to forget fiction and practice medicine. But nothing could serve him from his determination to write his name large across the pages of English literature. " For 10 years I wrote but I hardly lived " he says.

This is how he got his first break. Somebody's play had failed in London. The manager of the theatre fished around for another play to replace it for a few nights until he could get a real play in rehearsal. The play was " Lady Frederick " by Somerset Maugham. It was not much of a play ; he knew that, but it might do for a few weeks. He put it on, and the miracle happened. " Lady Frederick " was a smash hit. It set all London talking. It tickled England as nothing had since the sparkling dialogues of Oscar Wilde. If it had failed, Maugham would have given up writing any more, to work in some office. " I arrived at the theatre on the first night knowing that I should leave it as an accomplished dramatist or as an embryo bank clerk. I left it as the former. They began to laugh almost as soon as the curtain had risen. It is a great thing to get a laugh in one's first few lines. " Soon publishers fell over each other bargaining for the work of this new genius. Royalties came pouring in, in a golden flood, and they have never stopped since.

His very first novel " Liza of Lamberth " was an instant success. One acquaintance of Maugham who was not of a literary bent thought it so good that he said to him years afterwards " How wise of you not to write anything after " Liza of Lamberth ".

His real popularity came with the publication of " Of Human Bondage ". It was written more than forty years ago. It is still a best seller, which is a very rare thing for a novel to have achieved. Speaking of his book he has been very frank. He has been no less surprised than others at the enduring popularity of his book—not that he does not appreciate the greatness of his book. Still it is extra-ordinary for a novel to retain its hold on the public for more than forty years. It is a sign of immortality.

He has written many more novels after that. The notable among them being Cakes and Ale, Painted Veil, Moon and Six Pence and Razor's Edge.

Some critics have complained that he has almost the same story for all his novels. A girl married to a rich man without loving him, will be carrying on a love afair with another man who usually is a man of moderate means, but of exceptional merit regarding his intellectual attainments. The unusual thing here is that the husband is usually in the know of his wife's diversion in love. In spite of this sameness of plot all his books make enjoyable reading due to the little twists and extra frills he adds to his plots in each novel.

Then his style. It is simple and lucid. But it is of studied simplicity. It is achieved after long years of industry and refinement. He has lived up to his ideal style. He says " one fusses about style. One tries to write better. One takes pains to be simple, clear and succinct. One aims at rhythm and balance. One reads a sentence aloud to see that it sounds well. One sweats one's guts out ". True, in his early years he was impressed by the exuberant prose that was fashionable in the nineties and being aware that his own at that time was flat, plain and pedestrian, he wanted to give it more colour and more ornament. With that end in view he read Milton and Jeremy Taylor with laborious zeal. One day his mind in a florid passage in Oscar Wilde's " Salome " he went to the British Museum with pencil and paper and there evolved his style—" simple, clear and succinct ". No better compliment has been paid to him than this: " Study Dickens for character, Dumas for historical romance, O. Henry for short story but Somerest Maugham for both story and style." Such unique praise is rare indeed.

" A jack of all trade is master of none " is the common belief. But Maugham has several trades and master of them all. A successful novelist like H. G. Wells is rarely successful as a play-writer. Bernard Shaw who is second only to Shakespeare as a dramatist had indifferent success as a novelist. Maugham has the unique distinction of being the master of both arts.

In a recent poll held in America, " Rain " has been billed as the second greatest play ever written, the first being " Hamlet ". Yes ' Rain "—that tempestuous drama of sex and religion fighting tooth and claw in the South Seas, the play based on a short story by S. Maugham.

This is how it happened. He wrote a short story called " Sadie Thompson ". He did not think much of the story. One night a friend staying at his house wanted something to read till he fell asleep. Maugham gave him the proofs of Sadie Thompson. The friend was fascinated by the story. It thrilled him. " There is a great play in that story " he said in the morning. Maugham was not impressed. When the play was finished several producers turned it down. At last one man accepted it with trepidation. The unexpected happened. It was packed with such passion and power that it ran for 450 nights. The play that Maugham did not think worth bothering about fetched him a fifth of a million dollars.

Somerset Maugham is not generally thought of as a conversationalist. He never talks much because of a terrible stammer he caught in his boyhood days. He never completely overcame that impediment to his speech. Yet some bits of his conversation have come to us, which make

us feel regretfully for his stammer. He once said "I don't see why one should not love people flippantly".

He is described by many as cynical. He has the honesty to admit that he finds life quite meaningless, seeing it merely as a procession of grotesque, painted figures winding out of darkness in a momentary patch of light and then drifting into a deeper darkness still. But all the same he is vastly amused by life. His whole philosophy and attitude to life is summed up when he said "I think that life has a great deal of rhyme and absolutely no reason. I entirely fail to see that it means anything whatever. It justifies itself only by the amusement it gives one".

He has a profund sense of life, of its darkness, strangeness and pain burning like an open wound at the heart of life. He looks on and probes the wound not maliciously but with a surgeon's curiosity and conscious of humanity's passion and suffering. He is pitying, yet is acutely interested—absorbingly interested in the process of life.

He is a man who has to "get back" on life. His novels are largely autobiographical. The young man of "Of human bondage" has a club foot, his creator a stammer. It is true that nearly every great book is largely autobiographical not in precise detail but in manifestation of the author's attitude and reactions to life. He defines a work of fiction as an arrangement which the author makes of the facts of his experience with the idiosyncracies of his own personality.

Personally he is handsome, cultured and charming. He is fastidious, almost exotic both of person and culture. He is a disciple of the exquisite and he has all the material means with which to indulge his taste for the exquisite in all directions.

He is the man of the world in the most literal sense. The wanderlust had been with him always. He wants a home wherever he finds a spiritual home and the idea of any one pied-a-terre bores him. In 1938 he came to India and when leaving the shores of India said something worth remembering:

"It was not the Taj Mahal, the temple at Madura or the mountains of Travancore that impressed me most in India; it was the peasant—the starveling peasant toiling without cease, shivering in the cold of dawn, sweating in the heat of sun, toiling all over the vastness of India, as he had done from father to son for three thousand years. That was the sight that gave me the most poignant emotion in India".

In spite of his expressed belief that it is fallacious to think that travel broadens the mind, he has been a great traveller. That perhaps is due to his dramatic intinct at work - spectacle of the restless young writer

yearning to go "beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars" in ultimate realisation of himself.

He reads philosophy for relaxation. He is not superstitious. Nevertheless he has the sign of the Evil Eye stamped on the bindings of his books. He has the same curious design on the family plate, on his stationery and on his playing cards. When someone asked him if he really believed in it, he merely smiled.

He does not believe in any after life of the soul when the body is dead. But he is not worried much about it. He is simply resigned to what is inexplicable and unalterable. He says "We live to be happy so short a time and so long dead......... Life in its futility, its short pleasures, its sharp pain.......... Death with its mystery was the only thing that mattered". There speaks the dramatist—a cry of pain in the dark jungle of human nature.

R. M. Perumal, P.G. II (Econs.)

Singing

Singing is a popular pastime. From a coolie to a Maharaja everyone wants to sing. There is no fixed time for singing. One may sing while one puts on one's coat, or while bathing, or while waiting in a queque for entrance into a cinema-auditorium;—anywhere, anytime.

To sing melodiously, to attract huge crowds, to go into raptures, to command the applause of listening multitudes, to take them to ethereal regions of heavenly harmony, to soothe the sorrow-stricken, to delight the happy, and to amuse and entertain people in general—all these are the luxury of those fortunate few who happen to possess an extraordinarily beautiful voice and who have had the opportunity to study and master the science of music. But others,—ordinary mortals like you and me—content themselves by humming popular strains or catches. I know some people who are afraid to do even that much and who satisfy themselves by merely shaking their heads according to the rhythm of the songs they hear.

One day I hired a rickshaw intending to visit a friend of mine. As we neared Round Tana, we heard the radio giving us Shrimathi M. S. Subbulakshmi's songs. My rickshaw-wallah lost himself in the current of music. He raised and lowered his head as the delightful waves of music rose and fell. He behaved like a serpent before the snake-charmer. I was convinced that he was not in this world, and that if I trusted him, both of us would find ourselves in a hospital. The traffic around was heavy and delay meant danger. I asked him to stop, got down, paid him the full fare and reached my friend's house walking.

Music is at once romantic and opium-like. One forgets this world and lives a strange life.

* * *

I have always believed, with the poet, that

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted............"

Thus when I found that our cook, Ram Bhat, had no music in him and that he never shook his head in tune with the rhythm when he heard songs [by which I was convinced that he was not moved by concord of sweet sounds] I began to suspect him of "treasons, stratagems and spoils". Believe me, Sir and Madam, I never trusted him. I used to regard the food he served with suspicion. I read odious meaning in his eyes; his very movements spoke, for so it seemed to me, treason. But one day he administered to me my life's first shock. From inside the bathroom his voice came roaring abroad and left me in a state of wonder and astonishment. His voice was so harsh that I began to see virtue in the he-buffalo. He "out-he-buffaloed" the he-buffalo. But what inspired him to sing is still a mystery to me. "Surely", I thought,

"The devil is out of hell
And all is wrong with the world."

Since then, I found out that there is in this wonderful globe a mysterious force, called the bath-room-devil, which makes one sing, how ever unmusical one may be, as soon as one enters its dominion i.e., the bathroom. The temptations, which this devil leads men into, are irresistible. You can easily imagine how great they should be when they are capable of baffling even Ram Bhat. People who never sing outside and who even declare open enmity to all singing, comfortably forget their animosity and chirp merrily when they are inside the bathroom.

Once at home during the vacation, I suddenly heard a rough, broken voice issuing from the bathroom. I wondered who it might be. A moments reflection made me burst into laughter. It was our grandmother who was singing:

"Raghupati Rāghava Rājā Rām..."

I could hear the splashing of water and she sang as if she meant to keep tune with it.

Here again her voice was so unmusical that if Rāma had been a human being and if he had been there, I am sure be would have run away and also taken care not to be anywhere fifty miles near our home. But when I told her that her voice was not pleasant, she said with an indifferent gesture that she had been the best singer in the whole village when she was a girl. But now, she told me, her voice had ceased to obey orders.

She, however, was very strict with others if they sang. My sister was admonished when she unwittingly sang one day. "Singing loudly in the presence of elders is not a healthy habit."

Another person who would not sing except in a bathroom is our family-priest. I have heard him often preaching to school-boys of the village not to sing film-songs which, he assured them, were "hopelessly bad" but to chant "Rām-nām". I thought that at least this man would stick to his words. But one day he came to our home for the "Shrāddha ceremony of our grand-father and entered the bathroom for a bath. Suddenly we heard someone singing and we traced its origin to the bathroom. Our priest was singing! We were not a little shocked to hear him sing, and immediately brought this 'news' to the notice of our 'granny'. At first she refused to believe and dubbed us "heretics". But when we kept repeating the same story she decided to verify. As soon as she heard the voice from the bathroom proclaim to all the world:

"Mujhe kiseese pyār ho gayā"

She, unable to contain her anger, cried out, "What! is even our Somayājigal mad? To-day is my husband's anniversary and we are all expected to be serious about it and this man is singing a dirty song as if the singing of it were part and parcel of the ceremony. Indeed kaliyuga is far gone, ... far gone. The end of the world is near. Rām, Rām, do you see all this?"

Everyone wondered at the sudden transformation that had come over our priest. I thought that reformation had gone out of him in a flood and that the offending Adam had entered in. Even the priest was stunned when we asked him what it was that sent him into raptures. "Did I sing?" he asked us in a pathetic voice. I am sure if we had not consoled him, he would have died of heart-failure.

There is something in the bath-room which makes one sing. I can tell you many stories where the bath-room performs miracles. They may be out of place here. But I strongly recommend that a committee of musicians (or scientists or scientist-musicians or scientists and musicians) be set to make thorough research and investigate and find out what this

fascination is, which makes one sing in the bath room. The committee will try to find out answers to the following questions :—

I. Is it any supernatural agency which makes one sing there ?
If it is so,

(*a*) Under which god does it work ?

(*b*) What are its intentions ? Are those intentions honourable ?
If they are dishonourable.

(i) Is there any provision in the Law of the Country on the basis of which we may make ourselves secure from its dishonourable designs upon us ?

(ii) To what extent are the intentions dishonourable ?

(*c*) Why has it made the bath room its home ?

II. If it is not a supernatural agency, then what else is it ?

III. What are the methods employed by it to make us dance to its tune ?

IV. Is bath *room singing a sin ?*
If so, how is one to atone for it ?

I hope that answers to the above questions will be sufficient to enlighten us on this mysterious phenomenon.

—**A. S. H.**

"Consolation"

In the beauty of the day break
When the first lark rises singing,
And the painted flowers tremble
Round my open window bringing
All your dearness to my memory,
I chid myself for flinging
What you offerred me, away.

But in the dusk dark evening,
With the tender night on ceeping—
When the gardens hushed and lovely
I can feel my heart a leaping ;
In the scented silence round me
I have finished then with weeping
For, I dream of you till day.

Krishna Menon, IIIrd Hons., History.

The Elizabethans without Shakespeare

(A talk given to the English Honours Association)

Europe has produced only two great indigenous national theatres, that of England and that of Spain, and both blossomed forth at the same time, but whereas the prolific output of Alarcon, Lope de Vega, Calderon and Tirso, was to flourish and fade within the century, the seeds scattered by the Tudor writers were to sprout and bring forth unfailing harvests up to the present time.

The fact, that both theatres sprung to life at the same time, was no mere coincidence, as both were manifestations of the same awakening of the social, political and intellectual upheavals which followed the fall of Constantinople, the discovery of America, and the invention of printing. Huge new volumes were added to the library of mankind, for without printing, the rate of change would have been considerably slowed down, and the Renaissance, as we know it, might not have taken place at all. Chaucer's scholar considered him rich if he possessed twenty books clad in black or red, now twenty books would cost less shillings. Little surprise that the ecclesiastic authorities considered the invention of printing more dangerous than the invention of gun powder. Like the 20th, the 16th century was an age of transition when one form of society was giving place to another, loyalties were shifting from the Universal Church to National entities, individualistic society was ousting communal feudalism ; self interest was superseding the ideal of service; the concept of national diversity was being born and the fiction of doctrinal units dying. Modern capitalism was evolving out of the growing wealth of the burghers and middle classes. The grasp of 'the dead hand' or mortmain of the Mediaeval Church had been snatched from the land at the dissolution of the monasteries to the gain of the yeoman but to the detriment of the non-producing vagabond and beggar. Some, like Harrison, were already protesting against the rise of middlemen to the impoverishment of the producer–the hall mark of capitalistic society up to our own day. Barbers were beginning to lose their monopoly in surgery and the Church its monopoly in learning.

All these uncomfortable changes must have distressed as many as they stimulated, for man is a creature disliking change and fearing the unfamiliar. He tends to cling to memories and shun new experiences. He celebrates his birth and dreads his death.

What sort of England was this of 1580, when Sir Francis Drake sailed into Plymouth having circumnavigated the world, when both, Marlowe and Shakespeare, were in their 16th year ? The previous 90 years had brought about a tremendous change in the country's geographic position. England was no longer an isolated island floating on the periphery of the known world but the very centre of the new. Despite the dangerous roaring hordes of beggars, the country was comparatively

peaceful and very prosperous. The Virgin Queen, Gloriana, was basking in the last splendid twilight of mediaevel chivalry. Society was both cultured and uncouth. The Queen herself blew her nose with her fingers without much ceremony and spat in the presence of her courtiers. The floors of her palace were strewn with filthy rushes which served as a cosy breeding bed for fleas and lice, and when she travelled she carried her furniture from one palace to another. Her gorgeous voluminous dresses concealed an unwashed body and were heavily scented to dull less pleasant odours. Her courtiers swaggering, bragging and love-making in the ante chambers earned the contempt of the French Ambassador. Men and women who read Plato or discussed the elegancies of Plutarch suffered brutal practical jokes, relished the obscenities of jesters and used the grossest language of the people - yet in the midst of this confusion rose cavaliers like Sidney, philosophers like Bacon, poets like Spencer. True, several adherents to the Old Faith were being offered the Crown of Martyrdom, but the average Englishman was not greatly interested, for the martyrs of 1580 had been the persecutors of 1550. Religion was becoming, at any rate, more and more interwoven with political considerations. Catholicism meant Spain and Spain spelt invasion; to adhere to Rome was to be a traitor to one's country, to condone the Papal blessing on the Invincible Armada and to acquiesce in perpetual exclusion from the New World Trade. David and Goliath stood once more face to face. The population of England was no more than five millions while that of Spain, without reckoning her vast European territories, nor her extensive American Empire, was no less than 16 millions. We can to-day appreciate why the loudest applause greeted the patriotic line:

> "If England's peers and people join in one
> Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong".

At this time the beaux painted their faces, a fashion to be adopted a century later by ladies of virtue and which was to provoke John Evelyn into protesting "I now observe that women begin to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing". Nevertheless, a spontaneous vitality throbbed beneath that paint, an unbounded zest, for life which rendered the Elizabethan quite incapable of writing good satire. Their genius was too lyrical, too dramatic, and they were too fond of life to satirize it effectively. Such attempts as they made were for the sake of mere literary pose, as artificial as tho' less typical than Lyly's conceits. But life itself was so uncertain, so hazardous that every minute had to be lived to the full. A "carpe diem" philosophy pervaded all Renascence poetry, and Herricks 'gather ye rose buds' finds many re-echoes in Italy, Spain and France.

Not only in seamanship and literature is this age a memorable one, music also reached an acme of perfection never before, and only recently,

attained in England, so that the English polyphonic school was in versatility and output the greatest in Europe. Many of the new lyric poets, like Campion, were also accomplished musicians. Architecture, too, began its triumphant development with Inigo Jones, gardens were formalised and enriched with currants, rhubarb, apricots, and even or nges. Modern philosophy sprung to life with Hobbes and Bacon "the wisest, brightest and meanest of mankind" (Pope), and that spirit of compromise and tolerance now considered so traditionally English was voiced as long ago as 1516 by perhaps the greatest of all humanists, Sir Thomas More, who in his Utopia, wrote "it should be lawful for every man to favour and follow what religion he would - yet he should use no kind of violence and refrain from seditious words". Surely it is one of the many ironies of history that this great champion of the New Learning should have been among the first of its victims: Education in its modern connotation occupied the attention of Queen Elizabeth's own tutor, Roger Ascham, who, in 1520, published a book called "The School-master" in which he advocated kindness instead of fear and drew attention to the necessity for games.

I offer no apology for having spent so long in describing the social and cultural background of the period we are considering, for what is literature but the reflection of the time? and we shall never understand the Elizabethans, much less Shakespeare, if we do not ourselves feel the pulsating period in which they lived. With all respect to Johnson, Shakespeare was very much of an age.

The great fundamental changes in the social scene, which I have tried briefly to describe, is no more evident than in the language itself, which, like English trade and seamanship, was growing rapidly, and almost doubled its vocabulary with the sudden influx of new words from abroad, despite the protests of scholars like Sidney and Sir John Clerke "our tongue should be written clean and pure, unmixed and unmangled with borrowings of other tongues", but the world of thought can no more stand still than the globe on which the thinkers stand. Men were at last climbing out from the miasma of the Middle ages to catch glimpses of the towering summits of greek drama and epic which had remained hidden for a thousand years. The development of language permitted the development of drama. Hitherto all such entertainment had been provided by the religious miracle and mortality plays in which the characters were mere shadowy generalisations of the vices and virtues, whereas Elizabethan drama pivoted on individual personalities and introduced (what Granville Barker called) "a new art of emotional acting".

In a brief review of so prolific a period, the question of whom to include and whom to pass by becomes acute. I have decided reluctantly to confine myself to the dramatists, consequently, Spencer, the poet, and Sidney are passed by; Sidney whom I should choose to symbolise the

age as the very quintessence of the Renascence gentleman. He was the Garcilaso de la Vega of English letters, in whom 'non cedant armae toga'. Cervantes at Lepanto, Lope sailing with the Armada, Sidney at Zutphen were all in at the kill of a passing age and at the birth of another. No, time limits us to the theatre, and drama in Europe began, as I have mentioned, with the miracle and morality plays which were taken over from the church by the city guilds, such as York and Chester, as the profane and comic elements grew. Gradually theatres took the place of churches and inn yards. The first was erected only in the middle of Elizabeth's reign but by the turn of the century as many as 12 existed in London alone, and, in consequence, the writting of plays became a lucrative profession. For a long time there was a struggle between the popular drama which was not literary and the literary drama which was not popular. Playgoers, demanded situation plays with ingenious devices borrowed from Italian novels mixed with plenty of English wit and clowning, much to the disgust of purists like Sidney, who hoped to drive the rhyme out of English verse and adopt the unities of the Aristotelian tradition, as indeed happened later in France.

Lyly is the first dramatist, whom I mention, although he is remembered mostly for his prose work, firstly because he has given his name to our language (what greater distinction can a man seek) to denote a heavily ornate baroque style full of forced paradoxes and hyperboles, which makes his Euphues for us quite unreadable. But despite the tedious mechanical elaboration of his antitheses "for as A is B so C is D and the more E is F, the more G is H", and despite the monotony of repetitive alliteration, Lyly was the first among the original story tellers as opposed to translators from the Italian. With him we leave the epic and mediaeval tales of chivalry and approach the novel of manners. His plays are comedies of pure dialogue with no attempt at characterisation. They were written mostly to be performed by boys and so did not deal with violent passions and his dialogue was a heightened imitation of Court conversation. Lyly could and did simplify his stilted style to achieve rapid dialogue as, for example, the altercation between Alexander and Diogenes (Campaspe):

Alex. If Alexander has anything that may please Diogenes, let me know and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world.

Alex. What do you want?

Diog. Nothing that you have.

Alex. I have the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. How should one learn to be content ?

Diog. Unlearn to covet.

Alex. Were I not Alexander I would wish to be Diogenes.

Although these new play-wrights had broken away from the old morality-mould they still retained the allegorical tradition, and it is often possible to read into his characters and situations veiled references to topical politics. The most obvious example is King Midas of Phrygia who had the fatal gift of turning all the touched to gold. Midas without question represented Philip of Spain, whose rich mines in the New World were to prove a ruinous treasure, and the island Kingdom of Lesbos, which Midas wished to ivade was, of course, England. Historically Lyly is important, for had he not written, Love's Labour Lost and The Gentlemen of Verona would not be as we know them to-day.

Then came Tom Kyd with his Revenge Tragedies in which he may well have preceded Marlowe in choosing blank verse as a vehicle; blank verse so fatally easy to write but so extremely difficult to write well. But Kyd's popular Spanish Tragedy revealed if not poetic genius, an astounding sense of the theatre. Like Shakespears's Hamlet the Spanish Tragedy deals with cold blooded murder followed by a long meditated and bloody revenge. There is a ghost, too, in Kyd's Tragedy and the revenge is effected by means of a play within a play. Not only is there resemblance here but there are sufficient grounds for assuming that Kyd actually wrote an early Hamlet from which Shakespeare drew copiously.

Charles Lamb was the first to recognise Kyd's great gift for romantic writing. Hieronimo's remark to a painter "can'st paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan or sigh", suffices to confirm this recognition.

During the Middle Ages it was in Europe universally accepted that man was an angel fallen from grace but this belief was superseded by the older classical fancy that long before the iron and stone ages existed a distant golden age, to which both Ovid in the first book of his Metamorphosis and Virgil in his Georgics referred, and on which Rousseau was to base his philosophy. The conception must be considerably older than either Greece or Rome, and probably springs no doubt from the Hindu doctrine of Kritha Yugam.

The best known Renascence re-echo of this belief is that found in the third chapter of Don Quixote and these verses from Kyd are a striking parallel to it ;

"When first this circled round, this building fair
Some God took out of the confused mass,
(What God I do not know, nor greatly care).
War was not then and riches were not known,
And no man said "this, or this, is mine own"
....
There needed then no judge, nor yet no law,
Nor any king of whom to stand in awe."

The dangerous sentiment expressed in the last line is surpassed only by the audacity of the sentiment "What god I do not know, nor greatly care", which must have shocked as readily as Marlowe's:

"I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance".

It is not then surprising to find these two dramatists, Kyd and Marlowe, under grave suspicion of atheism–a term which in the 17th century was as vague as the terms communist and fascist in the 20th, and denoted often a mere non-conformity to accepted opinions. Kyd was, however, arrested and tortured, he saved his life by laying most of the blame on his friend Marlowe, who, by then, was dead, and Kyd's public life came to a close.

With Tamburlaine, Marlowe assured the future of blank verse as a medium for tragedy. In four years he produced his great Lust Trilogy TAMBURLAINE, illustrating the lust for power, Dr. Faustus the lust for knowledge, the JEW OF MALTA the lust for riches, as well as his powerful tragedy EDWARD II:

It has been said that Marlowe, to produce effect, drives kings in teams and decimates mankind, whereas, Shakespeare drops a handkerchief to produce a greater effect (Seccombe). Marlowe's chief characters, Tamburlaine the cruel Emperor, Faustus avid for knowledge, Barabas craving for wealth are so devoid of conscience and so lacking in remorse that they are nothing but monsters. Faustus was not however the degenerate of Gounod's opera and if he sold his soul it was for no base sensual reason, but to attain knowledge. It is this search for truth which makes the work so representative of the time and Faustus a true figure of tragedy. Marlowe, himself, was what today we should term, a free thinker, and was summoned with Kyd to appear before the Privy Council on a charge of blasphemy but "cut was the branch that might have grown full straight", before he could stand trial he was knifed in a tavern brawl.

In Marlowe's mighty line we find a foretaste of that unique genius we attribute to Shakespeare; consider Tamburlaine's "Blood is the God

of War's rich livery ", or the closing scenes of Richard II, when the king imprisoned in the gloomy castle vaults describes his piteous plight :

" This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Where in the filth of all the castle falls
And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space, and lest that I should sleep
One plays continually upon a drum :
They give me bread and water being a king.........
O would my blood dropped out from every vein
As does this water from my tattered robes".

Nor can I refrain from quoting those best known and best loved of all Marlowe's lines when Faustus seeing Helen of Troy in a vision utters what are perhaps the most glorious and most lyrical verses in all our literature :

" Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen make me immortal with a kiss
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies !
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again,
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips
And all is dross that is not Helena ".

Marlowe, we know, collaborated with his then not so well-known contemporary in Titus Andronicus, Henry VI and Edward III.

There can be no doubt that in 1593 the performance and even the promise of Marlowe was greater than that of Shakespeare, who seems to take a leap forward the moment his formidable rival is removed. All that can now be said is that had both poets died on the same day it is certain that Marlowe would appear to us the greater genius of the two (Sir Edmund Grosse).

Much of the Elizabethan theatre strikes us as being too full of blood and thunder and offends our more fastidious fibre, although much of our 20th century cinema is embued with the same spirit. Our 16th century writer could ill afford not to be popular. He was usually of the people, and like them he had to live and live dangerously—apart from poor Kyd and Marlowe's tragic end, was not Tom Nash sent to Fleet Prison for his political allusions in the Isle of Dogs ? and the great Ben Jonson together with Chapman and Marston released from prison where they were confined for having slighted the Scots in Eastward Ho, only because they had powerful friends at Court ? More ominous still the Rev. Udall had died in his dungeon and the Welshman Penry was executed for being the suspected authors of the Martin Prelate pamphlets which defended Presbyterianism.

But soon the Elizabethan audience grew tired of the blood and thunder; of the extravagances in passion and language; of the outworn and melodramatic stage tricks and demanded a more realistic treatment; a demand amusingly voiced in the introduction to an anonymous play in 1599.

> How some damn'd tyrant to obtain a crown
> Stabs, hangs, imprisons, smothers, cutteth throats;
> And then a chorus too, comes howling in...........
> Then too a filthy whining ghost..............
> Comes screaming like a pig half sticked,
> And cries " Vindicta—Revenge—Revenge "!
> With that a little rosin flashes forth,
> Like smoke out of a tobacco pipe, or a boy's squib.

Our next dramatist conformed to this change in public taste. " He was a great lover and praiser of himself, a condemner and scorn of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those around him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lives) a braggart......thinking nothing well but what either he himself, or some of his friends have said or done, he is passionately kind or angry, careless either to gain or keep, vindictive......". Such was rare Ben Jonson as described by Drumond. He had fought in Flanders, been converted to the Roman Church, recanted some years later; and killed an actor in a duel. A bitter enemy of the architect Jones, he is reported to have said to Prince Charles that when he wanted a word to express the greatest villain in the world he called him Inigo.

Jonson marks the beginning of a decadence with his characters embodying certain characteristics or humour although in this respect he anticipated Moliere. Althrough his comedies of manners, Everyman in his Humour, which was first produced in 1598 (with Shakespeare playing a small role) and Everyman out of his Humour, brought something fresh to the English stage, he failed to achieve the delicate levity of the French dramatist largely because his personal lack of sympathy with the object of his burlesque stifles our laughter before it begins. His Volpone, incidentally, was recently adapted with great success by André Gide for the French cinema.

Little time remains unfortunately to do full justice to the other numerous contemporaries: Robert Greene and Tom Nash, those two self-constituted bullies who attacked every newcomer, especially Marlowe;

> " Those idiotic art masters who mounted on the stage of arrogance think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse "

Beaumont and Fletcher, the most prolific writers of all, especially the latter whose lyric in The Nice Valour, 'Hence all you vain delights', suggested IL Penseroso to Milton, and whose verses 'Take O take those lips away' are quoted in Measure for Measure; Tom Dekker who paints a poignant picture of the bubonic plague in his 'Wonderful Year', and lastly John Webster whose title to fame rests on 'The Duchess of Malfi' and who was one of the few to attack Shakespeare. Although his theatre contains more ghosts, lunatics and murderers than all his contemporaries put together, yet he leaves us the most comprehensive record of London rogues, swindlers and petty thieves of his time.

Time-consideration alone did not decide my omitting Shakespeare in this survey but I was prompted to do so because his measureless greatness is too often allowed to eclipse the lesser greatness of his contemporaries, and also, because the tender beauty of fireflies is not to be seen while the sun shines.

H. C. Normington,
The British Council, Madras.

The Sindri Fertilizer Factory

The poor agricultural methods, dwindling soil fertility and ever expanding population are perhaps the chief factors responsible for the restrainment of India's efforts to bring her people a better standard of living. With the idea of stimulating food production a giant factory was set upon the banks of the Damodar, fourteen miles downstream from Dhanbad, Bihar.

Of the various nitrogenous chemical fertilizers known today, sulphate of Ammonia has been the most popular and most widely used. The simplest method of getting Ammonium Sulphate is to neutralise Sulphuric acid with Ammonia. In view of the non-availability of Sulphur deposits in India and with a view to utilise the existing Sulphur Compound resources, the semi-water gas Gypsum Process is employed at Sindri. The chief raw materials used are coal for the power station, coke for generation of gas and Gypsum or Calcium Sulphate for the manufacture of Ammonium Sulphate. This factory has been designed to produce 350,000 tons of Ammonium Sulphate per year. The pilot production started at midnight of October 30–31, 1951, the auspicious night of the festival of lights, the "Diwali", which to Hindus signifies the victory of good over evil.

The factory proper is divided into four main sections, namely the Power plant, Gas plant, Ammonia plant and the Sulphate plant. Of these groups of plants three are directly concerned with the process of the manufacture of the fertilizer.

The Power plant consists of six high pressure boilers and six turbo-generators. Of these turbo-generators, four are of the condensing type and two are of the back pressure type. It has an installed capacity of 80,000 K. W. and provides all the electric power, process steam and boiler feed requirements of the entire factory. In addition to this it exports power to the Damodar Valley Grid System.

The Gas plant consists of eight gas generators and four Carbon monoxide oxidation units with all connected auxiliary equipments. It is this plant which marks the beginning of the process. It produces continuously a gas mixture which is suitable for Ammonia synthesis after necessary purification. It has the capacity of producing 33 million cubic feet of gas per day.

The Ammonia plant is designed to produce 270 tons of anhydrous Ammonia per day. The gas mixture from the Gas plant is sent to this plant where it is freed from Carbon oxides and the remaining mixture of Nitrogen and Hydrogen is synthesised under high pressure in the presence of Iron catalyst to form Ammonia. The Carbon dioxide which was removed is regenerated and pumped on to the Sulphate plant for the preparation of Ammonium Carbonate.

In the Sulphate plant, finely ground Gypsum is reacted with Ammonium Carbonate solution to produce Ammonium Sulphate and Calcium Carbonate. The insoluble Calcium Carbonate is separated by filtration. The liquid containing Ammonium Sulphate is evaporated and then dried into sugar like crystals which are sent to the storage silo.

Besides the production of Ammonium Sulphate, this factory will pave the way for the development of other chemical industries. It is hoped that in a few years time, subsidiary industries will spring up for the manufacture of valuable chemicals and fertilizers like Soda ash, Ammonium Nitrate, Nitrate Lime Urea, Hexamin, etc. There is also a possibility for the development of plastic industries on a large scale. Some of the early expansion measures include the setting up of a battery of cock ovens, a cement plant, a Methanol plant, etc. After the completion of Damodar Valley project, additional facilities like cheap electricity, water and transport will be available to give fillip to this expansion.

Sindri will certainly provide an excellent training ground for India's young engineers and technicians. With the production of 350,000 tons of Ammonium Sulphate, the Indian Exchequer will be saving about twelve crores of rupees in foreign exchange.

K. H. Mehta, IV B.Sc. (Chem.)

"Sermons In Stones"

The Earth is our home. Here we are born. Here we live and die. Nothing in the vast away of visible things that we call Nature appears to our restricted vision as a complete picture. True Artist that He is, the Creator never reveals the whole of His design at once.

It is the extreme privilege of the Geologist to explain many facts about our Earth. The geologist, like a child with a jigsaw puzzle, tries to unravel the mysteries of our Earth.

The four photographs on the left hand side just show that the geologist has many a miracle to narrate.

Photograph 1: Waterfalls are among the most fascinating features of our Earth. The photograph shows the Jog Falls on the Sharavati River on the borders of Mysore and Bombay. These comprise four magnificent falls called Rajah, Rocket, Roarer and Dame Blanche arranged on a curve and having a sheer drop of 850 feet.

Photograph 2: By a study of the remains of animals and plants of past ages preserved in the rocks (fossils) the geologist visualizes past scenes of the Earth. Photograph 2 shows the remains of a marine animal which lived seventy million years ago.

Photograph 3. This shows a remarkably balanced rock in Jubbulpore. In the eyes of the common man, this is a freak of nature. But the geologist explains the formation of such a balanced rock. Such "Erratic Boulders" are common features in Peninsular India.

Photograph 4: The common man knows that there are stories in stones. Photograph 4 illustrates this. Due to unequal heating and cooling, rocks peel off into scales. This process is termed "Exfoliation". Such exfoliated rocks often present an "onion-like" structure.

By S. Viswanathan, IV B.Sc. Geology.

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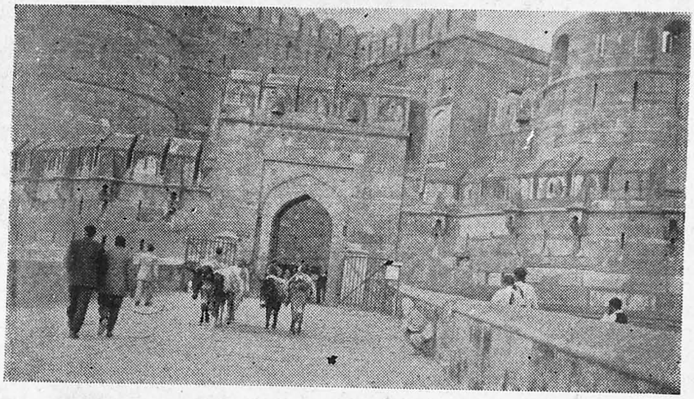
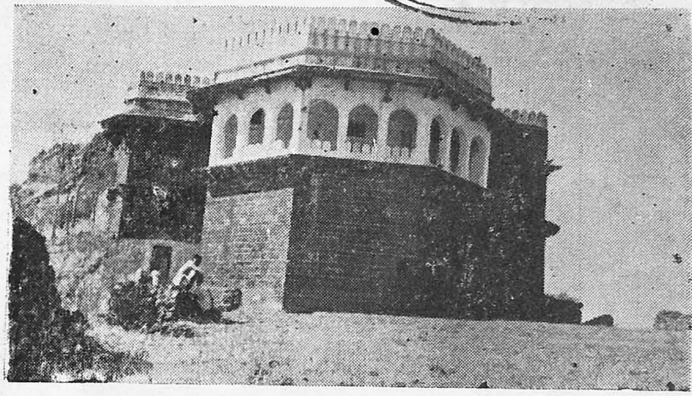
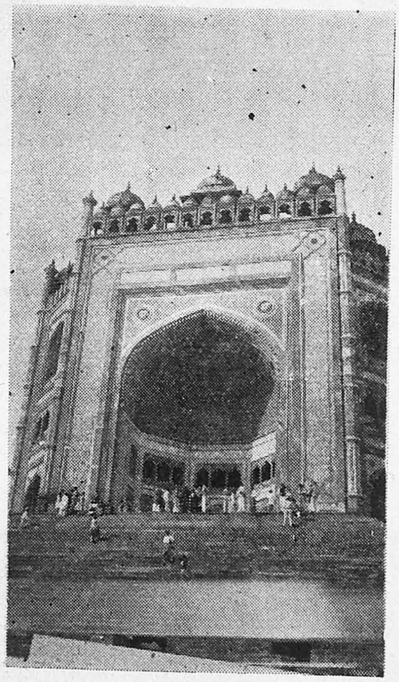


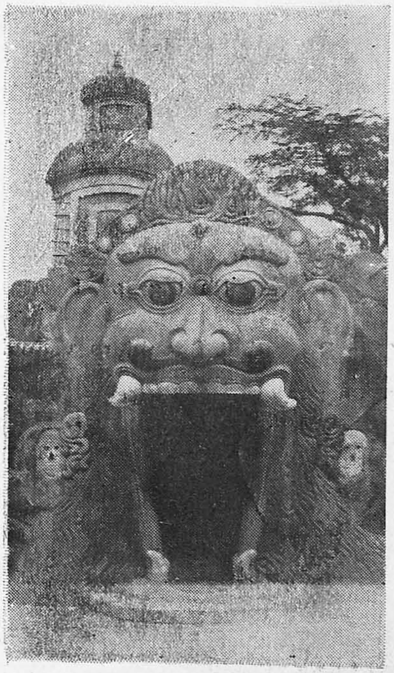
Agra Fort.
(V. R. K. Chetti, III Hons., Eco.)



Inside Davlathabad Fort.
(V. R. K. Chetti, III Hons., Eco.)



The Victory Gate, Fatheipur Sikri.
(V. R. K. Chetti, III Hons., Eco.)



Cave Temple, Birla Mandir, Delhi,
(V. R. K. Chetti, III Hons., Eco.)

Zoologists at Krusadi.

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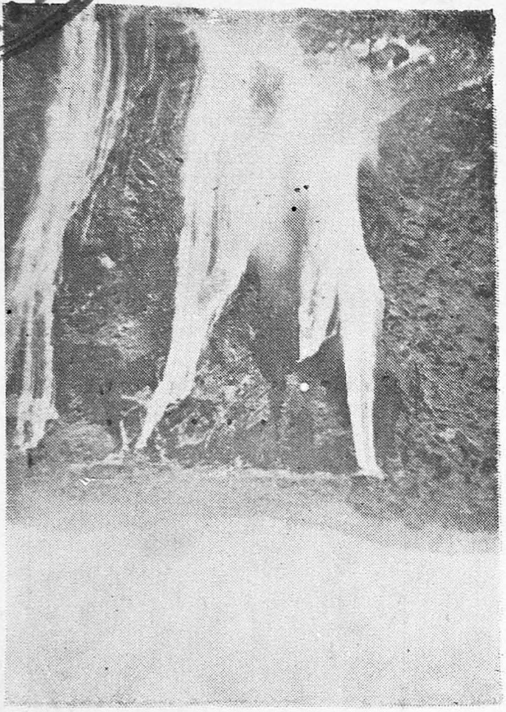
SERMONS IN STONES

"White Ribbons of Water"—Jog Falls.

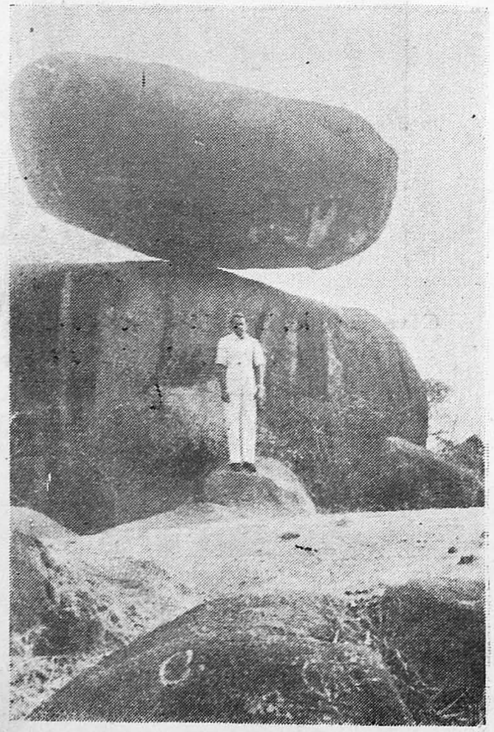


Photograph 1

Remnants of Life 70 million years old.

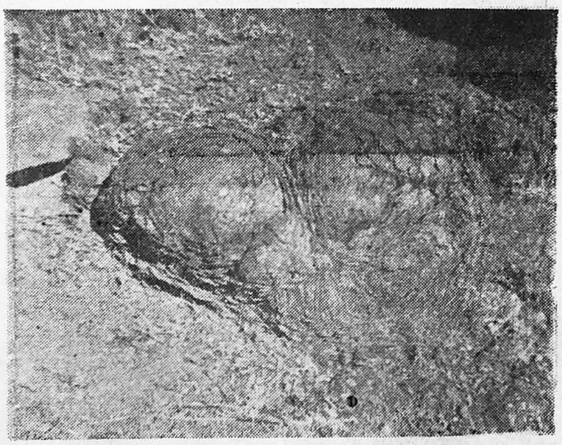
Photograph 2

The Rock that Shoulders a Boulder.



Photograph 3

Onions not at home! But in Rocks!



Photograph 4

Photos by : S. Viswanathan, IV B.Sc., Geology.

Beauty

"For forms of beauty let fools contest".

P. K. K. Menon.

I am always greatly fascinated, I confess, by things beautiful. My heart leaps up when I behold a lovely landscape, a pretty painting or blushing rose or when I hear a sweet song or feel the silken smoothness of a tender babe. Needless to add, my heart is filled with joy when I see a beautiful girl too though I feel that a convenient distance from herself would lend enchantment to the view. My heart almost looks like a ball of snow melting at her lukewarm sight. This appreciation of beauty in any form, you know, is my weakness of which I am proud. To me, as well as to Keats, incidentally, Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. That is all I know and Keats too knows. I feel beauty, in all its simplicity, but cannot explain it. I cannot, for example, visualise, as Rossetti does, some abstract Beauty enthroned:

> "Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
> Terror and mystery, guard her shrine."

But I disagree with Keats when he adds that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. I feel it is a joy only until it breaks or fades away. Once changed, beauty, like a bank-note, soon goes. I feel very sad when I remember that the paths of beauty lead but to the grave. Believe me, tears come to my eyes when I grimly realise that the same lady that smiles to-day, to-morrow will be dying. It is our misfortune, of course, rather than the fault of the lady. And so Herrick wisely warns her:

> "Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
> ....
> Be not proud of that rich hair,
> Which wantons with the love-sick air;
> When as the ruby which you wear
> Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
> Will last to be a precious stone
> When all your world of beauty's gone."

When you see old Time masking a rosy cheek or a coral lip decay, are not your flames apt to waste away and are you not tempted to ask your lady:

> "Is this the face that launched a thousand planes?
> Oh, mistress mine, where are the charms
> That I had once seen in thy face?"

You should be an extraordinary man indeed to say then:

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still."

Beauty, callous and without love, is, to idealists, a flower without colour or scent. One of them falls at the feet of a lady and implores:

"Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white
....
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me!
Thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love".

And Carew even proclaims:

a smooth and stead fast mind

Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

That is why an expert on love and beauty recently said that it is all right to fall in love with a pair of eyes that are sapphires set in snow or with cheeks like the blushing cloud but not all right to marry the entire girl on that account. For, beauty is a complex of grace, elegance, sweetness, and charm which find expression through one's form, poise, bearing, disposition, feelings, thoughts, words and deeds. When such an ideal beauty is nowhere found, there is, however, no need for one to feel dejected or look the portrait of a man who did not insist on seeing the sanforized shrunk label on the cloth. Even beautiful girls, like hard facts, may be stubborn and it is not you to moan:

"Come away, Come away, death
....
I am slain by a fair cruel maid."

you should know

It is easier to like a girl
Than make a girl like you.

If you cannot marry the pretty girl you like, you may take the pretty girl who likes you, for, even the meanest is a hero to the girl who likes him. When you doubt whether you should marry a beautiful girl or not, it is always proper, says Carlyle, to give her the benefit of doubt.

After the creation of the world, it would appear, strength came first and beauty followed. Herbert who seems to have done some research on the subject tells us:

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can
....
So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flow'd; then wisdom, honour, pleasure.

Strength and Beauty were thus destined to produce the rhythm of life.

Beauty appears to be a subjective conception and varies from person to person, clime to clime. Fancy, says Shakespeare, is engendered in the eye, with gazing fed. Only a trained eye can successfully detect beauty in least expected quarters. Was it not some ancient king who said, "This beggar maid shall be my queen?" A lovely apparition, a phantom of delight may be yet veiled, as the gentle moon by a soft layer of clouds. The charms lie as metals in a mine and one should wait and wait patiently like Coleridge who reports:

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
O, then I saw her eye was bright
A well of love, a spring of light.

It is futile to speak of the universal appeal of physical beauty; a fair ultra-modern maid, with heart on her lips and soul in her eyes, may leave little impression on a primitive Hottentot who sees beauty only in the shaven-headed local misses with elongated necks and tattooed limbs. I know a chappie who fell in love with a girl, so cross-eyed that tears from her left eye rolled down her right cheek, and married her. Listen to Lewis Carroll:

She has the bear's ethereal grace,
The bland hyena's laugh,
The foot-step of the elephant,
The neck of a giraffe;
I love her still.

He assures us further:

And if you ask me how
Her charms might be improved,
I would not have them added to
But just a few removed?

In the animal world, the male is definitely more attractive than the female but the civilised and chivalrous man has conceded that women constitute the fair sex. None cares for the bonny boy who, with dirt on his hand and mischief in his eyes, is always the one to be caned. All the affection of the family is showered on the girl in whose face there is a garden where roses and white lilies are supposed to blow. What are little girls made of, (I have often wondered) what are little girls made of, to deserve this love ? My friend, a poet and chemical analyst rolled into one, tells me little girls are made of sugar and spice and all things sweet and nice. No wonder, they grow up to be so lovely and sweet creatures. It is proper perhaps for, none but the fair deserve the brave. Unfortunately they consume a lot of sugar too, apparently to be sweeter, and alas ! contract diabetes in the end.

Just imagine, friends !
If all the beauties were one lass !
And all the handsome youths, one lad
And if that lad would wed that lass
How wonderful !—Won't you feel glad ?

But wishes are not facts. In this sordid world, each girl has to remain individually beautiful. According to a beauty expert, there are no ugly girls at all but only those who are not beautiful. Girls in general fall into two division : those extraordinarily ordinary and those, ordinarily extraordinary. Art helps the former to defeat Nature and they begin to look like angels who can only be painted. Thomson pertinently asks us :

Who can paint like woman ? Can imagination boast
Amidst its gay creation hues like hers ?

Formerly every girl was endowed with an innate natural capacity to blush with down-cast eyes and modest grace and effortlessly bring all the red, at will, to her cheeks. It is the tragedy of our society that girls cannot blush and, to any mind, a coy maid is certainly more lovely than a maid who cannot be coy. Kendall rightly complains that the dancing, prancing, willowy girl is not what a girl should be.

All beautiful women, I note, keep their age to themselves as a guarded secret. While old men proudly call themselves old boys, according to Baldwin, no old woman would like to be referred to as an old girl. Among men, only Markandeya seems to have retained his perpetural age at sixteen. Our girls are perpetually seventeen ; even one at thirty-five would only admit she is just seventeen plus eighteen. No wonder, perhaps that is the age when beauty fully blooms, when the girl begins to burn the incense of romance at the altar of youth, and when her dreams are clad in the beauty of a thousand Stars. I was therefore surprised to read the other day (in Reader's Digest ?) that a woman's declining years are before thirty ; for, it would appear, she seldom declines afterwards.

Human tastes differ. A chappie married a beautiful but very small girl, as he said, of all evils, he wanted to choose the least. A gentleman who praised the beauty of a particular girl was advised by Foote to claim her as he had the right of the first discoverer. In spite of different views and tastes, the law of nature dictates that woman's beauty is best judged dispassionately by man. It is well said by an American that nothing more improves a woman's appearance than a man's appearance.

In ancient days, beautiful women, especially damsels in distress, were shown utmost consideration by the chivalrous knights who were so polite, when walking with them, as to pass around on the opposite side of ladies lest they should, by accident, tread upon their shadows. Every deserving girl was given her due, informally, then and there. On a crowded street Lord chanceller Eldon saw a lady pass and in sheer admiration exclaimed "Oh. What a wonderful beauty!" The lady turned round and gratefully said "What an excellent judge!" In ancient India, handsome youths were paraded and their glories sung before the beautiful princess would pick and choose one of them, as her partner in life; in the middle ages, we hear of the captive slave girls parading their beauty in the Baghdad markets to captivate the heart of some new master. We have now revived this parade of feminine beauty, as an art for its own sake. Such beauty contests are welcome and they create self-confidence in our girls as every competitor really feels she is a paragon.

In the wake of the recent international beauty contest, the enterprising youths of my home-town P— wanted to organise one. Full many a lady is born to blush unseen and waste her sweetness on the country side and the attempt therefore was only too proper. The local misses too were not averse to the idea but hoped to win, if not the rubber, at least the ribbon. Their only consolation was that the prize which they did not get at the international contest might really have been a grand one. The local Government official, one of the two judges, of course had a troublesome time with his wife who said, through her sobs: "Having assured me all these years I am the most beautiful, you now accept this engagement!" And he had to assure her, "my dear, you are indeed the prettiest among those above forty; this silly contest is only for those immature ones below twenty-five." The other judge was the head of the local educational institution who was expected to approach the problem academically.

At last the gala night came. The school compound turned out to be a fairy land; coloured electric bulbs hung like illuminated fruits from the branches of trees covered with thick foliage. The two judges sat as sedate as only judges can be. After the display of some physical feats by the youths of the Hanuman club and classical dance, a gong was sounded and the lovalies came, one after another, and stood on a small platform, artistically erected, for two minutes, in silence but elegance and smiled,

each like a holiday, and softy waved hands and gracefully retreated. A white sari here was allied to a red choli with touches of green and there a blouse of nylon, ofcourse plaited, to an olive green sari printed with circles in matching colour while a chiffon sari of sky blue tinge drew forth more admiration than its unfortunate wearer. Perfect decorum and dignity pervaded the entire atmosphere. The judges at last chose two of the beauties for a further test of inner personality. The first candidate came and sat on the chair before the judges. The official began :

" Very happy to meet you, Miss—?"

" Ittichiri is my name and I have been named after my grand-mother."

" We can't help it. Perhaps it is the fault of your parents and your misfortune."

She flushed in suppressed resentment.

" O, don't worry at all. Just to note your reaction to a situation. Your beauty is undisputed."

She blushed in beautiful confusion.

" But—would you mind the award of the first prize to your rival ?"

She turned green with jealously.

" Well, well, well, don't worry, apart from English, do you know Tamil ?"

" Theriyum, Theriyum."

" Malayalam ?"

" Ariyum, Ariyum."

" Good !—And canarese ?

" Nanage gottu, Nanage gottu."

" Well, you can go. Thank you."

" Thank you."

" Thank you."

" Thank you ", added the other judge who had been silent hitherto.

" Thank you". And she walked away.

The other girl came.

" What is your name, please ?"

" Oh, thank you, we are all doing well." She smiled without any provocation.

The two judges looked at each other. They then looked at her. One asked her again.

" Who is our prime minister ?"

" We are three in all-two sisters and a brother".

The situation was embarrassing.

" Perhaps she is deaf " suggested a judge who made to her a farewell bow.

The judges retreated to a place behind a screen for consultation and decision.

" I have marked the first one first."

" Impossible ! Her name is against her. Moreover the colour of her sari did not match with the colour of the varnished table at which she sat. Did'nt you note ? . She lacks fore sight. I would vote for the other. Her figure is so slender ".

" You mean her chance of getting one ?"

The two judges voted each other's decision and agreed to disagree. They announced to the waiting crowd :

" We find it a delicate task. If one does not look less beautiful than the other the latter does not look more beautiful than the first. We therefore ask the two beauties to come to an agreement between themselves."

The two beauties then went behind the screen. After some time loud noises were heard, the crowd grew restless, and the judges peeped in. Heavens ! They were scratching each other, biting, pulling and pushing, and tearing each other's hair, according to taste. With difficulty they were separated. The judges came out and announced again in quivering voice :

" Friends, the whole thing has taken an unexpected turn. The beauty contest has turned out to be a fight of Furies. The meeting is dissolved."

The docile, understanding crowd appreciated the gravity of the situation and slowly melted away............

P. K. K. Menon M. A. M. Litt.

The Economics of Islam

In Islam the economic structure is founded upon a moral ideology, for Islam has not only been concerned with the salvation of the soul of man in the world to come, but it has equally considered and advocated the material and worldly well being of the people. Islamic teachings emphasise the necessity for action and endeavour towards obtaining the means of subsistence through lawful means. The Holy Prophet has said: (May the blessings of Allah be upon him) "Live in the world in such a way as though thou wilt be alive for ever, and think of thy death as though thou will cease to be alive the next day." "Poverty brings nothing but shame to man in both worlds," and in the words of the Quran, "there is nothing for man but that for which he strives." (53: 39). Had we but remembered these words there will not prevail such a state of poverty as that in which we find ourselves to-day. Islam did not merely set an abstract and an unattainable ideal; it chartered a practical way of life to reach the objective. The ideas of democracy, brotherhood of man, the welfare state, indeed all the socialistic trends in the modern world, and the era of the common man are all Islamic in origin. The only trouble to-day is that as they are, they lack the spiritual and moral background that only a command of God can provide; and it is always the background that determines man's actions. That is why we find so much strife in this world. That is why we find man so much degraded. "Certainly we created man in the best make. Then we render him the lowest of the low, except those who believe and do good, so they shall have a reward never to be cut off". (The Quran, 95 : 4–6)

Islam and the theory of interest.—According to Islamic faith, interest can never result in any national good or worldly prosperity. Apparently it seems that interest adds to the wealth of a country, but in fact this is nothing but a misnomer. Credit is an essential human necessity and Islam has endeavoured to fulfil this need through Ethics instead of Law. It has laid down that lending money to the needy is a good deed but the derivation of an undue profit on this money is interest. Gold Silver are nothing but currencies in Islam and it is on this account that their use for ornamental purposes has only been allowed to a reasonable extent. The use of gold and silver utensils has been entirely prohibited for it amounts to hoarding of currency. If the world follows these principles how abundant can capital be for financing essential works all over the world! In Islam the hoarding of silver and gold without any reason as treasure is a major crime.

> "Woe to every slanderer, defamer, who amasses wealth and considers it a provision (against mishap)."

(The Quran 1, 2 : 104)

"And those who hoard up gold and silver and do not spend it in God's way, announce to them a painful chastisement."

(The Quran 3, 4 : 9)

The most potent method to check this evil is to strictly prohibit the forward transactions of gold and silver, as this will necessarily mean that only persons who have cash funds can afford to indulge in such speculation. Islam has emphatically forbidden "Ehtekar" concentration of wealth (which is the basis of monopoly), as it results in a particular commodity of general use falling in the possession of an individual or individuals.

Islam has allowed the Government to arrange for essential credit free of any interest. Hence, during the Abbasid Caliphate loans were given from the "Bait-ul-Mal" which (in case they were not repaid during the debtor's lifetime) could be paid back from the legacy in accordance with the debtor's will. The method suggested by Islam for accomplishing close co-operation between finance and commerce is known as "Mazarebat" (partnership). This means that the capitalists should supply capital and the workers should contribute labour. Thus the profit which is the joint result of capital and labour should be distributed on the principles of agreed division of profit and loss which has been thoroughly explained in theological writings.

Dr. Qureshi in his book "Islam and Theory of Interest", has clearly stated the Islamic theory of interest in comparison with the Western viewpoints about Interest. Dr. Qureshi discusses about the Keynesian theory of Interest. According to Keynes, "the rate of interest is a highly conventional rather than a highly psychological phenomenon because its actual value is largely governed by the prevalent view as to what its value is expected to be."

The greatest service of Islam according to Dr. Qureshi is that it fundamentally changed the psychological outlook on interest and reduced the expected normal to zero and convinced its followers that the zero rate was the normal rate. Keynes in his book "General Theory of Employment Interest and Money," comes very close to the Islamic approach by admitting that the rate of interest in a properly run society may be zero and at the same time admits that people can earn money by enterprise. His following remarks may be noted with significant interest :—"A properly run community equipped with modern technical resources, of which the population is not increasing rapidly, ought to be able to bring down the marginal efficiency of capital in equilibrium approximately to zero within a single generation ... ...
... ...
If I am right in supposing it to be comparitively easy to make capital—

goods so abundant that the marginal efficiency of capital is zero this may be the most sensible way of gradually getting rid of many of the objectionable features of capitalism." Keynes believes that one of the main causes of the world's poverty of resources is the high premium attached to money. In the words of Dr. Qureshi, "the most commendable and praiseworthy feature of the Islamic Theory is that by abolishing interest it encourages investment to the furthermost possible limit and thus provides adequate safeguard for the accumulation of savings which are the result of investment. In this connection the observations of Keynes are very interesting for he fully corroborates and conforms to the view put forth by Islam some thirteen centuries ago. Keynes finally admits that a properly run community may be able to bring down the rate of interest to zero." The Holy Quran has laid down strict injunctions with regard to interest on money. The Holy Prophet has said (On him be peace): "The more the interest the lesser does the wealth become."

No interest-bearing loans are allowed by Islam. Islam not only conscripts labour but it also conscripts capital. According to Islam the wars, if any, are to be financed by the generations who live in that period and are not allowed to leave any legacy of interest-bearing debts. Islam has definitely banned illegal profiteering and speculation which is similar in character to interest-transactions. There is also provision in Islam for consumption loans.

On the principle that all human beings are brethren and should help one another in need, Islam interdicted usury or interest of any kind. This stimulated the spirit of commerce, industry, labour and thrift and discouraged hoarding of money in banks, and made the existence of Shylocks impossible. It also served as a set back to capitalism, when no private individual was even allowed to lend money and thus become a Capitalist. Monopoly of every kind was condemned.

Islamic Banking.—A bank in Islam simply means the treasury wherein the funds of the people are deposited. The bank is at liberty either to invest the money in trade or lend it to commercial firms by way of "Mazarebat" (Partnership) and then finally distribute the profits according to the agreed division. Islam has made a definite provision for a "Central National Finance House" with its branches all over the country. That "Central Finance House" was the "Bait-ul-Mal". Bait-ul-Mal is just the prototype of a modern central bank owned by the state and performing all those functions which a modern central bank is expected to perform except the issue of currency. The issue of currency has rightly been entrusted in Islam to the state. The main characteristic features of Islamic Banking are that (a) they should not pay any interest to their depositors and (b) the banks should not charge any interest from

their clients. The banking system under the Islamic system is an asset to the nation and meets its own costs. In Islam the sole monetary authority is the state. The Baitful-Mal performed the functions of a State Bank and the 2½ per cent Zakat levied on those who had surplus funds was spent on the activities of the state for administrative purposes and general welfare of the people. Deposits were received free of any payment. In some cases, the depositor had to pay for the safe custody of his funds and in addition had to pay the Zakat at the end of each year. This tax on the one hand helped to raise funds to be spent on welfare activities thus helping the poor and providing an incentive for the investment of idle funds.

Zakat.—In Islam the main object in view was the distribution of wealth. Islam made it legally incumbent upon the rich to give over to the national funds or the deserving poor at least 2½ per cent of their annual income. Thus the poor were provided with their needs at the expense of the rich. The Holy Prophet (May the blessings of Allah be upon him) when questioned on this subject, said: "Zakat is the institution to enrich poor at the discount of the rich." Charity in Islam means spending benevolently out of what God has given man. This implied not only the use of material wealth, but the right use of all human faculties for the good of mankind. By making this a religious duty, Islam ensures a "Universal Welfare State"—a world where everybody lives for the good of others. The Quran has provided the Zakat as a means to secure a living to those unable to work or support themselves by their efforts and labour. The Quran has also acquiesced in the difference between the economic and social level of individuals resulting from the difference between them in power, energy and management, and the Quran has considered that attitude as one of the most important ties binding the component members of society. "We have divided between them their livelihood in this life and we have raised some of them above the others in degrees so that some of them will take the others in service and the mercy of your God is better than what they amass."

Zakat and the ordinary taxes compared.—There is a vast difference between a state of affairs when the rich man gives from the excess of his wealth freely and willingly, and knowing that, in this, he is doing to his wealth something akin to the pruning of a tree— a pruning which brings added life and vigour to the tree, knowing also that by his generous behaviour he is truly safeguarding his wealth ensuring the purity of his soul and deservedly gaining the pleasure and blessing of his Creator. The Quran has forbidden "Inequity." Islam penalises those who keep their funds idle. Zakat, a 2½ per cent tax is imposed upon all those savings which remain idle for a year. If the modern Capitalists had to pay a 2½ per cent tax on their idle funds, they would have soon taken steps to invest these funds and thus create employment.

Some economists, like, Prof. Robinson have been asserting that interest acts like a sort of sieve and sifts out only those works that are able to pay for themselves. It helps in the proper allocation of resources and encourages only the better paying works. This theory has been thoroughly exposed by Keynes who asserts that investments create their own savings, and the public works must be increasingly used to cure unemployment. In an extreme laissez-tair eeconomy, the arguments of Prof. Robinson have a good deal of force. For in such an economy if houses of disrepute and breweries pay more than residential houses and water supply the former are certainly to be preferred to the latter. But this type of economy is soon giving way and in a world which is suffering more from unemployment than from the lack of Capital, it is becoming clearer that "Interest" should not be allowed to excercise its tyranny, but it must be subordinated to the general welfare of society.

So an economic system founded on the Quran, "Capital would be controlled but Man would be free." Islam has made a synthetic contribution both to the field of Economics and of Religion.

Syed Muhammad Anwar Nainar,
V Honours (Economics).

Birds with Teeth - A Prehistoric Chapter

"It was hot and stifling in the swamp. Great ferns as big as trees help their tracery aloft in the still air, and over the mud of the bank great mosses clambered and a thick tangle of undergrowth spread. Aquatic plants grew in the warm waters".

There was no man alive to breathe the stifling air, for man had not yet appeared on the scence. For this was in the Mesozoic era—the "Age of Reptiles" about 70 million years ago.

During that era the Pterodactyls (flying reptiles) were lords of the air. The smallest and earliest of them had a body not much larger than a sparrow's. The Pterodactyls ranged from small ones of the size of a sparrow to Pteranodon, the largest creature that has ever flown. The earlier species of the group had teeth but the great flying lizards that evolved later on had a very long dagger-shaped beak instead. One of the winged reptiles of the Pterodactyl family was the Hesperornis, the *western bird*. It was three feet high with a long supple neck with a multitude of teeth set in grooves in the bill. The lower mandible was divided in front and held together by a ligament as in the snakes. Its wings were so inefficient that the bird can have flown little if at all. But Hesperornis did not suffer on this account at least while

he was in the water. His body was shaped like a submarine while his neck had the driving force of a heron's. Once a fish was caught in the bird's long beak, with its backwardly directed teeth, it had no chance to escape. It was swallowed promptly and Hesperornis went back to search for other victims.

Another Pterodactyl was the Icthyornis, about the size of a pigeon, toothed but with the teeth in sockets, like a reptile's and equipped with powerful wings.

The flying reptiles, as a class, were a terific host, hideous, judging from their remains found in rocks; but fortunately Nature did not approve of them.

Birds did not spring from the Pterodactyl group for these died out utterly. The birds started along the same lines of evolution as the others but were later on impelled along a new channel. For a quite a long time it must have been very difficult to decide where reptile ended and bird began.

These first birds, like the other beings of ancient times, are known from their skeletons, which have been preserved as fossils in the chalk beds. These chalks were once muddyoozes lying at the botton of an old sea. Whenever one of the birds died and its bones sank to the bottom, they were covered by the ooze and so preserved from destruction. There they remained for millions of years while the sea disappeared and the mud became solid rock. At the present time they have been dug up and carefully taken from the rock that surrounds them. They have been studied by palāēontologists and finally the bones are set up in as nearly as possible the attitude which they had during life.

Footprints or casts of footprints, at the time of their discovery and long afterwards supposed to be those of birds, were found about the year 1835 in the Triassic formation of the valley of the connecticut in New England, U.S.A. Later researches proved that these traces belonged rather to Dinosaurian reptiles than to birds.

A vast interval of time separates these reputed Ornithichnites, as they are called, from the first undoubted fossil bird. This was discovered in 1861 by ANDREAS WAGNER in the lithographic limestone of Solenhofen in Bavaria, belonging to the Oolite Series and commonly known as Archāēopteryx. Only 2 specimens of this ancient bird have been found embedded in the Bavarian limestone. The Archāēopteryx was a bird about the size of a crow, with many teeth. It was feathered all over except on the legs and the beak. Fossil specimens prove that the eathers were as perfect as those of the modern bird. But Archaeopteryx possessed the tail of a lizard, composed of over 20 vertebrae covered with

thick flesh, instead of a tail of feathers as in modern birds. Moreover, the wings bore strong claws with hooked talons, used to help the bird to climb when not flying. The Archāeopteryx remains our most patriarchal example of ancient bird architecture, but it is a masterpiece of contrivance and there must be much simpler feathered creatures yet to be unearthed.

Europe was the home of the Archāeopteryx but it cannot be stated that it lived in Europe only. It would also be difficult to state where exactly birds were first evolved. The change from the cold blooded lethargy of the reptile to the intense ardour of bird life must have come from the improvement of the 3-chambered reptile heart into the 4-chambered heart which all birds now have, thereby preventing the mixing of impure and sluggish blood from the veins with the rich blood of the arteries.

A. K. Kasturi, M.A., M.Sc., F.G.S., M.M.G.I., F.G.M.S.

Positive Advantages of Being A Vegetarian

Of all the vegetables that I have not only tasted but eaten with relish, the cauliflower is perhaps not only the most interesting but positively the most appetizing. In fact even those little green worms find it so. Judging from the news-item that our Indian Representatives at the recent International Cooking Competition chose to prepare delicious Cauliflower curry, one can be quite sure that the Cauliflower is becoming increasingly popular. I, for one, have always believed that the cauliflower can never let you down–that is why, perhaps, I have begun with it even here. Moreover, it gives you that wonderful cold December feeling–it being a winter vegetable, as I am sure you all know, as well as the setiment you associated only with the North. Coming to think of it, it more than rubs in the fact that here in Madras we go winterless and consequently winterdeficient as well as calcium-deficient (Will botanists kindly oblige by giving correct data as to which calcium cauliflower contains ?).

Not with standing, which, one cannot forget the cabbage-which has lent its name to famous phrases like Cabbages and Kings. Also that cabbages should never be boiled twice–though I wonder how many of us have ever thought about it literally.

One could never think of peas without feeling slightly aristocratic while there is not a little water on one's tongue. The trouble about peas, is that it is inherently aristocratic–it has got to be opened before the real thing is out–appearances, indeed, are more often than not, deceptive. And who could ever underrate potatoes, which like Socrates when asked, "of what country do you call yourself" replied

"Of the World"—potatoes, as I said, belong to the world and are of international repute! It is difficult however to dissociate potatoes and Ireland—where potato famines have not infrequently helped to fill pages of history.

A lot of people seem to talk a great deal about tomatoes—purely, from the personal point of view, I have never fancied them except when an aesthetic something in me reacts to tomatoes on the table—that is, more precisely when very pleasantly arranged with lettuce and beetroot. Neither have I cared for beetroot, though its colour could haunt you all through life. Not even carrots except when it comes to Halwa. Which really brings us down to the ordinary vegetables that we often choose to grumble out—things like brinjals (which can taste wonderful if only you take the right attitude), Lady's Fingers (Somebody, I think it was Shakespeare who said 'Whats in a name'), Beans, Gourds, 'Palak', raw bananas and, of course, Pumpkins. Pumpkins—I mean their size—have made a lasting impression on almost everyone that I have met. I know I must have left out many other vegetables—very decent ones at that perhaps. You could not blame me for that. Nor could you blame me for writing on vegetables—Could you? After all, I am a vegetarian.

Padma Narayanaswami.

Shelley and Gandhism

It has been said that Shelley was a prophet before he was a poet and that his poetry was largely the medium for his prophetic message. In the 'Ode to the West Wind' Shelley says:

> ' Be through my lips to unawakened earth
> The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind
> If Winter comes, Can Spring be far behind?'

According to Oliver Elton 'Percy Bysshe Shelley has his place, apart and secure, among the English prophets in the great line from Alfred to Carlyle;...........he has a clear and sublime vision for the hopes of mankind'. Edmund Blunden remarks 'His forecast of the future of man, included in the final movement of Prometheus Unbound' can be translated into present-day civilization.

It is of particular significance to the Indian student that Shelley had foreseen the efficacy of non-violent resistance as a practical force in opposing brute strength. We know that the fundamental tenet of Gandhism is non-violence. Shelley was firmly convinced that violence perpetrated more violence and the resultant bloodshed defeated the value of the agitation. He believed that the French Revolution did not meet

with complete success as it was conducted with a spirit of violence. He held that non-violence could prove to be good revolutionary tactics.

At a very early age he had decided that he would devote his whole life to wage warfare against the oppressions and tyranny practised in human society. Shelley was quite unfitted for the English public-school life. It was to him

> ' The harsh and grating strife
> Of tyrants and of foes '.

He suffered most terribly from 'Shelley-baiting' and other brutalities inflicted on him by his school-mates. On one such occasion, while his tormentors and oppressors were rejoicing uproariously over his predicament, he retired to a quiet spot and took a sacred vow :—

> " So without shame I spake : I will be wise
> And just, and free and mild, if in me lies,
> Such power, for I grow weary to behold
> The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
> Without reproach or check." (Dedication to 'Revolt of Islam').

" I then", he writes " controlled my tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold ".

It may be truly said that in all the years to come Shelley was never once untrue to his dedicated purpose. The uprolling years served only to strengthen and consolidate his constancy of spirit and his whole life was strikingly consistent with his youthful self-dedication. He lost no opportunity to put his professed beliefs into practice. While he was an undergraduate at Oxford, he offered to help Peter Finnerty, an oppressed Irish Journalist. He sponsored the raising of a public subscription for Leigh Hunt and his brother when they were imprisoned for denouncing the Prince Regent.

Shelley hated political tyranny as intensely as he hated religious tyranny. He took active interest in every movement started in the cause of freedom and liberty. He spent some months in Ireland seeking to ameliorate the condition of the oppressed people. He addressed public meetings and asserted repeatedly that violence on the part of the Irish would only ruin their cause. " Disclaim all manner of alliance with violence. Lose not a day, not an hour, not a moment.—Temperance, Sobriety, Charity and independence will give you virtue ;........ Do not spend your money in idleness and drinking, which so far from doing good to your cause, will do it harm. If you have anything to spare from your wife and children, let it do some good to other people, and put them in a way of getting wisdom and virtue, as the pleasure that will come from these good acts will be much better than the headache

that comes from a drinking bout. Never quarrel between each other, and I will promise you liberty and happiness."

When Shelley was in Italy, news reached him of the Manchester massacre. He gave expression to his idignation in the poem 'The Masque of Anarchy'. In the poem, Lords Castlereagh, Elden and Sidmouth are symbolically made to represent Murder, Fraud and Hypocrisy and they take part in a procession. They are followed by Anarchy on a white horse, splashed with blood. Bishops, lawyers, peers and others take part in this ghastly masquerade and ride through England trampling the multitude in the name of Anarchy, whom they proclaim to be God and King and Law. Ahead of the procession flees a maniac maid whose name is Hope. She throws herself before the horses' feet, expecting to be trampled. But a misty form, weak and small, growing into a mailed shape rises between her and the oncoming horses and the forces of Anarchy are annihilated. This shape represents the Spirit of Liberty. From the indignant Earth arises a voice. The voice summons her sons, the men of England, to arise :—

> Rise like Lions after slumber
> In Unvanquishable number,
> Shake your chains to earth like dew
> Which in sleep had fallen on you—
> Ye are many—they are few.

Shelley suggests the means of achieving freedom which is typically Gandhian in tone and spirit:

> " Let a vast assembly be
> And with great solemnity
> Declare with measured words that ye
> Are, as God has made ye—free "—.
> " And if there the tyrants dare
> Let them ride among you there,
> Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew—
> What they like, that let them do."
> With folded arms and steady eyes,
> And little fear, and less surprise,
> Look upon them as they slay
> Till their rage has died away."

"Soldiers were hirelings" he maintained, "but they were also men, who could not submerge altogether their fellow-feeling with other men. If faced by an unyielding, but non-violent opposition, they would pause and think and would eventually come over to the people." Firm resolution will achieve freedom as Shelley's heroes always achieve it by superior moral strength. Under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi,

millions of Indians have demonstrated the practical effectiveness of Shelley's vision of non-violent opposition.

Shelley's poetry is characterized by his faith in human destiny and his self-dedication to the advancement of human freedom. Queen Mab is a long revolutionary poem and marks Shelley's zeal and devotion for the cause of social reform. "He was animated" writes Mr. Shelley "to greater zeal by compassion for his fellow-creatures................ He desired to induce every rich man to despoil himself of superfluity, and to create a brotherhood of property and service, and was ready to be the first to lay down the advantages of his birth................ He saw, in a fevent call on his fellow creatures to share alike the blessings of the creator, to love and serve each other, the noblest work that life and time permitted him. In this spirit he composed 'Queen Mab'."

In his Preface to 'The Revolt of Islam' Shelley remarks "I have sought to enlist the harmony of metrical language in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosoms of my readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence nor misinterpretation nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish among mankind. It is a succession of pictures........ ....devoted to the love of mankind; its impatience at all the oppressions which are done under the run; the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the *bloodless* dethronement of their oppressors." Shelley has introduced in the poem a fable describing the eternal conflict between a serpent, representing good, and an eagle, representing evil. The serpent, though often defeated, is never slain, and always returns to the conflict gathering its strength again and again.

In Prometheus Unbound Love replaces Necessity. Thereafter Shelley's God was Love. Even in the early poems Shelley had emphasized the value of the positive virtues of Benevolence, Knowledge, Courage and Endurance. In Prometheus Unbound Shelley says that the evil is in the very mind of man and could be surmounted only by the enlightened will:

> "It is our Will
> That thus enchains us to permitted ill."

If love could be established firmly in the human heart, misery could be abolished, for 'even its fitful and veiled appearance is what "Gives grace and truth to lifes' unquiet dream"!

In 'Prometheus Unbound' of Aeschylus, Prometheus is forced to make a partial surrender to Jupiter and purchase his freedom by revealing

a secret. Shelley could tolerate no surrender of the principle of resistance to injustice. "I was averse" he says "from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind. The moral interest of the fable............would be annihilated if we could conceive of Prometheus as unsaying his high language and quailing before his successful and perfidious adversary." According to Shelley's creed, the final victory of Prometheus is not possible until he has recalled his curse upon Jupiter and abjured revenge. Prometheus is, therefore, made to recall a deep curse he had formerly pronounced on Jupiter. This gesture is characteristically Gandhian and reminds us of the various Purification fasts Gandhiji had undertaken to purify himself and the congress. Prometheus pities Jupiter for his blindness and speaks of Jupiter's doom with compassion:

"I speak in grief
Not exultation, for I hate no more,
As there ere misery made me wise."

Prometheus is learing to the full the lesson of pity and love, and he thus acquires ever more power. In the hour of defeat Jupiter realizes that Prometheus 'Gentle and Just and dreadless' is indeed the monarch of the world. Strength is subservient to Wisdom, Courage, and Love.

Prometheus represents all that is good in suffering humanity. Jupiter, the tyrannous and external evil by which Humanity is oppressed. Prometheus's way to victory is perpetual but it is no easy task :—

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
To love, and bear ;"

In his preface to The Cenci, Shelley says, Beatrice is motivated by revenge, the tragic flaw in her character. Like Gandhiji, Shelley asserts that 'revenge and retaliation are precious mistakes'.

The Greek War of Independence prompted him to write Hellas. Every struggle for freedom, be it in Italy, Spain or Greece, stirred him to ardent and creative passion and was hailed in his poetry as a sign of better times. He declares with unshakeable faith :

Life may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope may vanish, but can die not ;
Truth be veiled, but it still burneth ;
Love repulsed—but it returneth—

It may be truly said that Shelley's whole life was astonishingly consistent with his youthful self-dedication. Trelawney records that

'Shelley was completely unselfish. He was generous to a fault. He was bold and profound in argument. Shelley had a far loftier spirit. His pride was spiritual. When attacked he neither fled nor stood at bay, nor altered his course, but calmly went on with heart and mind intent on elevating his species............. His words were, 'I always go on until I am stopped and I never am stopped. Shelley was in his life useful to large numbers of people, and, with the tragic exception of Harriet Shelley, he was a beneficent influence to all whom he met. As a reformer he was enthusiastic for all movements which worked for greater liberty and equality amongst men and women. He made extreme sacrifices to serve his friends. "To Shelley, Virtue in it its highest form of self-sacrifice was neither a habit nor an effort, but a passion, an instinctive and ecstatic affirmation of Love."

Sometimes Shelley feels that even poetry 'cannot convey the height of his yearning, the vastness of his prophecy' and concludes with the confession that Art can do no more:

"................. Woe is me!
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the heights of Love's rare universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire—
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire".

S. Vijayalakshmi V (Hons.) English Literature.

To Her to Whom

Her to whom the doors of my being
So gladly open;
    who plays in my thoughts
Breeze in glad foliage of grateful trees;
    whose face at eyes and voice at ear
And ways in mind, haunt me all ways I go
Who in the desolate reaches of my mind makes weep
The infrequent willows of dreams by the persistent
                                        stream of thought

Whose eyes for me all still and running water
Have become;
    whose coming and having come
To this first flower, images me sensed miracle of all growth;
Who is my rose-branch scourge, rod thorned and flowered
The flaying, fragrant wood—
    I dreamed I woo'd

Her, strange and sweet water:
as the streams, her lone and clear sisters are woo'd
By the dark and dank woods in the falling and fallen year.
But apart
She did remain, for all avowal of the clumsy heart.

P. G. Ramachandran (V Hons. Econ.)

On Moustache

Of the many features that add to the personality of a man, the moustache is certainly a prominent one. It is well-known that the moustache imparts seriousness to the appearance, and adds to the beauty and charm of the face (of course, man's). Moreover, the privileges enjoyed by a man with a moustache are not small and insignificant. And I hope you will believe me when I say that I myself have experienced bitter difficulties by not having a moustache. From time immemorial, people have considered it a great pleasure to wear moustaches. Some people may say that the moustache is a basic necessity, some others may say that it is a conventional necessity, and yet some others may say that it is purely a luxury; nevertheless, all agree with the fact that the moustache is a thing of beauty which gives great pleasure to the wearer and the observer alike.

Having decided to learn something of this great subject, it is essential that we should know the history of the moustache. The moustache has a very noble and lengthy tradition behind it. References to moustaches in our ancient tales are not rare. All of us know how Ravana's moustache shivered in a paroxysm of rage when he heard that his army had been defeated in the battle. But, we are however sorry to note that the history of the moustache, like the history of many other things, has been subject to the fiercest controversies in the hands of the experts. Although many experts, by virtue of their fertile imagination have advanced many an interesting theory regarding the origin of the moustache, none of them seems to be credible to the slightest degree, so that in the final position, it is by no means certain as to why, when and by whom the moustache was brought into existence.

The moustache is unique in several respects. When people have no work to do, or sometimes even while engaged in some work, the left hand often automatically moves towards the moustache, and gently strokes it. The pleasurable employment which it affords in idle times is beyond description. Further, the moustache is one of the few things upon which any experiment can be safely conducted without the smallest additional expense. To convert big moustaches into small, or long ones into short, the only expense is a little labour involved. In addition to

being an aid to beauty and a source of entertainment, the moustache serves as a medium through which people register their protests and put forth their demands. The other day, I met a high school boy (or, was he a college student ? I don't remember.) who when he was not allowed to go on a holiday trip, removed his moustache with great indignation in order to register his protest. I know a person who, after a quarrel with his wife and no success, swore in her presence that he would not apply wax and butter to his moustache until he was allowed undisputed authority over household affairs. All this I am telling you only to give you an idea of the immensely important part which the moustache plays in our everyday life.

Having seen that the moustache is not so light and worthless as some people take it to be, now it shall be our task to enter into a detailed study of the subject proper. For this, the best method I can think of is to describe in detail some of the most popular varieties of today. Moustaches are of various types, and their distinction is made out by the difference in their angles, levels, sizes and structures. With some people, a meticulous classification of the different types of moustaches may not find much weight, but to a specialist of the subject, such a classification is of the greatest importance. Some of the eminent types of moustaches are the Minor moustache, the Moon-digit moustache, the Parapet moustache, the Foot-path moustache, the Slate-pencil moustache, the Ravana moustache, Hitler moustache, the Stalin moustache and the Elephant-tusk moustache. Now we shall examine them one by one.

The Minor moustache is a collection of a number of small varieties such as the Iron-filing moustache, the Pin-point moustache and the Half moustache. As the name itself suggests, it is patronised only by small men. Dimunitive in size and frail in appearance, the Minor moustache sometimes gives the impression that its very existence is perhaps the results of a hasty process of shaving wherein there is quite a good chance of a few hair being left with their roots by the accidental flash of the blade. The Moon digit moustache has the appearance of the digit of the Moon on the third or fourth day after the New moon. Since this type with the upper lip below has a close resemblance to a segment of a circle, it is also styled as the segment moustache. Closely resembling this, but more beautiful to look at is the Parapet model, the difference between this and the previous one being discernible only to the diligent eye. Whereas the Moon-digit type is a continuous growth from one end of the upper lip to the other without any break, the Parapet type resembles a pair of arches sticking to the upper lip with a little empty space left in the middle.

Then comes the Foot-path moustache. It is a popular type among the middle-aged men, and is as rough as a piece of sand paper. The

Foot-path model, unlike the models described above, is unique in that the hair in it do not get twisted when coming into contact with water, and hence it is also known as the water-proof moustache. Another peculiarity of this type is that it cannot be grown by young men whose moustaches would not have attained that degree of roughness which is necessary for the growing of a Foot-path type, and who therefore, have to be content with the Moon-digit or the Parapet type. The Foot-path model is rectangular in shape (sometimes, the sides perpendicular to the lip margin may make obtuse angles with the opposite side), and occupies the central place in the upper lip region leaving a little space on either side of it.

The next one is the commonly-found Slate-pencil type. In this type, a few rows of hair start from the nostrils, and proceeding vertically downwards, they move parallel to the margin of the upper lip making a smooth curve when coming near it. The Ravana moustache is very big in size and ferocious to look at. The Stalin moustache and the Hitler moustache, the two well-known types of modern times, lend a serious and military appearance to the face. Though the Ravana moustache was very popular till the twenties of this century, it has now lost all its glamour, and may be completely outmoded before long. It is said that the Hitler moustache is a degraded form of the Ravana moustache, but judged by the size and the structure of the two, there seems to be no truth in this theory.

Lastly, we come to the Elephant-tusk moustache which is the favourite of big, but not-highly-educated men. The Elephant-tusk model has a gigantic form and with its base covering the entire upper lip, and the side-whiskers like a pair of small trusses of black thread, proceeding from the extremeties of the base, extends to the centre of the cheek, so that the total length of the moustache becomes two to three times the length of the base.

I have now described most of the important types of moustaches, and if this little note of mine will create in you some interest in the moustache and its problems, I shall consider myself amply rewarded for my labour. Economists may perhaps say that the money spent on the maintenance of a moustache is a veritable waste, but I would ask them to think of for a moment the immense consumer's surplus which a person enjoys by purchasing the commodities (such as a 7 O'clock, wax and butter, etc.) necessary for its maintenance. Circumstances may sometimes prevent you from wearing a moustache. But, I would request you to at least bear in mind that the moustache is a valuable possession possible only to the fortunate. Let me conclude by making an appeal to those who are less fortunate in this respect (including the fair sex) to honour the moustached face and not envy it, and to those who are more fortunate in this respect to sympathise with the moustacheless face and not disregard it.

M. D. Ganapathy, III B.A. (Economics).

Sonnet

The waves of time will soon bear us away,
From class and hall and crowded corridor ;
Familiar friend and revered teacher may
In our daily business figure no more ;
The slight exchange of thoughts, feelings, and fears,
The jealousies in class and field will now
Be subjects of a smile or laugh ; no tears
We shed ; yet soon we lose what we did love.
The days we spent in search of true learning
Are paths, which lead to serve mankind, as we
Have seen great souls who did, and like yearning
In us did light ; though we must wait and see ;
Courage, wisdom, and gifts which have now grown
To full stature, in life must be well shown.

N. M. Balasubrahmanyam, IV Honours, Eng. Lit.

What's the use

Questions are sometimes asked, somewhat superciliously, " What is the use of geology ? Isn't it a waste of time studying dead rocks ? Isn't there something useful to do ?" These are perhaps best answered by that famous reply once posed by Benjamin Franklin, " What is the use of a newborn baby ?" The patient and strenuous work of geologists who study and understand the language of the rocks has not only explained the origin and history of the earth with its changing structure and landscapes through the ages, but has also placed valuable knowledge in the hands of workers in other branches of science.

A knowledge of the science of the earth and rocks is useful in many occupations. It is of great help to the engineer who has to make sure of the strength of the foundation of his structure and to the builder who has to know the stresses and strains his materials can bear. Massive buildings, bridges, piers and dams require firm foundations to support them and the foundations have to be laid in suitable sites.

There have been instances of huge constructions erected at enormous cost that became useless because their sites were selected without sufficient geologic knowledge.

A glaring example is the reservoir which was built across the Pecos River in New Mexico for storing water for irrigation. The dam was built at a great cost and settlers were eagerly waiting for the supply of water. But no water was being stored in the reservoir. It was suspected that the dam was not properly constructed, but that was not the

real reason. It was empty because all the water found its way through underground passages in its bed. The bed of the reservoir consisted of gypsum. A knowledge of geology would have warned the engineers that it is impossible to have a reservoir on a bed of gypsum which the water takes into solution. They might as well have planned for a reservoir on a bed of salt.

Another instance may also be cited from New Mexico. It is that of the dam that was constructed across the Zuin River for a storage reservoir for irrigation. The site selected was across a channel cut by the river over hard rock. The dam was completed but the water could not be stored ; it was all escaping through the rocks under the dam. The fact was that the rock on which the dam was built was the result of hardened lava that had flowed from a volcano, which had become extinct. The hardened lava had buried the loose soil of the old surface. When the water rose behind the dam, its pressure removed the loose soil beneath the lava, and the unsupported lava fractured and all the water escaped. A knowledge of geology of the site would have shown that the scheme was being wrongly planned and prevented an enormous waste of money.

How a geologist may help to solve an engineering or industrial problem is illustrated by the secheme that was adopted sometime ago for the disposal of chemical waste from a government factory for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in Alaska. There was no possibility of surface drainage nor could the waste matter be let into the neighbouring streams for fear of contamination. When a geologist was consulted, he found out that the work stood on limestone which is likely to be honeycombed by caves. So he got very deep bores drilled and connected them with the lake of waste fluids. The attempt at underground drainage became immediately successful and the problem of the engineers was solved in a wonderfully simple and economical way.

The uses to which a knowledge of geology can be put in mining hardly require explanation. Here are some interesting examples. Once a certain coal mine in New Mexico was being abandoned as the coal bed appeared to have been lost through faulting erosion. But a geologist began to investigate. He found in the rock a fossil tooth of an extinct mammal. From this he determined the geologic age of the rock and assured the mining company that the coal bed had not been eroded away. When drilling was done as he advised, the lost coal bed was spotted again and the mine once more became a prosperous business.

Knowledge of geology has been of immense use in the discovery of rich mines yielding enormous wealth in the shape of valuable mineral ores, gems and petroleum. Here is an interesting story of the discovery of an oil field. Decades ago a certain geologist in California interested himself in the collection of fossil shells found in rocks and their study. People

complacently remarked that it was worthless waste of time and money. But the Geologist continued his work. By his study of the shells and the structure of the rocks in which they were found, he was able to predict not only where oil was likely to be found but also at what depths the oil bearing strata existed. When actual work was undertaken, his prophecies became true. Palaeontology held the key that opened the new treasures of oil.

But for these keen observations made by geologists and their scientific study of rocks, much of the world's mineral wealth would have lain hidden from man. It was the sharp eye of a geologist that observed a red substance on a rock on one side of a road built through the Phoenix Mountains in Arizona. The same substance lay there unnoticed or at any rate not considered to be of any importance by the numberless travellers that passed that way for many years. The geologist took a sample of the red substance and got it analysed. It was found to be cinnabar and a mercury mine was afterwards opened where the geologist discovered the red substance. That was also mostly the way in which gold and diamond deposits were located in Africa and elsewhere by discerning geologists after they were left unsuspected or unnoticed for centuries by countless generations of ignorant savages and later inhabitants.

In our own land too at the present day thanks are due to the geologists who are bringing to light new sources of underground water and rich mineral wealth like the lignite deposits of South Aroct District, the monazite sands of the West Coast, and gold deposits in new places.

The theoretical side of geology combined with its applied aspects is undoubtedly a science of first rate national importance and the paths pointed out by geology to the discovery of new wealth are generally safe and sure. It is wiser and more profitable to follow them rather than depend on unscientific so-called " Practical methods." More attention is therefore being rightly paid at present by every progressive nation to the study of geology and to increase the number of its geologists. Their uses are many and they bring in rich dividends.

N. Leelananda Rao, M.Sc.

Limericks

A fellow who had a flair for verse,
Bit his thumb, and cried ' curse,
    I can't get it;
    I can take a bet.
Somehow I don't get the proper rhyme or metre '.

* * * *

A student who sat near the door,
Went to sleep and began to snore.
The Professor said ' Dear chap,
You must sure have your nap ;
But I can't bear such a big roar !'

* * * *

A student who devoured Karl Marx,
Cried, ' These bourgeoise, the sharks,
They should be banged,
Even if I'm hanged ;
In study too they get the highest marks !'

* * *

A fellow whose conduct was a riddle,
Always took the course that was middle.
He said ' It's the best
And also the safest,
For it's easy to play the second fiddle !'

* * * *

A silly chap who was a dandy
Used to eat lot of sugar candy.
Asked to explain
He said ' It's plain.
I'll have a sweet voice, it's handy !'

* * * *

A romantic chap who wanted to be ' popula '
Took wherever he went his ' binocula '
Others laughed at his whim,
And cried ' Just like him—
His behaviour is so very ' peculia '!'

C. V. Pichappa, M.A., M.Sc. (Old Student).

Abu Rihan Al Biruni

Very few students of history are aware of the fact, that among the world travellers like Hewan Sang, Manuchi, Al Baquriq, and Ibn Batuta, there was another scholar and traveller Abu Rihan who also visited India. He came to India with the Moslem invading hordes, but it was his desire to seek knowledge that had really brought him to India. The name of this great Moslem Scholar and Traveller is Abu Rihan al Biruni and he came to India with Mahmud of Ghazni.

Abu Rihan al Biruni has written an exhaustive book on the learning and arts of India whose brief title is "Kitab-ul-Hind (the book of India) which was translated in different European and Oriental languages. Al Biruni was born at Khwarizm (a city in Persia, known today as Khewat) in 937 A. D.-362 A. H. and because he lived in a neighbouring town of this city, called Birun he came to be called 'Al Biruni'. History is silent about his family or parentage. From this we conclude that he did not belong to any rich or important family for otherwise the chroniclers of the period would have referred to it.

According to few Arab historians Biruni was the citizen of Birun or Nirun, the ancient town in the Province of Sindh. The Statement of Al Biruni himself on the other hand proves that he was not a citizen of Sindh but a citizen of Khwarizm, in Persia. Hence he writes that he entered India as a poor stranger and sought the company of great Pandits, in order to acquire knowledge of the Sanskrit language. In his book, "Ilm-u-l Adwia" (the knowledge of Medicines) he says that his childhood days were spent in Khwarizm. From this internal evidence, to accept that Abu Rihan was a citizen of Sindh will be a misrepresentation of facts. But there is no doubt that he had a love for India and its culture and this was largely responsible for his visit to India.

From the time of Abu Rihan due to Islamic influences Arabic and Persian words mingled with the old Sanskrit and Prakrit words were commonly spoken in India. Though Al Biruni's mother tongue was Persian the vehicle of all learning of his time was Arabic and hence all his learned works, are to be found in this language. Al Biruni's book "Qanum-e-Masudi" is another exhaustive book which deals with the scientific advancement of the Moslems. This book is on Astronomy. Abu Rihan's other works are more than hundred in number and their list is written by him in the form of a letter to his friend which is still preserved in the library at Leyden and the German Orintalist Edward Sachau also has mentioned about it in the perface to his translation of the book "Asar-ul-Baquia" (The Ruins that Remain).

Al Biruni reached India about 1019 A. D. and perhaps he remained there untill 1030 A. D. When Biruni entered India to quench his thirst for knowledge there was political and social disruption in the country. Western India was scattered with the invasions of Mahmud. The people of India had a hatred for Mahmud and his following. Brahmins according to their ancient traditions kept knowledge confined to a limited circle. But the credit goes to Biruni who with all his courage and calmness, with his unquenchable thirst for knowledge learnt Sanskrit. According to Biruni himself the phrases in it are more than in Arabic itself. Overcoming all obstacles he mastered Sanskrit. He has begun his book, "Kitab-ul-Hind" with this true maxim that by not being familiar with each other many mistakes and misconceptions are

bound to be created, and that is why the true facts about the Hindus were not known. He followed this maxim in his life and tried to understand the learning and customs of the Hindus with so much of accuracy and difficulty that no foreigner had done before him nor anybody thought of doing that after him. He overcame all those obstacles whose solution appeared to be not only difficult but improbable. The Brahmins were astonished at the vast store of his knowledge and made mention of him before their elders, with no other word in their language than " Sagar " the Ocean of knowledge.

Al Biruni found the Hindu Society of his time divided in three groups: the Brahmins, the Khatrias and the Visas, and he has enumerated in his book the rules that regulated their life—social, economic and religious. Hence Al Biruni writes that "among the Hindus the most famous is the knowledge of Astrology. It is so because their religious works are connected with it. Among them a person understanding mathematics but having no knowledge of Astrology is not given the title of a learned man............the meaning of Sidhant is right knowledge........ this name is given to all such works whose status is above the Astrological Calculations." Al Biruni further writes that according to the Hindu Traditions before everything there was water and from the water appeared the egg of Brahmo-"the Brahmand" and from this was created the present world. Sky and earth according to them are round, the shape of the earth is global. Its half north is dry and the half south is drowned in water...............

Al Biruni also appears to have visited the Southern part of India on the Western Coast, as he has mentioned about the trade in spices and Coconut that was carried on with the foreigners. The Hindus according to him were not in the habit of writing on skins. He writes that " in South India there is a tree like the palm and the coconut whose fruits are eaten, its leaves are a handlong and a little wide. They call it Toddy and write on it. The book of these leaves is tied with a string which passes through a hole in the centre of every leaf and keeps the compactness of the book. Al Biruni also has mentioned about the methods of Astronomical, Astrological and Geological calculations prevalent among the Hindus and compared them with the methods adopted by the great Moslem Savants of the Middle East in these fields of learning.

Biruni's mother tongue was Persian, but he had a mastery over Arabic. He was also well versed in Syriac and Sanskrit. Besides the languages he was well versed in all Sciences and other branches of learning. He had Studied Physics, Logic, Astronomy, Mathematics, Geology, Chemistry, History, Religion, Geography, and Philosophy, but by far his greatest achievement was in the field of Arithmetic, Astronomy

and Geography. In these subjects the amount of research done by him and the new principles that he enunciated has immortalised his name in the world of learned thought.

After returning from India, Biruni was not associated for a long time with the court of Mahmud, for shortly after this death overtook Mahmud and his son Masud, a man endowed with great learning who succeeded him became his patron. Biruni dedicated Qanum-e-Masuid his great work on Astronomy to this ruler.

Many works of Biruni have been lost to this world and a very few references to them are available. Biruni was not merely a scholar. He was also endowned with a great spirit of enquiry. He did not accept what he heard and read but he tried to understand things in the light of his own experience and reason. A historian has written that only for two days in a year, that is the new year day (Nau ruz) and (Maherjan) the day of persian festival he gave up his studies and made arrangements for eating ; otherwise he was always engaged in reading and writing books. He never kept his hand without a pen, his eyes without a look and his mind without a thought'.

From his writings it is evident that Biruni was a straight forward, truthful and broadminded person. In his circle of friends besides Moslems, there were Christian, Jews, Zorastians, Hindus and others.

Due to his hard work, Biruni had became weak during his last days and remained sick. At last in 440 A. H-1048 A. D. he died at the age of 77 years and 7 months. An amazing thing is that a few minutes before his death when he was hardly in a position to breathe, he engaged himself in discussing about a learned problem and this incident is related by Abul Hasan Alibim Isa and stated by Yakhub of Baghdad in his book "Kitabul-Sutur" (the book of lines) in the following words:—"I went to see Abu Rihan. I found him breathing hard and his chest was getting pressed with that. In such a condition he asked me "how did you tell me the sum of "Jidat Fasidah" one day'. I told him, "Shall I tell you in this condition of yours.............. He said "tell me this very moment, for it is better that I leave this world after knowing the solution of that problem rather than die ignorant of it". I told him of this problem, he remembered it and repeated what all I had said and after that I took leave of him and came out. As I had gone a few steps I heard the noise of bemoaning and weeping ; Al Biruni had passed away".

Many lovers of learning have been born in this world, but a few can excel Al Biruni in the knowledge that he possessed. It is a fact that Biruni died at Ghazni and was buried there, but no one knows to-day, where this genius of knowledge lies buried.

It would appear that Biruni did not marry at all, for there is no proof of it available from history. Biruni, considered his works and learning as his children. Hence he writes in one place, " The books that I wrote in the early days of my life were meagre in knowledge when compared to my knowledge in later life". But I do not consider them as useless or look at them with contempt, because they are all my children and generally people adore their statements as their children".

Al Biruni's mastery in Astrology as in other sciences, was really great. He had so much of mastery in Astrology and Astronomy that when he entered the court of Mahmud for the first time his fame and even his introduction was made as an Astrologer. Mahmud at that time was seated in a building with four doors. When Al Biruni came to converse with Mahmud, he asked Biruni " I heard you are a good Astrologer; now I ask you when I get up from this place, from which side, among these four doors, will I go out". Abu Rihan after his calculations, said that " I will write and give you the answer in a piece of paper and when you go out, look at it". Mahmud kept quiet and after sometime, called his servants, and ordered him to break open a new door in the wall. According to his orders a new door was opened in the wall and Mahmud went out through it and looked at the paper of Biruni in which it was written that the King would not go out through any of those four doors, but would have a new door made and would go out of it." Mahmud instead of appreciating the talents of the man got angry and said, that the person appears to be dangerous and ordered that he should be imprisoned for life. Biruni when he heard of this, took out his diary and showed what was written in it, that Mahmud of Ghazni would keep him in prison for a period of three months, and according to his astrological statement Mahmed after this period was forced by circumstance to rescind his orders and release Biruni.

This was the case with Astrology. Besides this expert Physicians, Biologists and Geologists also appreciated his deep knowledge of their subjects. The Philosophical knowledge of Biruni was an unlimited store. He had studied Hindu Philosophy as well. For the completion of his study of Arithmetic he did not consider the Greek contribution to this subject as enough but he also derived the benefit from the fountains of Indian knowledge. Biruni had invented many Astronomical apparatus. He had made an Astrolobe with the name of Al-Astawani with the help of which the time before sunrise and sunset, the Lunar and Solar Eclipses, could be calculated and the depth of the sea and the soil could also be measured.

Our interest in Biruni is also due to the fact that he gave an account of the manners and customs of our country with deep insight. His great book Kitab-ul-Hind contains his account of Indian Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Geography, Astronomy, Astrology, Customs

manners and the laws of the land. He describes Hindu culture, habits, customs, léarning and arts basing them on their own authoritative works, from the sayings of their originals and elders. His works were free from unnecessary discussions.

Today we hardly realise the extent of our indebtednesss to Al Biruni who has done so much for us by writing about our country in general and about our ancient learning and arts in particular, in his great book Kitab ul-Hind (the book of India).

Abdul Khader Sait, V B.A. (Hons.) Islamic History.

What is the Score?

Of the many calamities of man's existence on this much-troubled planet, this question is one. It almost haunts you like a guilty conscience and you cannnot do well to be free from it. Either you answer it and appear to be possessing one of the modern virtues or be 'damned' as a social back-number! When one of my friends asked me whether I purchased a "season ticket" for the ensuing "Test", I was at a loss for the "right" answer and the friend being a 'she', there was a bit of "to be or not to be" in me. However, I wriggled out of it saying that I was trying for it.

If the Shakespearean purpose of art is to hold up the miror to Nature, then, we badly need a revised edition of the play "Twelfth Night" wherein Duke Orsino, refusing to be a back-number, might open the first scene with the lines "If cricket be the end of life, play on". Yes, play on to the surfeit of it and to realise the fulness or otherwise of life. Frankly speaking, cricket is becoming an end, nay, *the* end of life. Every second street is a cricket-field and every passer-by is forced to bring off a catch in order to prevent the ball from kissing his nose! Every college worth the name has its cricket team and every town, its cricket club, "Mambalam Mosquitos" being a case in point. Every college has its skipper. He is an important figure and he can continue to be the skipper. All that he has to do is to skip from one post-graduate class to another or from one college to another. He can strut about in the corridors of the college in the cock-a-doodle-doo fashion and attract a group of fawning fans—both men and women. To be seen with a skipper either in the canteen or in the beach is to go up in society. To talk about the score or so-and-so's century is to progress. Thus there is a change in the values of life—a revolutionary change. To promote this end of life, every university in India must take into its head the idea of affiliating the various colleges in B.sp—that is, Bachelor of Sports, branch ! being cricket.

This game fosters a healthy spirit of sportsmanship. For example one can continue to be the "Opening bat", even though he consistently gets five or more "ducks". Had it been any other game there would have been some changes in the composition of the team. But this being cricket, such things are allowed or tolerated; for, is not cricket a game of chance? Yes. That is exactly why we have too many "test caps" and quite often the caps are better than the heads that wear them. For instance, if one hits, by accident, a "breezy century" in a match against, say, Governor's XI or Hotel Keepers' or Servers' XI, he is entitled to "first class cricket." After this he can go abroad, finding nothing to do at home. We, in India (where even diseases have seasons), have added this new season, namely, cricket season to the list. As by-products of this new season, we have seasonal talks, seasonal adventures and romances.

To-day, in India, nothing is so popular as cricket and if a cricketer stands for the election either as an Independent or on cricket-party ticket, he will surely get into the union parliament or state legislatures and thus provide a theme for the book "From the cricket-field to the Cabinet." In fact, we can organise a Praja Cricket Party and this will be in keeping with the fact that there is so much of politics amidst us and around us. Inside the Parliament, the Praja Cricket Party in combination with other People's Parties, will act as a healthy Opposition, for, then it can deliver a volley of bumpers, expecting the Treasury Benches to protect themselves and their stumps.

If one wants to measure the popularity of this wonderful game especially in this city, all that he has to do is to stand at a prominent place for instance at the junction of Bell's Road and the Wallahja Road and view the colourful procession of anxious humanity. Take a look at the queue; you will find people ranging from 7 to 70 years, bending (like the beasts of burden) under the weight of lunch-bags, water-bottles, sun-glasses, hats, binoculars and other auxiliaries. Oh! what excitement, what concern! Sun or rain, they can stand in the line preoccupied with the thought that "the queue is long and the time is fleeting, though our hearts stout and brave etc., etc.," But with what despair they turn away from the ticket-window when it throws up the board "Booking closed"! Their looks and expressions convey the idea that as far as they are concerned, the only alternative to Chepauk is Kilpauk—our local equivalent to Bedlam. But they soon recover from this initial shock and tenderly look at their lunch-bags and march to the Hindu Office, where they can applaud Mankad without seeing him!

Now to the pavilion where all the five senses are set in motion. What colour, what perfume! The pavilion is packed with distinguished people—men and women—who come there to derive the pleasures of seeing and being seen. It hums with the activities of college girls and

others who collect autographs and other things by which they can easily recollect the match they witnessed and—more important—the cricketers they moved with.

"Oh! brave new world, that has such people in it!"

T. K. Velayudham, M.A.
Research Student, Dept. of Economics.

The U. N. O. Seven Years in Retrospect

On a quiet day in October 1945, when the bells of armistice announcing the end of suffering and deaths had just pealed and were reverberating the sound all over the world, some people were seen entering a spacious hall in San Francisco. On the face of every delegate could be seen joy and at the same time despondency over the possible conclusion of their venture. Most of them were recollecting the failures of their counterparts in nineteen thirties and that thought clouded the very little hope of their success. Yes, it was the symbolic opening of the United Nations Organization, the bulwark of peace and a beacon of light to the humanity plunged in never-ending strife and suffering.

The despondency hanging over the face of the delegates in 1945 is slowly melting away at the unexpected influence exerted by the U.N.O. and through the growing conviction in the mind of humanity that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war".

The U.N.O. which celebrated its 7th anniversary last October could well look back at its past history. Its failures were many but its successes profoundly influence the failures and offer an effective challenge to the failures trying to engulf them.

The countries which emerged out of the last war—victor as well as the vanquished—were not happy over the result. The conclusion of the war gave them a sigh of relief because, as H. G. Wells said "The victory was of the dying over the dead". The countries participating in the war wanted to solve their differences in the arena of battle but having failed in that venture have switched over to the arena of peace which with its morning breeze of soothing refreshment was giving them the hope of a successful end of their differences. It took the war-mongers such a long time to find the truth in the prophetic dictum of Cicero who said "I prefer the most unfair peace to the most virtuous war".

The U. N. representatives backed by the irreplaceable push of the human race have been marching steadily on towards making the peoples of the world brothers and sisters. A tinge of internationalism (which

quells the enemy of brotherhood, nationalism) has been given to everything done by the U.N.O. and the peoples of the world are trying to look at things in a more broad and conciliatory way. The organs of the U.N.O. need elucidation.

The Security Council with its effective vote against aggression has been putting its head into every possible hint at aggression. It has successfully prevented a war between India and Pakistan over Kashmir. It had smoothed out the differences between Netherlands and Indonesia and in some cases though remaining in the "back the scene way" had been effectively checking the people trying at aggression. We have the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) wherein India has the President. Though the glaring magnanimity of the Security Council's deliberations have dimmed its importance, the UNESCO had successfully moulded the ideas of men in such a way that they think that peace is always to be preferred to war. Through its aid in educational, scientific and cultural spheres, it has taught the peoples many things. It has taught the war-mongers the effectiveness of peace in the settlement of their differences and to those on the well-trodden path of peace it gives the much needed encouragement. Ideas breed character and character breeds better understanding and it is always better understanding which prevents quarrels and wars. For breeding the ideas we should raise our hand in salute to the UNESCO.

The World Health Organization has helped the suffering humanity with moral and material encouragement. The patients are comforted, their pain relieved and their well being looked after. India and many other underdeveloped countries are getting WHO help in the matter of finance and expert help. The fruits of independence could not be tasted unless the body and mind are well nourished. Several Health Units have been opened under the auspices of the WHO which paves the way for a healthy human race. The more fortunate brethren of the world at the instance of the WHO are offering to the less fortunate brethren the much needed money, medical men and material, the procurement o which would be much beyond the means of the poor countries, but for the UNO. The under-nourished children who were the unfortunate and inevitable victims of the tussle between their more educated and more matured elders were given effective help through the International Child Emergency Fund (INCEF). The children who grow up being fed by the food of the world and the pill coated with the slogan of peace are growing into the effective guardians of the U. N. charter. A child is said to be the father of the man. If only could the elders grasp from the child the qualities of innocence and forgiveness (which are the characteristics of childhood) the world would be............ a fountain of bliss. The Food and Agricultural Organization (FAO) with which we in India are very

much forced to be in contact has been helping the people greatly. It aids in the proper growth of food grains and in the balanced utilisation of the available resources to the best of utility. It sends out experts in food technology to aid local talent and to encourage the people in their march towards prosperity and well being. If nature refuses to participate in our Programme of reconstruction and development by giving us rains at the appropriate time, we should try to live without the help of it. In this venture the UNO helps the member nations to build dams, execute river valley projects etc., through technical aid. The U. N. Trusteeship Council prevents the imperialists from putting their ideas into action and thus helps the small trust territories to breathe the air of peace and freedom side by side with their 'big' brethren. Tunisia and Trieste are instances in point. The twin organizations I. M. F. and the I. N. B. R. D. were the result of the Bretton Woods Conference. The former aims at stabilising the exchange rates of the member countries and the latter with its monetary help aids the member nations in their undertakings for the betterment of their economy. Though these have got great potentialities because they emphasise on economic uplift, they were not able to do great things owing to limited money available at their disposal.

The UNO has influenced the peoples in many a way. The Great Charter of the UNO which is the creation of the world opinion and wherein the intelligence and commonsense of the different people are pooled, has influenced certain countries in drawning up their constitution. The little Republic of Puerto Rico which shook off the control of the White House (USA) (not of course before President Truman had a narrow escape from Puerto Rican gunmen) embedded some of the flowers of the UN charter in its new constitution. The ancient kingdom of Libia immortalised some of the gems of the UN charter in its constitution. The preamble of the UN charter: "We the people of the UN determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war which twice in our life time has brought untold suffering to mankind"………should appeal to the noble sentiments of all.

In spite of the great work done by the UNO and its noble aspirations for peace in the world we hear with much pain an outcry for the ablition of the UNO. The reasons for the lack of support according to a great authority were: I. that most people have only the vaguest knowledge of their own Govts, and as such they have scarce knowledge of the workings of a World Govt. II. lack of publicity in the press to the amount that is needed. If only the press would give the UNO its staunch support then the people may know UNO much better and understand its work better. If the UNO has to suffer the same fate as the League of Nations what is the workable alternative? Mankind can exist only by hope and peace and some authority must be there to ensure these virtues to humanity.

Instead of crying for its abolition it would be better if the human race would give it their unflinching support. In spite of the many failures of the UNO, the members have not left it which speaks volumes for the conviction in the human mind that victory is possible through peace. As the effectiveness of law depends upon the law abiding nature of the people, so is the effectiveness of UNO dependent on the moral support given to it by the nations of the world in general and the contending ideological power blocks in particular. A strengthened UNO foretells suppression of aggression and the suppression of aggression foretells peace in the world and it is the silent prayer on every human lip that the thought of war may be substituted by that of peace and goodwill.

Let us hope that humanity would render every possible assistance to the great organization, the UNO, in their cherished goal of peace and happines in the world.

Daniel Dennis., B.A. (Old Student.)

The Value of Athletics

By athletics is meant physical culture in its varied forms such as games, sports, exercises in gymnastics and drill, in short, all those bodily activities that go to mould the physical, moral and intellectual fibre of one's being. They mould one's being because their effect in shaping human form, conduct and character can hardly be overestimated. Leave alone the improvement that physical training effects in a young man's body; it gives him an occupation for his hours of leisure at an age when day dreaming fills his mind with morbid thoughts and the urges of sex instincts tend to lead him astray. It keeps him away as a famous educationist once remarked from " the influences of the Bazaar ".

Today we are living in an age in which, except during the period of Greece's glory, the yearning and striving after physical fitness has never been so great. In all the civilised countries membership of gymnastic clubs, drill and dancing classes and other sporting and athletic organisations is increasing by leaps and bounds. In the West, while society outside, is doing all it could mainly by voluntary effort and partly by external aid to cater to the native's physical fitness, the educational institutions from with-in with equal zeal do their utmost in this field of national endeavour. There would be hardly any college in England which would not boast of swimming, fencing and yachting clubs, not to speak of the usual cricket, football and hockey associations. In the former the membership is equally divided between men and women students of the college. These clubs and associations are in full blast during term days and when vacation intervenes, life would be by no means dull or uninteresting as it would be with us here, for, there they would go on tramping into the

country or sunbathing at seaside resorts which bears the slogan of "Back to Nature". The love of outdoor life, bodily exercise and physical culture became after the World War I, especially in Germany a cult. The other countries of the world looked askance at it for sometime. But now the cult has spread over those countries as well; and our own country has been no exception to this.

It may be asked why so much of importance has been attached to sports and athletics in the west and why we of late have begun to realise the increasing need of these as the indispensible concomitants of our own national life and well being. The answer is not far to seek, for the basic fact of health is not this or that remedy or panacea but the daily practice of the physiology of the body so that it may be able to withstand the strains and infections to which inevitably it is subject to in the rough and tumble of life. Athletics by moulding our frame, training our muscles, toning our nerves and quickening our blood circulation constitute a regimen of prevention which would banish much disease and human misery. The main object of all athletic activity then, is to keep the body in health. Now health depends primarily upon a perfect digestion and upon a sufficient rapid transit of the products of digestion through the gastro-intestinal canal, as the doctors would put it. Where this dual process is retarded we are told diseases like the ulceration of stomach, duodenum and rheumatism and other kindred ailments set in. The Himalayan native's life in this respect is a case in point illustrating how completely he is immune from such diseases. His daily life is one of series of athletics and he preserves a magnificent physique and until late in life retains all the characteristics of early youth. He is usually fertile and long-lived displaying muscles and sinews which are the fear of his enemies and admiration and envy of his friends. What is that places the savage so far above the reach of the civilised man? What is that makes the child of the forest and the mountain an object of envy to the man of the plain and the city? It would be readily conceded that it is his magnificent build, his noble proportions, his lordly air and his utter indifference to pleasure and pain of whatever kind, that instil fear into the one and extort the admiration of the other. It is his physical characteristics such as these that produced the civilising Greek and the conquering Roman of the ancient days and our own history, provides us with innumerable examples of kings who have been athletes first and monarchs next. Babar and Akbar his grandson on occasions overpowered their enemies in single combats by sheer force of their sinews and muscle.

So we find that the training of one's body and the culture of one's physique is not only the birthright of a savage but the virtue in a King. Here it would not be out of place to mention the various kinds of physical activity which tend to cultivate our body and mind. It may be stated that dancing is the most primitive form of athletics. Apart from their

aesthetic value they develop the muscles of the abdominal wall, increase the activity of the intestines and add grace and suppleness to the bodily movements.

Coming to the modern games like cricket which is at the present the most popular one, what do we find? In addition to its physical value such games and athletics are the best means of bringing about international concord and understanding. Games such as this help to break down racial barriers, overcome national prejudices, destroy class exclusiveness and transcend all human petty-mindedness and jealousies leaving behind a reservoir of good will for all.

The other games also are not devoid of such values. The resistance and resolution put into games like football and hockey accustom the members of the rival teams to think that they can hold their own against all comers. It is because the English are such great lovers of sport, though it may seem an exaggeration, they came out successful at the end of every protracted war. No doubt they begin very badly in a campaign or in a war as has often happened, but in the end they come out all right. It had been so in the Napoleanic Wars; and it was so in the late Great War and in the recent world war. Their ultimate success has always been the result of the sporting instincts which made them refuse to accept any disaster as final. Failing to understand this spirit of the English, Napolean when he found them always up against him called them a dull and stupid race which never knew when it was beaten. It is his sporting qualities that make the English-man so loveable in his native environment; and it is very encouraging to note that in India also we find the faint beginnings of such a nature at the present time. The pleasant railleries, the little quips and pranks and the harmless fun that one finds an Indian crowd indulging in at a football or cricket match reminds one of the good humoured pleasanteries of an English mob enjoying itself on a Bank Holiday at Hampstead Heath; and one begins to mutter to oneself when he leaves the field that the world is after all not such a sorry place to live in as it has been often represented, nor the Indian such a serious minded and unsocial being as he has been too frequently depicted. As for the players themselves when the tumult subsides and the shouting dies these epic struggles become a pleasant and abiding memory based on solid foundations of mutual respect. International sports conducted periodically in the form of Olympic games and the recent Asian games held in India, all promote an understanding which far transcends national frontiers. The dawning of this new belief and the beginning of this new respect for one who is your rival produce in you a sense of fair play and square deal which will be the assets of incalculable value throughout one's life. They act as means by which lasting friendship can be effected—individual, national, and even international. We may say that the enduring effect of athletics and sports is that they bring knowledge to us;

knowledge brings understanding, and understanding sympathy and out of sympathy is born mutual respect, which is the best solvent for all our social and political ills.

But athletics besides serving these larger aims and wider issues help us in attaining what one might call the ambition of every sensible person namely a graceful, vigorous and active body, proper activity of the tissues, elimination of waste products, a vigorous digestion, good sleep and active brain.

While considering the importance of games and athletics as nation-building activities one must guard against overdoing them, though that stage has not been as yet reached in India. But in the West in recent years they have been getting back to the Greek ideal; and the same danger that threatened the Greeks faces the moderns namely that of making the development of the body the chief and the only interest in life. Plato knew this and warned his countrymen against music and gymnastics - by music ofcourse he meant, mental culture generally, and by gymnastics he meant physical training. He declared that these two should be so combined as to mould the mind of the youth to gentleness and courage. Culture he pointed out when pursued for its own sake relaxes and softens the mind and athleticism by itself blunts and hardens the mind. It is the due admixture of both that strengthens and harmonises the whole nature.

Plato lived a long time ago but it is well to remember his wise and practical counsel for even in the twentieth century it is not out of date. Let us hope therefore that with the revival of athletics not only for men but also for women, for all classes and grades of society there may be a corresponding revival of mental development. 'Mens sana in corpore sano' i.e. a sound mind in a sound body should be the ideal for all to strive after.

Md. Aminuddin, V Hons. (Islamic Hist).

Rearmament: Prosperity or Crisis?

Sometime in 1951, an American newspaper carried a cartoon which showed a potbellied gentleman representing big business consoling a weeping woman with these words: "Someone must sacrifice, Madam. In the event of a war you lose sons; in the event of peace I lose money."

It is still a fairly common assumption that re-armament alone can stave off the economic crisis and that conversion of an economy to war footing means prosperity.

No doubt there was more or less a post-war boom in the U.S.A. due to the post-war excess or demand over supply at home and in the

world market. But just as the upward trend in industrial output was coming to an end and the boom was tapering off, war broke out in Korea.

The influential American magazine U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT commented soon after the war began in Korea:

> "The Korean outbreak lays the ghost of depression that has been haunting business in the U. S. since the end of World War II. The outlook is for an extended boom."

President Truman proclaimed a "national emergency" on December 16, 1950, which placed the seal on the conversion of America's entire economy to a war-footing.

But was the U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT justified when it claimed that conversion of an economy to a war-footing as a cure for crisis achieves its aim ?

The eye-catching headlines under which the corporation reports for the first quarter of 1951 were published, seemed to answer the question. Here are a few headlines picked up at random from the WALL STREET JOURNAL of April 25, 1951 :

> "AMERICAN SMELTING QUARTER PROFITS UP"—"BELL AIRCRAFT NET UP SHARPLY"—"EASTMAN KODAK VOLUME INCREASED"—"JONES AND LAUGHLIN QUARTER PROFITS UP"—"STANDARD OIL (CALIF.) QUARTER NET ROSE"

These balance-sheets had a twenty-four carat glitter. In its early stage the Korean war had the effect of increasing civilian consumption in U.S.A. Roaring business was done in durable goods like Television and radio sets, refrigerators, automobiles etc. But all this was transitionary. Salesmen called it "buying panics" or "scare buying." For instance, such panic buyings were at their highest in July 1950 and January 1951.

The increased business activity though marked by sharp fluctuations was due to a number of reasons. There was a scarcity of these durable goods because their production was practically stopped during the war. Further these products were sold in instalment plan and high-pressure salesman ship and the instalment plan lured many into buying these goods.

But by September 1951, according to Federal Reserve Board figures, production of all durable goods was down by 37%. The following

table compares the output in the third quarter of 1951 with the peak post war production:

	Period of peak production	Output: 3rd Quarter 51 % of peak.	Reduction %
Passenger cars	3rd Qr. 1950	62	38
Refrigerators	2nd Qr. 1951	37	63
Electric Ranges	2nd Qr. 1950	51	49
Radio Sets	4th Qr. 1947	42	58
TV Sets	4th Qr. 1950	25	75

(NEW TIMES, No. 1, 1952)

The decline in output cannot be explained away as due to shortage of raw materials because there was a sharp increase in the unsold stock at the hands of producers and distributors. Further manufacturers were not using to the full, the raw materials allotted to them.

On the other hand, reports for the first quarter of 1951 also indicate that corporations producing for the American war machine continued to expand and declare huge profits. The following comparative figures for 1949, 1950 and 1951 (based on reports published in the April 1951 issues of the WALL STREET JOURNAL) of corporations taking an active part in producing war-materials indicate this :

	First Quarter. Sales			Profits after taxes		
	1949	1950	1951	1949	1950	1951
	(in million dollars)					
E. I. duPont de Nemours ...	252	269	383	44	54	60
Union Carbide & Carbon ...	157	160	225	24	27	29
Westinghouse Electric ...	227	224	290	11	12	17

The turnover of steel trusts, chemical corporations and oil trust etc. rose immensely after the Korean outbreak.

Though the colossal military outlays of the U.S. Government have been the mainstay of the continuous capital investment and industrial output in the post-war period, the lower-income brackets have been the worst affected.

Under the impact of the armament drive, there has been a steady decline in the standards of living of the lower-income brackets owing to the war inflation set up and increasing tax-burden. That the American is shouldering the heaviest tax burden in the history of his country and that the average American citizen pays 30 cents out of every

dollar he earns is clear from the following table. These figures do not give us a correct picture of the burden that is borne by the lower income bracket who provide a large chunk of the taxation revenue :

	(in million dollars)			
	1940	1945	1952*	1952 as percentage of 1940
Federal Taxes ...	6.7	37.3	61.4	916
State and local taxes ...	8.8	10.3	20.8	236
All Taxes ...	15.5	47.6	82.2	530
Taxes per capita (dollars)	117	340	523	447
Percentage of national income appropriated by taxation ...	19.1	26.1	29.2	

* Preliminary estimate. (From U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, April 25, 1952)

• The extension of taxes to lower-income groups is evident from the following figures. In 1949, 4 million Americans paid income tax. In 1951, 44,300,000 paid income tax. This is higher even than the wartime peak of 42,800,000. (1945)

According to LOOK magazine President Truman in his six-year term of office has collected 277,000 million dollars in taxes compared to 256,000 million dollars collected by all his predecessors together in the last hundred and fifty years.

During the last twenty years, the Heller Committee for Research in Social Economics in the University of California has been publishing a typical family budget " necessary to healthful and reasonably comfortable living " drawn up for a wage-earner's family of four. It provides for only 56 grams of butter per head per week. Cigarette consumption is limited to 70 per week (3.5 packs of 20 each). The family can go to the movies only twice in a month and can subscribe to only one daily news paper. No allowance is made for concert tickets, books, vacations etc. The mother can buy only one tube of lipstick and one tin of face-powder a year.

For this puritan living, the Heller Committee's budgetary estimate (which reflects the changes in the cost of living most faithfully) at the end of 1950 was 4,276 dollars for a manual worker's family and 5,135 dollars for a white-collared worker's family. The latest American census returns published on March 25, 1952 shows that in 1950, 29 million families of office and urban workers earned on average 3,584 dollars per annum,

Already in 1950, 60% of these families had an income below 4000 dollars. This means that 70% of all American workers' families in urban area were earning less than the "Heller Budget" minimum.

The results of the catastrophic decline in the standards of living are to be seen in the reduced effective demand in relation to output.

Autumn trade in U.S.A. is usually brisk. But BUSINESS WEEK on output declines in its issue of November 3, 1951:

> "The pick up that seemed to be starting a few weeks ago hasn't come to much of anything. Gloom seems thicker than ever the last few days. It shows up in the swarm of rock-bottom bids on military contracts."

The constant rise in prices of food, clothing, and foot-wear, mounting taxation and declining standards of living are the unfailing commitments of the rearmament.

Thus facts prove that re-armament is not capable of assuring economic prosperity because the development of overproduction in the civilian industries more than offsets the growth of military production.

M. Mohan Ram, IV (Hons.) Economics.

"Though Clementine be dead."

The lark doth merrily sing
Over the lilies that grow
On the grave where now she sleeps,
    My sweet Clementine.

The ivy now is faded,
That her bed-room window deck'd,
Languishing for kisses
    From lips can kiss no more.

No cozening flatteries
Nor my teasing mockeries
Can lure the burning glow
    To cheeks grown frosty cold.

The warm and cosy corner
Where cuddling we would sit
And whisper riddles and jokes
Is barren—and for ever.

Those laughing eyes that sparkled
Oft at my idle tales
Are mocked with endless darkness
Like glow-worms by sunshine.

The world and I go on
Though clementine be dead !
Like drooping ashen lips
From whence the smile is fled.

A. Indira, V Hons. English.

Mauna (A Story in Verse)

She made a mansion of marble and gold
Like one depicted in the tales of old,
Trusting that marble walls might shelter
Her only son from misery's welter,
And charm his poor chagrined heart
Into something like an honied pot.
Still Mauna sighed in a melancholy strait
'Mother something ails my heart.'
She then made a lovely jasmine bower
For him to idle away the evening hour :
At the top of a lovely table hill
Beneath which turned many a laughing rill.
But still he sighed in a melancholy strait
'Mother something ails my heart.'
Thinking than the cause lies in his adolescence
Wedded a winsome girl to him for giving joyance.
She in crimson robes shone round his flowery bed
Like a soft sapphire stringed on a silken thread.
But still he sighed like a murmuring brook
'Mother my heart is empty in every nook.'
Then one night appeared his heart's delight
In the dream daintily dancing like a sprite,
And humming softly 'O Mauna ever shall remain
Thine honied name shining in my heart's domain.'
The next morn he arose like a blossomed rose
Shedding all his past bleak remorse,
And laughing like a grief-free school boy
Raced to his mother in great joy.

P. Venkatesh (Old Boy).

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To "Mother Mine"

Sixteen years have limped along ; thy face
Doth day by day become more dim and dim,
Like to a withered rose which doth embrace
The common clay, and vanishes. Time's whim
Would not allow the orphan-son to joy
His mother's picture in his mind undimmed.
Those happy days I spent with thee, as boy,
Are gone,—are gone for e'er like passing wind,
As if they never were. O, what a change
Has been there o'er me and all the world !
Instead of love, ruthlessness now doth range
For the upperhand. Mine eyes tear-pearled
I turn,—though fading fast, to thy calm face,
To make me firm,···to brave the coming days.

—ASH.

The Path to the Youth

" Daddy!"

" Yes Son."

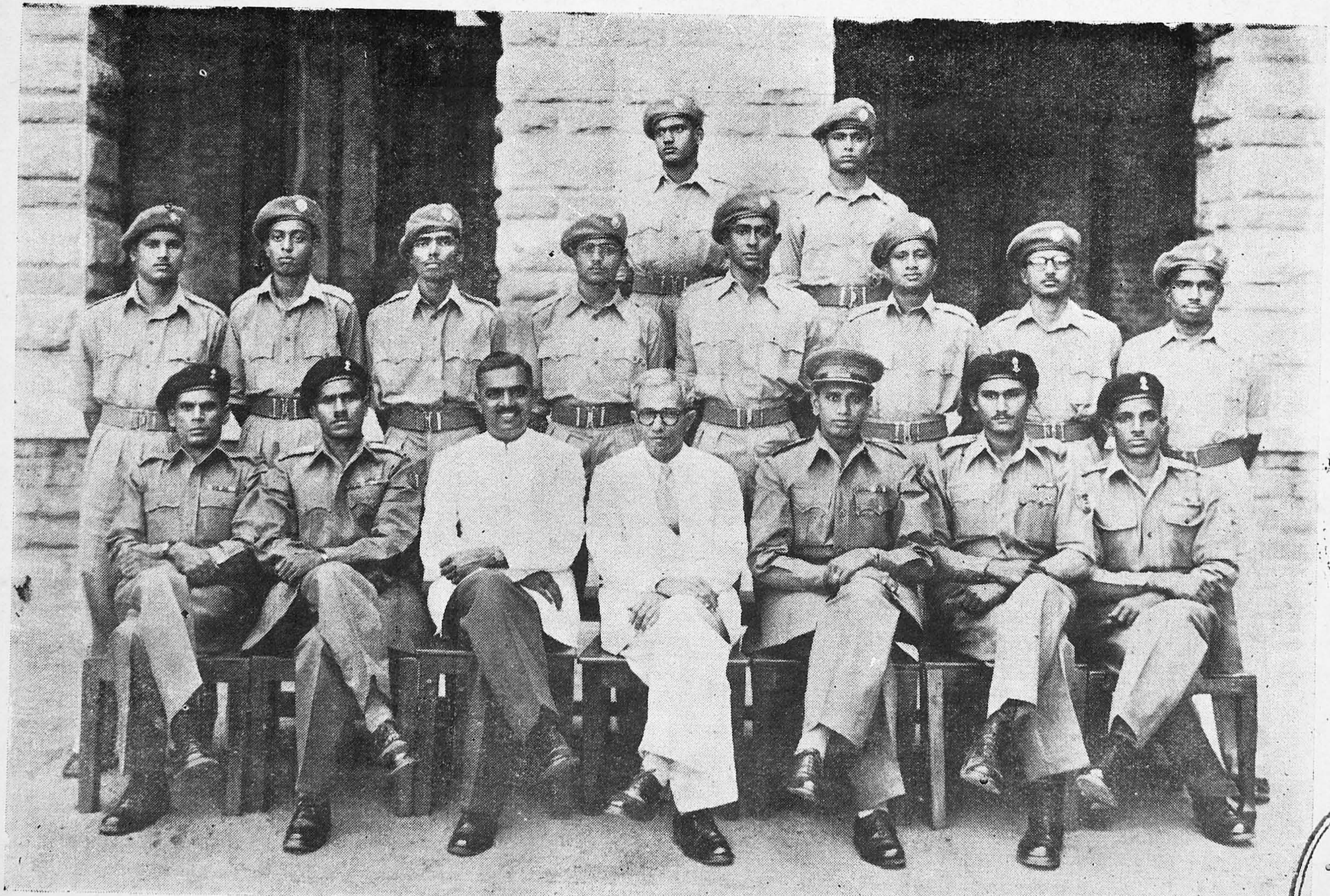
" Why is this hurry to catch the early morning train, and why don't you spend the vacation with us in Michaelmas and Summer ?"

" Well son, it is this. Young people like you should systematically be trained, apart from your general education, to build up your character and to inculcate discipline in you, and what way is the best except the military way? There is an organisation in the army known as the N. C. C.-Are you attentive son ?"

" Yes Daddy."

" The aims of the N.C.C. are (1) to develop character, comradeship and the ideal of service for leadership in young men & women. (2) to provide service training to young men & women so as to stimulate interest in the defence of the country & (3) to build up a reserve of potential Officers to enable the armed forces to expand rapidly in a National Emergency.

To achieve this end, sonny, military training is imparted to the young men of the college and school boys by way of parades where for example Drill, the bed-rock of discipline, Weapon Training–training in the



The newly formed Presidency College contingent of the fifth Madras Battery, N.C.C.

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OUR PLAYERS

TENNIS

use of small arms like the Rifle & the Machine Gun,–Field Craft, Section & Platoon Leading, Map Reading, Citizenship Training & First Aid are taught and practised. It is to attend & conduct these parades, we as officers–who first undergo rigorous training every summer and have Refresher Courses–rush to be in time." "How is the N.C.C. organised Daddy ?" "It is a limb of the Indian Army. For administrative purposes all the States are grouped into Zones or 'Circles' as we call them in the N.C.C. There are ten such circles in the N.C.C.

Bombay & Sowrashtra form the No. 1 circle. Madras is the 2nd Circle. No. 3. circle comprises Madhya Pradesh & Hyderabad. West Bengal & Orissa are in the 4th circle. Bihar is in the 5th. The 6th circle consists of U.P. & Vindhya Pradesh. Delhi, Rajasthan, Madhya Bharat & Ajmer are in the 7th. Punjab & Pepsu form the 8th Circle. While Assam & Thirupura form the 9th circle. The 10th circle comprises Coorg, Mysore,& Travancore Cochin.

There are two divisions under each circle. These are the senior division & the junior division. The former consists of college students alone while the latter caters to school boys. All these divisions are made up of the Army, the Navy, and Air Force units. Besides these, in the senior division, there are the artillery units, Medical, E.M.E., Engineering & Signal Units.

In the 3rd circle & the 7th circle there are also girls' divisions of the N.C.C."

"I never knew that it was such a big organisation, dad! I thank you for enlightening me on the subject. I can now fully understand Gen. Cariappa' s exhortation calling the youth of the country to get themselves the military training".

"This N.C.C. training is a part of the students' curriculum and is recognised by the University as Military Science. There are two Certificate Examinations 'B' and 'C'. After two years of this training a cadet is eligible to take the 'B' Cert. exam. of the N.C.C. A cadet, on passing this Exam. if he is an Intermediate student, gets an exemption of one subject in part 3 of the Inter. Exam. of the University. Completion of three years of training in the N.C.C. qualifies the cadet for the 'C' Cert. Exam., the highest and toughest exam. in the N.C.C. If a cadet passes the 'C' Cert, the University again gives him an exemption of one subsidiary subject in Part. 2. of the B.Sc. Exam., or Shakespeare and poetry if he sits for the B.A. Exams.

Our College unit had and still has Under Officers, Warrant Officers, N.C.Os & cadets, many of them in the Honours classes, who come out with flying colours in the University Examinations. Almost every year one cadet from this unit enters the National Defence Academy at Dehra

Dun. For your information, son, the first batch of fifteen NCC cadets on completion of their successful training at the National Defence Academy, were granted regular Commissions in the Indian Army in June, 1952. In August, 1952 Nineteen cadets were selected and commenced their training at the academy. The NCC cadets selected form 30 to 40% of the present strength at the academy and it has been proved that the NCC cadets are 20% higher in their allround ability and efficiency.

Even from a purely utilitarian point of view, haven't you seen our boys in action in almost all the big college functions when their services are solicited for maintaining law & order ?

You should have seen in the papers the monumental piece of Social work done by the 1st Madras Batallion NCC in constructing a pucca road in the Kannadipalayam Village near Avadi solely by their own manual labour.

You know son, most of these cadets after their college career are well placed in life occupying responsible posts in the army, Police, Academic, Journalistic & Business fields. Scores of them write to us how the training stands them in good stead.

Add to this information son, the fact that the Madras State spends nearly Ten Lakhs in maintaining this organisation not to speak of the heavy expenses incurred by the Indian Union in maintaining the regular officers and other army personnel and providing arms, ammunition, vehicles etc. Each State spends a similar amount if not more.

The NCC Directorate for the whole of India is in the Army Head-Quarters in Delhi and in the present Director, Col. Virendra Singji you have a selfless leader who devotes all his time to the cause of the expansion of the NCC. He has refused even his promotion to promote the cause of NCC and it is mainly due to his efforts the NCC has come to a stay.

I am not doing any propaganda. Education does not need it. I want to place the true picture of the NCC before such youngsters like you and discerning elders. It is a good institution like any interested in the training of youth. Defects are bound to prop up. What is required is an intelligent appreciation, constructive criticism and co-operative co-ordination to help the cause of the N.C.C., because the N.C.C. way is the right path to the youth of the country.

Lt. Sadmar.

A youth's thoughts to-day

There is no denying the fact that the human race to-day is living a horrid life. Ours is a tragic age where life is not worth living. The 20th century, inspite of its tremendous and astonishing progress in the field of civilization, has contributed very little to the promotion of human morals. Human life has lost its value and taking of one's life for no reason whatsoever, has become the order of the day. These trends only indicate that there can be no salvation for humanity in the near future. To say so is probably to strike a note of pessimism. This statement would no doubt be a rude shock to those who swear by the wonders of science and who fervently believe that humanity has reached the highest water mark of all that is good and perfect in this world. I am therefore apt to be mistaken for a cynic and taken to task by such persons for the views expressed herein. Nevertheless, I am sure that if one studies the varied aspects of human life in the world of to-day in its true perspective, he will be forced to come to the same conclusion.

Despite the innumerable amenities that science has given us, our generation has been most unfortunate, for scientific progress, while providing us on the one hand with all comforts in life, has on the other equally contributed in finding easy methods of destruction of human life. The world has already witnessed two highly destructive wars leaving behind them a trail of misery, chaos and confusion. On both the occasions, of course, the nations of the world were taken aback by the horrors of war and rallied round to establish peace on earth but their efforts did not prove fruitful. The League of Nations which was established after the first world war with all the good intentions to prevent future wars, was shattered by its very founders, their baser motives having triumphed over their desire to establish peace. The present united Nations organisation which was founded after the bitter taste of the second world war was established on equally sublime ideals ; but I feel that one will not have to wait long to see its liquidation. The reason for all this lies in the extreme selfishness of man.

Inspite of the fact that all the modern nations today are preaching the gospel of freedom and peace, every plan and preparation is being made to subjugate the weaker nations for ulterior and selfish motives. The lust for power and glory which has been dominating human society since the very beginning of civilization, has been given a further fillip by science in our age. Various methods, both quick and devastating, are being devised to put an end to human life, while the talk of bettering human conditions is being simultaneously indulged in by everyone. The ghastly crimes we find committed around us make us actually sick of the world. The modern world is too materialistic and people have lost all zest for things spiritual—in fact they have become fiendish in their conduct.

Nobody cares for morals and the one burning desire with every one is to attain material gains, without any scruples whatsoever.

With such motives dominating, we can hardly expect to achieve happiness and peace. No doubt people do talk of peace but one is prone to ask the question whether they really mean what they say. The fact that the second world war could not be prevented speaks volumes of the insincerity of the peace makers. We have not learnt a lesson even after the horrors of the second world war. The leading nations of the world are once again busy arming themselves for a fresh struggle and the ground has already been prepared by the precipitous action taken in Korea. Our leaders, who swear in public to better the lot of their peoples, only indulge in tall talks. The present is an age of conferences, conventions and meetings only where people indulge in all sorts of talking. In the name of peace, hard earned money of the people is spent in lavish dinners, banquets and parties when millions of unfortunate ones do not get the barest minimum necessary for keeping their bodies and souls together. Under such distressing conditions, one cannot even dream of leading a contented life. Unless the moral fibre of our society is strengthened, we cannot hope to succeed in our efforts for peace. Sincerity of purpose should replace selfishness if the maladies of society are to be cured. The next step should be complete elimination of poverty, which is so rampant today. It is our duty to provide all that is necessary to those unfortunate have-nots of society, who in the present age are being exploited for the benefit of the few fortunate rich. Thus, if man ceases to be selfish, all the evils that are so widespread in the world today are bound to disappear. Peace and goodwill can be established if every one of us strives towards this goal in all sincerity. If we succeed in our efforts, then we would establish our place in history and future generations will have respect for our achievement. As for ourselves we will have the greatest satisfaction of being the eradicators of evil in the world.

S. M. A. Razvi, V Hons. (Econ.)

Exhibitions

An exhibition is a powerful and valuable medium of spreading knowledge in all its departments to the citizens of a country. It is a unique endeavour of great educational value to the masses. Exhibitions are informative, entertaining and educative. They present an accurate, comprehensive, up-to-date and integrated picture of the various aspects of our social and economic life. Exhibitions are arranged for the purpose of displaying commercial products and manufactured goods so that people who flock there get to know about the resources, monopolies and special products of a country. All the recent inventions and modern developments in science are exhibited there. Such exhibitions never cease to attract huge crowds.

Exhibitions are of various kinds, namely, agricultural, industrial, educational, health etc. They are usually conducted in big pandals in spacious grounds or big halls where the articles are arranged in some order, a note containing all information about the article attached to each exhibit. The stalls and booths are artistically designed. Recreations and amusements are provided side by side. Exhibitions are not the sole monopoly of businessmen or statesmen. Even students and others who are not connected with business can arrange such exhibitions. Now-a-days the exhibition has become a popular annual event in colleges and public institutions. Students in colleges have found in it a valuable medium for the spreading of knowledge they have acquired in the college to the thousands of visitors.

Exhibitions in big cities have become a common event at present. The purpose of holding exhibitions is to induce the people to buy the products made in the country and to show them how things are made. It has become a useful medium for advertisements. They secure the best publicity for the commercial products in display. Demand therefore is stimulated and a great impetus is given to trade. Every article of human consumption, from soaps and toilets to furniture and clothing, from the cheapest confectionery to the costliest jewellery, is temptingly exhibited. By these exhibitions a spirit of competition is instilled among the businessmen. It rouses the national feeling of the masses and they determine to develop the industries represented.

The idea of exhibitions, which have greatly helped manufacturers in the application of tasteful designs to articles of everyday use, is generally credited to the French. In 1798, there was a great exhibition in Paris, which was followed by many smaller ones till 1850. Most of these exhibitions were held in England and France. The age of great international exhibitions began in England, when Queen Victoria opened the famous Paxton's Crystal Palace in 1851. The man who worked untiringly for exhibitions was Prince Albert, the consort of the great Queen. The whole exhibition building was made of glass and iron. It was open for twenty three weeks and was a remarkable success. The building is now well-known as the Crystal Palace. Other great exhibitions soon followed, such as the Paris International Exhibition in 1855 and the London International Exhibition in 1862. Many exhibitions were held on the continent and in America, the most important of them being the Pan-American Exhibition in New York in 1901. Later, floating exhibitions were organised in which commercial products and manufactured goods were exhibited on special boats chartered for the purpose. These vessels sailed round the world and called at important ports for the people to see the various exhibits.

Such international exhibitions are of immense value to nations. When people from different countries meet in one place for a common

purpose, they understand each other's needs. Sympathy and tolerance are aroused and friendship and goodwill prevail among the nations of the world. Again, goods and manufactured articles from different places are sent to a large exhibition. All the recent inventions in science are displayed and people who see them import the manufactures based on inventions to their own countries. In this way commerce is advanced and trade treaties and pacts are signed by nations. At the Wembley Exhibitions of 1924 and 1925, India had a special stall wherein were exhibited tea, coffee and various other Indian products. Many people for the first time discovered that our land was capable of supplying the best tea in the world. As a result of this exhibition, our trade, especially in this commodity increased considerably.

When people of different nations come together, they cannot but understand the hopes, aspirations and national sentiments of one another. As a result of these exhibitions, friendly relations have been established between one country and another. The Chicago World Fair of 1935, held in America was the biggest in history and attracted millions from all over the world. The Fair was held to strengthen the alliance of America with other countries. Though such exhibitions cannot prevent war, they nevertheless promote friendship, goodwill and mutual relations.

Usually all international exhibitions contain a large and fine collection of various works of art and curios. Here the student or the lover of art can understand, first hand, the customs, manners and dress of the various peoples of the world. One can see, feel and appreciate the wonderful and curious things that different people do, and what they use in their everyday life. Besides exhibitions, there are fairs organised in the west which are used for purely commercial purposes. The great English fair held at Smithfield and called Saint Bartholomew's Fair, was purely for selling finished goods. The fairs at Leipzig where leather, fur and books are sold, attract large numbers of buyers in these articles. In Russia, the fair of Nijni Novgorod retains most of its importance and attracts traders from all parts of the world. In America, the fair as a market, does not exist. But there is a kind of local exhibition which attracts many people. The Republic of India has still a long way to go to reach perfection in the organisation of such exhibitions, but the time is not far off, when she too can conduct national and international exhibitions on western lines.

T. R. Devarajan III Hons. (Econ.)

A chemist's birthday letter to his Wife.

Date – 17th Jan. 53,
Atomic City.

My Crystal Vase,

In the atomic domain of my family, you are the nucleus. You possessed good latent heat properties of womanhood when you changed your state from your radiant girlhood. You are caustic and corrosive against servants and catalise their action. One peculiar phenomena with you is, even though you bore a great affinity towards me, you spurt when my pockets are evacuated.

On this birthday occasion I don't want to send you diamonds which merely form an allotrope of carbon and I don't want to give you gold or silver jewels for they are also attacked by some acids. So, I send you my blessings.

I react,
Yours analogously,
JOHN SULPHUR.

D. R. Samuel, III B.Sc. (Phy.)

Sportsmanship

When a person comes and slaps you on the back and says "come, be a sportsman" what he means is, "whatever principles you have, sacrifice them and what-ever prejudicies you have, forget them and do this to please me, for the great end of life is pleasing others, at whatever cost".

I have always been surprised to see sportsmanship held up as a virtue to be cultivated by everybody, while a little thinking could make one realize the deep cynicism that lies beneath it.

You have worked hard for your examination, in which you would like to show your mettle, when suddenly a troop of your class-mates come and give the alternatives of going wilfully wrong, or allowing them to copy from you, since they themselves have not studied the subjects properly. And they look upon you as an ill-bred creature if you do not comply with their request, in other words, if you act according to your sense of duty and do not care to conciliate a few idlers.

You are a non-smoker, your sense of humour not allowing you to torture yourself with tobacco-smell and straightway your friends accuse you of taking an unfair advantage over them with the other sex by keeping the natural hue of your lips unstained, instead of sportingly taking your chance

with them. You are a vegetarian, on the principle of kindness to animals or a sense of cleanliness, and you are looked upon as piously paving your way to Heaven, unmindful of your friends who are tending the other way. These instances show how sportsmanship and your sense of propriety often clash together. One, ofcourse, can understand being a sport on the playground, but why it should be translated into other fields of activity, and why people who have never handled a cricket bat or a hockey stick should be required to behave in this hypocritical fashion are inconceivable to us. On the playground, no doubt, the opposing parties should shake hands over a match, and a refree has to be obeyed by both the teams even when he is partial and unjust. For it would be a very sad calamity, indeed if every match meant a number of broken noses and fractured bones. But even here, success sides the party which is sensible and does not care much for sport, for an umpire would think twice before he raises his hand to give a man 'out' who has got a sharp tongue and a strong fist.

And this is true in life too. A sportsman never succeeds in life. He may be loved and patronized, but is never revered or looked up to. Shakespeare, who was a perfect sportsman in his attitude to life, was always treated only as an equal by his contemporaries. But Milton, a man who cared more for principles than for sport, was respected even by his enemies and worshipped by his friends. History reveals to us how kings lost their all by their sportsmanlike behaviour, and how others won by being more practical. Antony was spending his time in sport, which gave Octavius the upper hand. Julius Caesar was a sportsman, and Brutus who had his principles, easily struck him down.

While a sportsman is something abnormal, a sportswoman is nothing but a monstrosity. You cannot conceive of marrying a girl, who is ever forgiving every thing done against her and smiling willingly. You want someone with likes and dislikes, feelings and emotions and not a thing of wood. You want her to hate your enemies and like your friends. And what a dull affair would courtship be if your wife were a sportswoman. One would rather pay court to the most ill-tempered girl in the world, than to a sportswoman for one can be sure of the feelings of the former but never of those of the latter whose heart is unfathomable.

It is highly gratifying to find that human nature is against a sporting attitude to life. For instance, we see in day-to-day life, that a normal healthy student does not sincerely congratulate his class-mate who has beaten him in an examination in which he himself hoped to top the list. A normal man is not tempted to grasp by the hand his rival who has defeated him in an election, but would rather desire to go and shoot him down. And we would certainly love any one who loves us, and hate any one who hates us.

P. S. Ramaswamy, IV.B.Sc. (Chemistry)

Road to Fame.

There are few people who don't aspire after fame and distinction and I am no exception to that rule. I was ruminating over the problem of the shortest route to the altar of fame, when I came across a speech made by G. K. Chesterton.

It was in oxford. The hall was filled to over flowing. Everyone was standing on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the great man. He gave a brilliant extempore speech on the occasion on "Divorce Laws in England". True to his reputation he poured out his words in magnificent eloquence, hurling paradox after paradox. He ended up by saying that he thought that doubtless divorce would soon be part of the curriculum at Oxford. He was so entranced by the novelty of this fantastic idea that he almost lost his head. He concluded by saying that in future M.A. instead of Master of Arts would mean Married again, B.A. —Bachelor again.

When I read about the above speech I felt a tingling in my veins, and a desire pulling at my heart strings. I said to myself: "Here is the short cut to fame. Make a public speech". Here I may make a little confession. At that time I thought myself to be a pocket edition of Chesterton in making impromptu speeches.

So, when I got the letter from my friend inviting me to make a public speech at his place, I jumped with alacrity at the opportunity. I took the leap before I looked. I still rue the day when I made that decision because only later I realised that I could do things—alas—only in private and not in public. But then I was not aware of it.

In all my life I have spoken in public only three times. This is the third and the best. Then you can guess my other two speeches. The first speech was arranged for an hour. But I finished it in less than a minute and sat down at the unexpected moment. You know, somehow when I rise to speak as the saying goes 'there is desire in the mind but no vigour in the body'. The tongue gets taut and inflexible, the throat gets stuck up, I breathe with difficulty and the eyes fear to look at the audience in the face. In addition to all these what is the matter with my legs? Have they to think about anything? Is anybody having a screen test of their Bharat Natya ability? Still their behaviour is most inexplicable. They also begin to shake in their shoes: 'So, gentlemen I will finish my speech with these few words and sit down'.

The second speech was of a political nature immediately after the Independence. Since another great leader was expected to speak, more than ten thousand people were gathered there. As soon as I saw this seething mass of unruly humanity, I was dazed; I felt like a piece of straw

in a tumultuous sea. I closed my eyes. And thinking that there was no one around me, I shouted. I shouted and screamed. But what I screeched about I did not know. Later friends told me that it was a very emotional and brave speech. Brave? Yes, like the bravery of the beaten dog that shows its teeth because it has no other way of escape.

After these two excruciating experiences, I did not generally go for speeches. Nor did anybody invite me. Then, after a long time my friend arranged this predicament and invited me to speak. I felt temptation beckoning at me. I smacked my tongue in expectation of a salubrious feeling. Yes, after all these are days of democracy. But what is democracy? Speeches. Making speeches and pledging oneself to eternal service of humanity before thousands of people and then coming to power. Only good speakers become leaders. When ignorant incompetent men are making speeches—they not only make speeches, they write books, edit magazines, they produce pictures, they teach, sing and dance, they do so many other things—I thought 'Why can't I do it'?

So I decided to use this opportunity to become an orator. If I become an orator, what next? I will become a leader. A leader gets powers. He can rule. And a ruler becomes a historic personality. And for the historic personality, his soul rests in peace and tranquillity. So I let my mind wander from public speech to self realisation and liberation of the soul.

I made thorough preparation. I did not want to leave any stones unturned to reach my goal. I consumed every book that told me about public speech. It is said that some people like Lincoln, Wells and Churchill never made any speech without previous preparation, whereas Chesterton won applause as an extempore speaker. But I did not want to take any chances. So I devoured even books like Encyclopaedia Brittanica and Graham's Cyclopaedia. Like searching a pin in a haystack, I searched every book and magazine for points for my speech. So I prepared my speech. All the material I gathered were arranged in apple-pie order.

Then I went there and do you know what I did? I tried to make the speech. But somehow the president gleaned my secret. He guessed somehow that 'this fellow would only try to speak, but would not speak'. He was a friend of mine. So in order to help me to overcome my stage fear and to give me cues to my speech he began to make some introductory remarks about the subject I had taken. But he was so much taken up by his subject that he began to make a full bodied speech. It seemed, he had read the same Encyclopaedias and books that I had read and noted down the same points. That is, I brought the fireworks but he set off the fireworks and exploded it. When there was nothing more to be said about

the subject, he told the audience that he had said very little. about the subject and that I would deal with it exhaustively and then he sat down. And I stood up.

All the antics and sweatings I experienced at my first speech threatened to come back alive again. With great difficulty I suppressed them and made a few introductory remarks. Then I added that I accepted all the views expressed by the learned president and that there never was any difference of opinion between us, and then I finished my speech with some concluding remarks. I tried to create the impressions that the speech made by the president was in reality made by me also. But I do not like to pretend that the rosy garlands they gave to the president were in reality given to me. And the clapping with which the audience punctuated the president's speech, and which was conspicuously absent during my speech still rings in my ears. In fact they grate my eardrums with a jarring effect.

And finally I sat for the group photograph also. And my face—? You can imagine its sorry expression! So that was how I spoke and I have decided not to make any more speeches in public. After all several roads lead to Rome and I will find some other road to fame.

R. M. Perumal, P.G. II (Econ).

Woes and Queues.

Even some of the educated among us are singularly amazed, though a few are well guarded to conceal themselves as such, when informed about housewives in France lining up before shops even for commonplace articles. A human lining lying in wait to purchase a Gillette is beyond our comprehension but it is a natural impulse for the housewife to have her chance next to the already-arrived comrade and she prefers to be behind the time honoured, the chances following according to priority bestowed by time and respecting the sense of patience! Which painfully reminds me of the confounded array into which the undergraduates and aspiring masters of Arts of my Alma-mater were transforming the tranquil Luz corner, trying to break into the haven of the automobile, No. 12. It was futile if they pleaded ignorance of 'musical chairs' with the unflinching umpire of a conductor at the entrance, for the sweet game with its glorious uncertainties would still be green in their memory with a shy Sumana or a rapacious. Rukmini knocking off the prize on the college day. This regular musical chairs item went on for an hour and by ten o'clock all was clear to the dregs, the 10 o'clock bus having taken in the relics, the resigned lot, the less enterprising thorough breds and the carefree late-goers. The ground was now set for the maturer combatants, the office goers, the public servants, and a regular battle of wits enacted. The 'Crowd' of gentlemen in both

cases having still streaks of decency which just succeeded to survive the emotional affrontery, while indulgent in the stampede to reach the goal were obtrusively uncomplaining and funnily serene. If a gentleman's foot was trampled upon he did not shout though, of course, he was either stilled from such recourse by a definite 'sorry' or he was himself ready to prove that action and reaction were equal and opposite. This friendly animosity continued even in the college canteen where it was two fold, primarily in obtaining the tokens for the cash against the menu, and then at another counter of one foot diameter in wrenching home the lunch. My blatant misgivings about taking lunch from home to the college had undergone a metamorphosis only amid such chaotically fantastic scenes, of chutney split on shirts and upma trampled underfoot. I envied the young chums with carriers of edibles dangling under arms, carrying them wherever they went. Such a lunch, I thought, was most self sufficient, scrupulous and dignified, detatched as it rendered the participant far from the frenzied madding crowd.

Still worse was the case before the Vizianagram picture houses. It was an awful truth that even the students, the educated grownups too should shut their eyes to the indecency, or much more, should themselves be an active party to promote the nuisance. It was a matter of unique achievement to be first in the first show on the first day of exhibition of a brand new picture! Reservation was unknown to the lower three classes and it was all the more heroic for the occasion: here was an occasion to test one's intrepidity, one's prowess to reach the ticket counter, wading through the relentless mass of human competition! Through the universal jostling in progress for over an hour or two before the small gate of salvation, the counter opened, the gladiator moved and each forward motion gave him sustained enthusiasm and a swift current of faith though the next moment he was swept a few paces backward, his shirt now gave a creak, he was none the worse for it though, and was only the more emotional and valiant for it: he got at the counter finally, his heart throbbing at the back of a suppressed wretch, with another hero lying prostate over human shoulders parallel to the earth, and grasping the passports and whatever change was given, the gladiator marched back laden with the booty wildly grinning, with the clutched hand close to the heart and the other knocking the heads, the jaws and the backs of a score, himself though worn out, emaciated and hot as if emerged out of a furnace but with the spirit of a World champion! Thanks to no 'rigid' 'restriction' as to the number of tickets to be given to a 'head', he got four and his colleagues were full praise and hoarse singing ballads of his bravado: there are a good many gladiators of this sort and to imagine the legendary persecution of Nero Rome, you have only to be in front of a way-side picture house, any day on the first week of exhibition of a new release. The picture, the film I mean, became a flop not by heresy, but after the

certificate was affirmed to by complete evidence: hence at any rate every new release attracted the riot at least for a week.

There seems to be a strange psychology, a downright conservatism with which Indian humanity at large is ailing. Universal resignation and submission even in the matter of humiliating ills, quite avoidable at that, and preposterous callousness transcending from a blissful disregard to a sense of civics and good fellowship, these are overwhelming mediocrities of our social life. What more masochistic insensibility would you come across in any human transaction than the gladiator's lot before a cinema theatre in bringing out a harmless ticket for a show or a gentleman's tortuous hazard to get a mechanical lift? It shall be admitted, we cannot switch over to American economy and their hoary atmosphere overnight where wealth is concerned, but it would also be felt that these fundamental decencies might not remain the monopoly of the West. It may not be luxurious to wish that the younger generation will live to see, if not anything, just rows of human beings all over the country lining for buses, for cinema tickets, for anything irrespective of its importance or price; it would also be a stronger, if easier, point in support of the younger folks, the future citizens, being more progressive than their elders of yore!

P. V. Manikyeswar Sarma,
(Old Student).

Animals at Play

Many animals play; particularly young animals. Playful kittens and puppies are familiar to all, and other domestic animals play as well. Lambs gambol, and so do kids and foals frisk round their mothers. Wild animals also play. Lion cubs playing with their parents are familiar sights in zoological gardens. Play is so familiar in children and in young animals that most people never ask themselves whether play is of any use to the animal. But the scientist does ask this question: the biologist wants to know if there is any purpose in play. Most actions of animals are of use to them and is play useful to the growing animal, or does the animal merely play because it has got too much energy? Does it just play to let off steam?

Before trying to answer this question, let us first of all see what kinds of animals do play. The animals which play when they are young are cats, dogs, lions, sheep, goat, and horses. These are all mammals. Do other animals besides mammals play? Do frogs play, or insects or crabs? The answer is no. Mammals play, but fishes and insects can hardly be said to do so. And what about birds? Some birds may perhaps play, but young birds do not play like puppies and kittens.

If one thinks about the play of puppies and kittens, it is clear that their games are of two kinds: they play at fighting and at hunting. Every one has seen a kitten patting a cork or a ball, making it roll, and then pouncing on it. The kitten is doing with the cork what it will do later on with a mouse and it seems to be playing at hunting. A puppy will catch hold of anything it can find with its teeth, and if possible tear it to bits. The puppy is apparently playing at killing its prey.

This gives us a clue to what may be the usefulness of play to the kitten or the puppy and by playing, the young animal can learn its job of hunting. By playing, it is gradually becoming more skilful. For young cats have actually got to learn how to hunt. They begin to learn by playing and their parents also help them. Cats bring half killed mice to their young to play with. Weasels and stoats bring wounded prey to their young in the same way and the young play with it and learn. Later on, parent animals take their young with them on hunting expeditions. Lion cubs accompany their parents in the search for food until they grow up, and thus they learn the arts of seeking cover, making the final spring and despatching the victim.

Kittens and puppies also play at fighting. All of us have seen their squabbles and playful fights, and know that the puppies never hurt each other. They pretend to use their teeth, but there is no biting. The kittens do not use their claws. They are apparently just practising attacking enemies and defending themselves, and they seem to be learning by practice. The cubs of lions, tigers and bears play at fighting in the same way, and sometimes their parents join in. Kids butt one another before their horns grow, and so do young deer before any antlers appear.

It goes without saying that the kittens or puppies cannot know that their play may teach them the serious jobs of hunting and fighting which they will need later on, or at least which they would need if they were living a wild life, not a domestic one. They cannot realize this and they are just born with instincts to play at hunting and fighting. In addition to destroying things and pretending to fight, lion cubs and puppies are very inquisitive. They are curious about all manner of things. Surely, this too, is a part of their training for grown up life and they must be learning to follow scent aed track their prey.

Thus it seems very probable that play is useful to these young animals and by playing they get skill in hunting, tracking and fighting. But play also helps them to do simpler things: it helps them merely to move properly. One of the charms of a puppy is its awkwardness; at first it can hardly stand or run. The puppy has to learn to walk, just as a baby has to learn to walk, and play must help the young animal to practise moving properly. Both kittens and baby monkeys try climbing early in their lives. They have not much success at first, but gradually,

by playing, they become skilful at climbing. Young birds play no games like puppies or kittens, but many kinds of birds have to learn to fly. They cannot fly perfectly at first and they learn skill in flying by repeatedly trying.

There are certain kinds of mammals which play very little when they are young. These animals do not learn their jobs in life by playing. Like birds, they know most of their jobs by inborn instinct. For instance, squirrels collect nuts and seeds and make stores of them for the winter. Squirrels do not learn this by playing but it is an instinct. They inherit the knowledge of how to do it from their parents. Squirrels are rodents and they belong to the same family of mammals as rabbits, guinea-pigs and mice. None of these animals play much when they are young. It is the flesh eating mammals, the cats and dogs, which play most when young and so educate themselves. The same is true of monkeys. Play educates those mammals which do not know their jobs in life by instinct.

Among ourselves it is not only children that play. Grown up men and women play too and they have their games and sport. And it is not only during infancy that animals play. Polar bears may be seen playing together at the zoo. Those that play are perhaps still young, but they are no longer cubs. And fully grown dogs play. When a kitten grows up to be a cat, you don't often see it play, but it does still keep at least one game: when a cat catches a mouse it plays with the mouse before killing it. Now, why should grown up animals play ? This cannot help them to learn their jobs and they have learnt them already. It seems more probable that grown up animals play when they have too much energy. If a horse is given lots of corn and not enough exercise, we say that it is fresh. The horse is really playing and it is just using surplus energy.

Ofcourse, part of the reason for young animals playing is just the same and they are so full of life. Lambs, kids and foals jump about just as children skip along the street instead of merely walking. Yet surplus energy is not the only reason why young animals play. For a kitten rushes after a moving bit of paper even if it is tired out with long playing. Puppies play together until they are exhausted and lie down with their tongues hanging out, then one gets up and seizes the tail of the other, and they start off again. The young can go on playing after all their surplus energy is gone.

It is conceivable that one reason for play in fully grown animals is a mere pleasure in body movements. This may be why polar bears plunge and splash in the water, and why apes occupy themselves with a swing or with some tool that they have found. Perhaps animals sometimes even play for the pleasure they get from doing something which is difficult, although I am not for a moment assuming that they would

consciously realize this. People who train dogs to perform somersaults on the stage know that often the dog goes on turning somersaults after it should have ceased. This looks as if the dog continued the play because it enjoyed it. Rooks have been seen to fly up high in the air and then fold their wings and drop down. They whiz down, and only open their wings, and use them as breaks, when they are near ground. Then the birds skid and swerve, and finally land. Rooks will do this again and again. It certainly looks like sports and thrill of violent sensation. But this, ofcourse, is speculation.

In conclusion, here is an account of a game that certain chimpanzees were once seen to indulge in. This is more complicated and advanced than the play of other animals, but then chimps are more like ourselves. The chimpanzees were placed in a cage out of door, and there were some hens living in the yard outside the cage. A chimp would sit near the bars of the cage eating bread. From time to time be would hold out the bread in his hand to a hen, and when she pecked at it he would pull the bread back again. But, better than this, two of the chimps combined to have a game together. One held out bread to the hen and when she came to peck, the other chimp poked her with a stick. This was a game which the apes themselves had invented.

Douglas Theodore IV B.Sc. (Zoology).

Book Review*

The three books I am reviewing to-night are: *Shakespeare* by Allardyce Nicoll, a new volume in the series of 'Home Study Books', edited by Professor B. Ifor Evans and published by Methuen & Co. *A World Apart* by Guestav Herling, a Mentor Book, published by The New American Library, and *Good Reading*, A Guide to the World's Best Books, also a Mentor Book. The new volume on Shakespeare, which naturally has here the pride of place, is by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, clarum et Venerabile nomen, who is best known as "a learned and indispensable historian of British Drama and the stage and of world drama, and, more recently, as the editor of 'Shakespeare Survey', a series of yearly volumes dealing with "Shakesperian discovery, history, criticism and production all over the world", volumes which have now become invaluable to every serious student of the dramatist. There have been several brief surveys of Shakespeare's life and work by eminent authorities in the past like Raleigh, Masefield and Bailey, to name only a few of the most outstanding English students, and there is no doubt that the present volume by Professor Nicoll will come to be regarded as indispensable by all students of Shakespeare, though it in no way can be said to displace

* By kind courtesy of the A. I. R. Madras.

the standard works of the earlier masters. For many years now Professor Nicoll has been a close student of Shakesperean criticism all the world over, and his masterly first chapter, one of the very best in the whole volume, is an admirable survey of the many and often amazingly diverse studies and interpretations of Shakespeare undertaken by scholars during the last fifty years. During this period, as Professor Nicoll very rightly says, "a vast ery of critics has sweeped down on Shakespeare, and as a result the Shakespeare Library already by 1900 alarmingly extensive, has grown to mammoth proportions. Every year sees another yard-long shelf of volumes on the poet's life, his interests, his reading, his plays. Speculation runs riot and specialism rules. Perhaps the time is not far distant when certain scholars, instead of devoting themselves to Shakespeare's works generally, will restrict their attention to single dramas. Even now it would take a man many years to become thoroughly conversant with the widely-flung literature on Hamlet or King Lear". Professor Nicoll's aim in this chapter, and indeed in the whole book, has been to provide a guide to the modern student who, faced with the enormous array of critics and their often sharply divergent views on Shakespeare, might put the despairing question—"how can anyone hope, in the midst of these warring factions, to reach a reasoned judgement on Shakespeare's works?" Among the prominent schools of critics he notices are "the historical critics who regard Shakespeare only as an Elizabethan, The symbolists whose Shakespeare is a mystic metaphysician", some who declare that Shakespeare "belongs wholly to the stage, that only the actors may seek to interpret his lines", others, opposing them, who declare that "each one of his plays is a poem, the inner meaning of which can never be fully revealed during the quick traffic of the boards". Has this enormous critical activity been labour wasted ? Certainly not for they have "carried us far towards a fuller understanding of Shakespeare's achievement and have largely been responsible for keeping him a living force in our midst."

For Shakespeare who died in 1616 is removed from us by three and a half centuries, and between his age and the present there yawns, in the Professor's words, "an abyss of thought". "The Elizabethan London of Shakespeare's days is separated from us by a completely different attitude towards the universe, towards nature and towards man". Further, the Puritan revolution imposed on the British people of its generation and its descendants, "a harsh and rigid morality from the influence of which there has been little escape". Professor Nicoll contends rightly that "when the intellectual cleavage", between Shakespeare and the present day " might have banished Shakespeare as a living figure from our midst", Modern scholarship has provided for us "an understanding of his long-lost world". Thanks to their devoted labours we now have an intimate knowledge of life in Shakespeare's England, of Elizabethan theatre and the conditions under which his plays were produced, and the manner in which his manuscripts reached the playhouse and the printer.

In his survey of recent Shakesperian criticism and indeed, in his study of the entire body of Shakespeare's plays and poems, Professor Nicoll reveals himself not only as a thorough master of the vast field, but as a sure and singularly sane guide to the home student for whom he writes. Indeed sanity, a cautious and well-balanced approach, a determination, in the words of Coleridge on Shakespeare himself, "to keep to the high road" in matters of appreciation and interpretation of the greatest creative genuis of the world, is the most solid virtue of Professor Nicoll's study. It is nothing new, ofcourse, for a critic to stress the supreme sanity of Shakespeare, what indeed is the key to his universality and permanence, but Professor Nicoll does it with a freshness and charm which are very attractive. It is significant that it is to Dr. Johnson and to the once much-maligned 18th Century that Professor Nicoll turns when he stresses commensense and Nature as the prevailing marks of Shakespeare's genuis. "After all, when everything has been said", he asks, "is not level-headedness the quality which impresses us most strongly in Shakespeare? Sometimes we call this the enigma of Shakespeare. Yet if it is an enigma, its qualities are simple. It gives us a feeling of safety in his company. Most poets are, because intoxicating, a trifle dangerous: they are doctrinaire because self-centred; and even with the best of them we must remain on our guard". Not only the Shelleys and Byrons, but even the Miltons and Wordsworths. "Shakespeare is always ready to smile at himself, and unless we appreciate this Cardinal quality we fail to appreciate the secret of his genius". Nicoll tellingly illustrates "the quality that was Shakespeare's by contrasting him, with his centomporaries Marlowe and Jonson." Marlowe opened his ***Tamburlaine*** with the bold, self-confident and unsmiling :

> From jigging veins of rhyming mother—wite
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of war.
> Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
> Threatening the world with high—astounding terms

And Ben Jonson referred to his first play, ***Every man in His Humour*** as One such today, as others plays should be while Shakespeare himself "is almost apologetic" in his chorus to Henry V :—

> But pardon, gentles all, The flat unraised spirits that
> have dared on this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> so great an object.

He and his actors are but 'Ciphers to this great Accompt' and it is the imaginary forces of the Auditory that alone have virtue.

The 18th Century concept of Nature as applied to Shakespeare is in Nicoll's judgement, and rightly, equally satisfying for "from his works

arises an impression of quiet strength, essentially serene and all—embracing". "Shakespeare seems able to appreciate and to enter into the innermost lives of the lowliest of creatures" and, of course, the 18th century rightly stressed Shakespeare's plenitude of power in the creation of character." Professor Nicoll stresses what he calls "the three dimensional and dynamic quality" of Shakespeare's characters which have called such a variety of interpretation. "Hamlet for different readers, spectators and actors has assumed entirely variant features. Shylock seems to some a mere villain; for others he has the qualities of tragic greatness; to this man Isabella's Virtue is divine, to that her virtue is something rancid". Shakespeare's characters have, however, "their only being in the words that Shakespeare has provided for them, and Nicoll well underlines Shakespeare's mastery of "a dramatic language richer in range and profounder in implication than that of any playright who has ever lived".

The problem of interpretation of Shakespeare which is approached on these lines in his second chapter is followed by four others in which the comedies, histories, tragedies and the dramatic romances of Shakespeare's final period are passed in review. These chapters are full of suggestive, fresh and interesting criticism and valuable judgements. Professor Nicoll is very doubtful if the recent attempts at a symbolic interpretation of Pericles, Cymbeline and the Winters' Tale are justified. The atmosphere of *Pericles* and *Cymbeline* reminds him of the last plays of Shaw—'in both the authors have ranged over their own earlier works. The same fitful quality is apparent, passages of dramatic appeal being associated with evident crudities". Shakespeare's carelessness in these plays, which has been variously explained, Nicoll imagines is due to a combination of failing structural power and his intentness on something other than action and character, viz. a vivid wonder at the mysterious interweaving of dream and reality, at the god-encircled life of man and at the power of the miraculous in the affairs of the world". Professor Nicoll's survey is well described by its publishers as a distillation of scholarship and may be heartily commended to every serious student of Shakespeare.

A World Apart is a translation by Joseph Marek of the Polish original by Gustav Herling, a Polish intellectual who describes in the book the horrible suffering he underwent in a Soviet prison and forced labor camp during the years 1940–42. The passage from the Great Russian Dostoyevsky quoted on the title page—" Here there is a world apart, unlike everything else, with laws of its own, its own manners and customs, and here is the house of the living dead—life as nowhere else and a people apart" are an exact description of the world which comes to life in the book. Herling was arrested and put into prison while crossing the frontier between the Soviet Union and Lithuania and he was indicated as a Polish Officer in the pay of the enemy. Bertrand Russel who introduces the

book with a preface does not exaggerate when he writes that Herling possesses in a rare degree the power of vivid and simple description, and it is quite impossible to question his sincerity at any point". The book is a terrible indictment of the inhumanity and the brutality to which human beings are subjected in Soviet prisons and labour camps. Soviet sympathisers would no doubt dismiss it as capitalist propaganda but it is difficult to escape the conviction that the horrible experiences, for a parallel to which one has to go to Dante's Inferno, set down in this book are no more than the actual truth. Herling describes how the entire administration of the prison camps has one object in view, to make the slave labour produce as much as possible. Hunger and the rifle are the two most effective weapons used to extract work out of the prisoners. "The best-dressed and fittest prisoners were those whose daily production capacity surpassed 125 per cent of the prescribed norm; their meal was correspondingly of superior quality": "the most terrible sight was the first caldronguae, a long row of beggars in torn rags...waiting for their spoonful of the thinnest barley". The length of a working day was 11 to 12 hours. The International Survey of October 1952 says that 'forced labour is without question a factor of importance in the development of the Soviet economy and an integral part in Soviet planning", and G. P. Hudson's article in the *Twentieth Century* of November 1952 says that 'Convict labour is made productive in the Soviet Union by a system in which food rations are carefully graded according to the prisoner's work. He or she is daily assigned a daily quota of work and if he fulfils it, he receives the full food ration plus a small money wages with which he can buy extra food or tobacco. But if he falls short of the quota he receives a smaller ration and no wage; if he keeps on failing to reach the quota he soon suffers so seriously from malnutrition that he can do even less work and then receive a still smaller ration. The vicious circle ends with consignment to the 'deathfile', which means that the idle or unfit worker is left to die of starvation. Refusal to work, insubordination or attempts at escape are more directly punished by shooting". This is exactly what emerges from Herling's powerful book and we lay it down gasping at man's inhumanity to man. Herling describes how the barracks of the men and women prisoners are curiously close to each other and the abuses to which this leads make most fearful reading. A woman is less able to bear physical and sexual hunger, says Herling, than man and he describes how a girl gives herself for a scrap of bread. Herling's book is 'absorbingly interesting' and deserves to be read and pondered over.

But it is pleasant to turn from it to another Mentor Book, *Good Reading* which is indeed what it purports to be a guide to the world's Best books. The book should be on the table of every educated man who lays claim to the great heritage of the world's past, the best that has been thought and said by the generations of gifted men and women all the world over. The present edition is the 20th anniversary edition of

OUR ARTISTS

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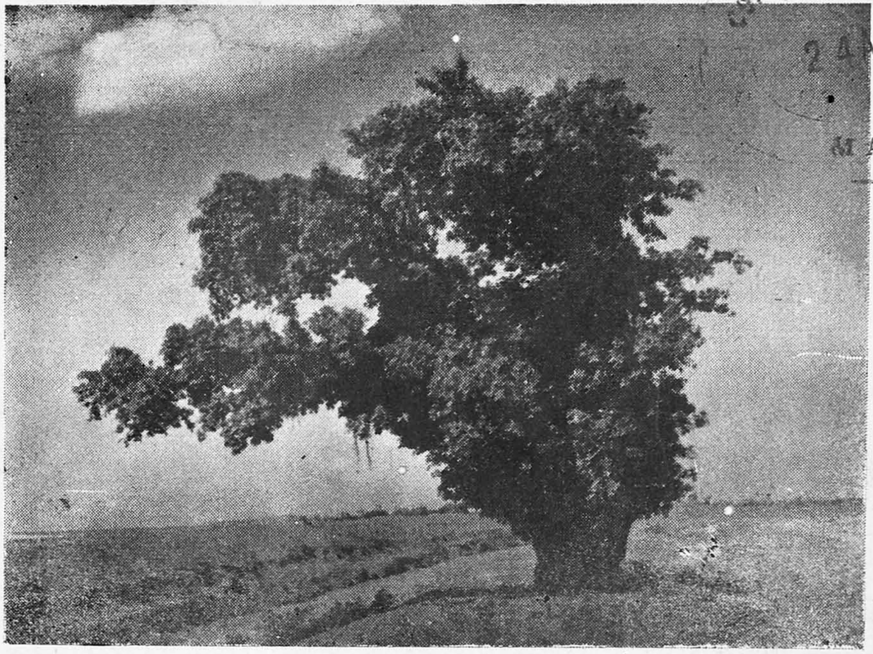
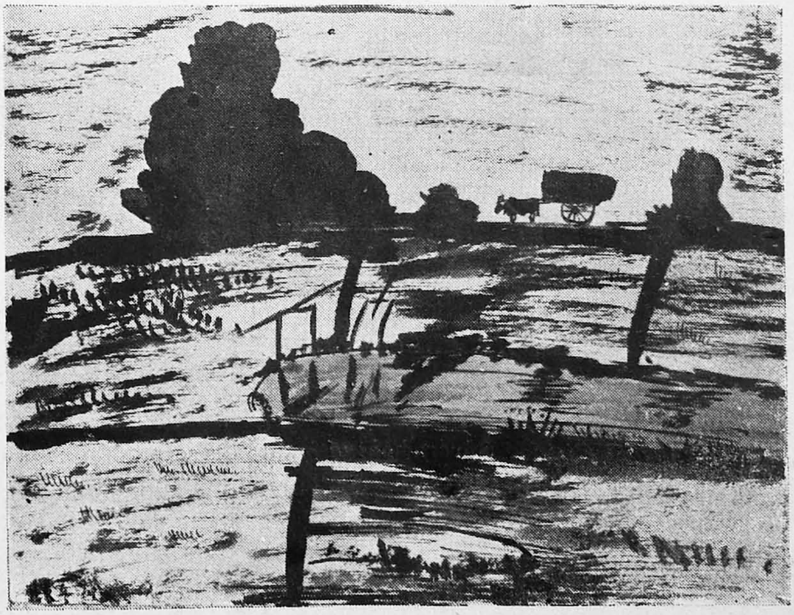


Hiker's Heaven. (*K. Janaki, III B.Sc.*)

They rest in silence.
(*S. Jayalakshimi, IV B.A.*)

"Though solitary, yet doth converse with his lost love."
(*S. Jayalakshimi, IV B.A.*)



Dusk. (*Indira Menon, IV B.Sc.*)

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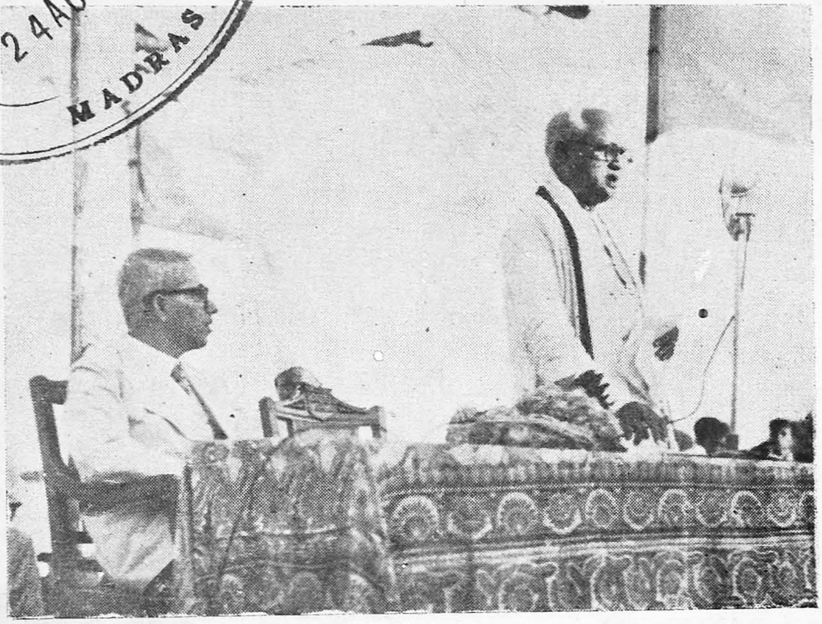
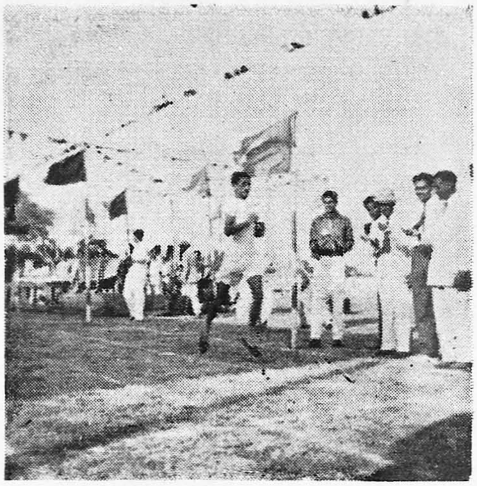
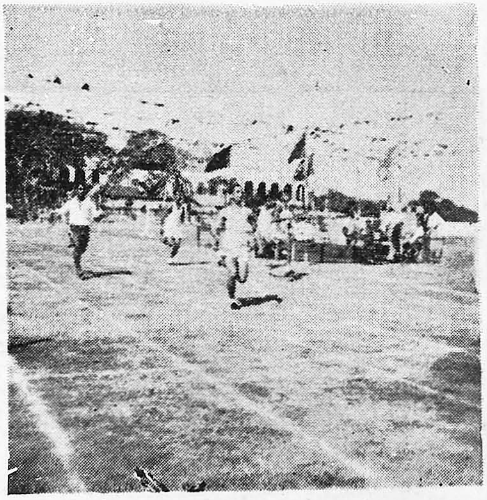
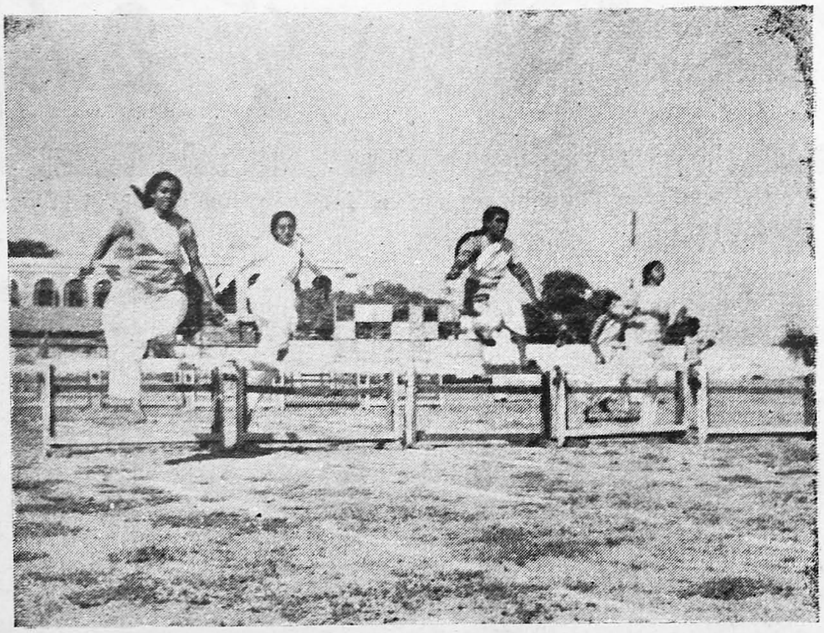
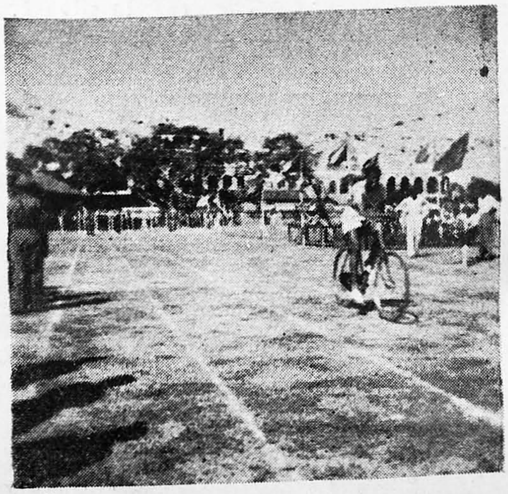
COLLEGE DAY SPORTS











Dr. Krishna Rao, Minister for Education, Government of Madras is seen addressing the gathering in the top left hand photograph.

Good Reading and it contains a descriptive list of over 1200 books. Each brief introductory chapter is followed by a list of the most outstanding books of the period or the type described. There is a pregnant and suggestive description of every writer cited. The first 88 pages deal with Europe and America and sections are devoted to Greece, Rome and the Middle Ages, Renaissance, Tudor England, the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Section 14 deals with the Orient and here a tribute is paid to Pandit Nehru—

'To understand the aspirations of India to-day and to savour the quality of intelligence and devotion given to the cause of Indian independence read first of all Pandit Nehru's *Toward Freedom*, one of the most remarkable autobiographies in all world literature and a self portrait of one of the great men of our age". Literary types like the short story, the drama, poetry and biography receive their attention. Altogether a singularly well-conceived and eminently helpful book which could be commended without reserve.

The three books I have noticed are: *Shakespeare* by Allardyce Nicoll, a Methuen publication, *A World Apart* by Gastav Herling and *Good Reading*, prepared by an American Committee on College Reading and sponsored by The National Council of Teachers of English, both books published by The New American Library.

V. K. Ayappan Pillai M.A. (Oxon.)

Principal's Report on the College Sports' Day

Ladies and Gentlemen,

My first duty this afternoon is to offer to our President a most cordial welcome to the College and to express to him our gratitude for his readily agreeing to come here this afternoon to preside over this annual function of the College and to give away the prizes. As Principal of Presidency College during the best part of the current year, I had had the privilege of welcoming an array of eminent Presidencians beginning with Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer, President of the College Old Students' Association, who inaugurated this year our Union Society. To-day I have the privilege of welcoming another distinguished past student of ours who, as we all know, is a most sincere and self-less public worker, and is occupying the most honoured and responsible place as Minister of Education in our State. Let me offer an equally cordial welcome to the many distinguished guests who have responded to our invitation, to all the members of the Old Students' Association and indeed to all those who have very kindly come over here to-day.

The report that I am presenting to you now is almost entirely confined to the sports activities of the College during the year, in conformity with the well-established tradition of this College, but I sometimes wonder if that is quite the right thing to do. No doubt, we encourage sports in this College, we give the fullest scope to our young men and women to participate and to excel in all modern games, but it is not as if we are merely or mainly a sports club. We have naturally, like other Colleges, many other activities, intellectual, cultural and social, and it seems desirable that these should be reviewed at some annual function of the college, when the parents of our students, the old students of the College and our sympathisers and supporters and the general public are present. I find some Colleges in the City have two functions a year, one a College Day properly so called and the other a Sports Day. I hope it may be possible next year for us too in this College to have a College Day on which all our activities other than sports could be reviewed and the co-operation and sympathy of all our friends and supporters enlisted in the progressive administration of the College. All education is and should be an essentially co-operative enterprise, and there is, it seems to me, in these days an increasing need at every stage of education to take the parents of all pupils into our confidence and to enlist their active sympathy and support.

Among the extra-sports activities of the College during the year, I may refer to the excellent work done by the Union Society which was able to welcome among others some of the most distinguished of our old students like General K. M. Cariappa, Sri K. Santanam and Sri V. K. Krishna Menon. The Union Society had the honour also of welcoming our Chief Minister, also an old student, and listening to a most brilliant address from him. The great meeting organized by the students of the City Colleges to welcome our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru was held in Presidency College and the President of our Union Society, Sri Chidambara Nathan had the rare privilege of welcoming him to Madras.

I should not omit on this occasion to refer with appreciation to the notable success won by two of our present students, Miss Padma Narayanaswami and Sri P. G. Ramachandran, who for the second year in succession won the trophies at the All India Inter-Collegiate Debate in Delhi, conducted by the Rama College of Commerce, Delhi, the Founders' Day Trophy awarded by the Hindu College, Delhi and the Dr. Zakir Hussain Challenge Trophy, awarded by the Delhi College, Delhi.

Our Social Service League has done very well during the year under the enthusiastic direction of several of my colleagues including Mrs. G. Parthasarathy, Miss Sree Devi and Mr. Hari Adiseshuvu.

May I now pass on to make a brief review of our sports activities. I am afraid we have nothing very exciting or spectacular to record. But it is gratifying to note that our students competed in every game organized

on Inter-Collegiate and University basis and more and more women students participated in the College games. The strength of the college is however, nearly 1500 and I am not sure that every student who is not prevented by illness or other sufficient reason has consistently or regularly played some game or other. Obviously, it is not enough, if we produce a few champion athletes or a few who excel in cricket or tennis or other games. The general standard of the physique of our young men and women has to improve and every student should have a manly healthy interest in games.

The College took part in all the games in the League Tournaments conducted by the Madras Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association and in the knock-out tournament conducted by the University.

In Cricket, of the veterans of last year we have only George Abraham left to us this year. He has been a very consistent scorer and his example and guidance were of invaluable service to our young team. Abraham was selected to play for the Combined-University Team against the Pakistan Team in Bangalore and he deserved to be included in the Madras State XI and his omission is surprising. In the League tournament, out of seven matches, our cricket team won four, drew two and lost one. Gourishankar, Ranganathan and Venkataramani, among others gave plenty of proof of their batting abilities and our sturdy cricket Captain, T. B. Lakshmana Rao, did always a heavy job in bowling almost non-stop from one end in these matches. In the knock-out tournament we lost to the Loyola College in the semi-finals, but our team of young players, without George Abraham to help them, gave many anxious moments to our opponents and Gourishankar of III B.Sc. who scored 81 in this match gave great promise of the ability in him.

In Hockey we have not been very fortunate during the year. But out of seven matches played in the League tournament, we won five, drew one played against the Madras Medical College and lost one against the Government Arts College. Our defeat here was largely due to the absence from the team of our star players Ali Hussain and Basheer. We are glad that those two good players have been selected for the University Team. C. M. Sundaramoorthy, our smart Hockey Captain, not only kept the team in good spirit, but also led them with great ability in all the matches.

The College has done well this year in Tennis. A. J. Udayakumar was the runner-up in singles in the Loyola College Annual Tennis Tournament. Our College won the inter-collegiate League Championship. In the knock-out tournament conducted by the University, we were the runner up in singles. Udayakumar, Atchuthan Nair, Narasimhan and Balakrishna Rao represented the College in the various inter-collegiate tournaments.

Udayakumar and Narasimhan have been selected to play for the University and they were responsible for the success of the University in the South Zone Inter-University matches conducted at Chidambaram. Udayakumar also helped the University to win the Inter-University finals at Lucknow. Achuthan Nair the College Tennis Captain should be congratulated on the efficient way in which he discharged his duties as Captain.

Our Volley Ball team with G. M. Qureshi as Captain did well and won five matches and lost only two. Natarajan our star volley ball player did very well too.

In the Inter-Collegiate boxing meet, S. L. Smaller of the V Honours Statistics, the Captain of our team, won the championship in the light middle weight. He did his Captain's job exceedingly well and deserves high praise.

Our Foot-ball has not been making any progress in recent years and we hope for better players and keener enthusiasts next year.

As for athletics we were glad to find that Brown of III Honours Statistics was selected by the University to take part in the javelin event in the Inter-University Sports which have just concluded in Madras.

Our women students entered the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments in all the games. Anne Cherian and Kamala Daniel distinguished themselves in Tennikoit. Tennis is becoming increasingly popular with our women and I hope it may be possible to provide them shortly another court. In the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Tournament, Miss Usha Seshadri and Miss Anne Cherian represented the College.

Before concluding let me express my thanks to the Physical Director Sri L. D. Reddy and our Physical Directresses, Mrs. Salome Samuel and Mrs. M. F. Moses, who have worked very hard during the year, and to my other colleagues on my staff and to all the students without whose willing co-operation a function like this cannot be a success. Ours is a community of teachers and learners who believe in a disciplined orderly life and I am glad to state that this notable tradition of the College has been well maintained during the year.

May I now ask our President to address the gathering and very kindly to give away the prizes?

V. K. Ayappan Pillai, M.A. (Oxon).

From the Presidencian's Book-shelf—

Michael Grant: Ancient History (Methuen and Company Limited, London 1952)—(A Review)*

Michael Grant's 'Ancient History', published by the well known London firm of Methuen and Company is a book on general history dealing with the Ancient World and altogether a marvel of selection and compression. The author does not deal with all the events that have occurred in the Ancient World. For such a task would have been obviously impossible within a frame-work of 70,000 words. So he selects his themes and also their underlying tendencies, the basis of selection being their interest to us at the present day. We have lived through two World Wars in the course of half-a-century and we want peace, a peace that will not be cut short by another war. The Ancient World too had its wars. Then as now mankind yearned for peace and Professor Grant sets out to explore the causes of ancient wars and the ways in which they were sought to be averted in order that we may draw some useful lessons for our guidance. What he does is to look at the past through the eyes of the present and there is nothing illogical in trying to do it. To him the aim of history, however ancient, is the "explanation of the present, our environment and ourselves". Here he is in full agreement with Acton who has said that the prize of all history is the understanding of modern times. While he is no believer in any philosophy of history as such Professor Grant thinks that 'history will help to fortify us against the future'. The selection of his material, therefore, 'is governed by the principal needs and problems of the present-day'. Far the greatest problem of the present-day, he says, is the question whether 'by some means or other we can as peoples and as individuals avoid destruction'. To put it differently the greatest of our present-day problems, he says, is that of political unity, of the control of political power and being a rich store-house of political developments of every kind he goes to ancient history for a possible solution. The several stages in the evolution of the idea of political unity, he says, were invented by the Ancient World and therefore he has most persistently and most justly stressed the political instructiveness of ancient history.

Asoka renounced Wars and based the Government of his great dominion on strictly ethical standards. Obviously here is some thing that the modern world can profit by if it cares to. From India and Pakistan Professor Grant takes the reader to North China where under the Hsia, the Shang and the Chou attempts were made at political unity though they proved immature. The Great Wall was built by the Ch'ins to shut themselves off from the mixed Hun population beyond. Shi-huang-ti became the first Universal emperor. He built up a centralized government by military and totalitarian means. But with him fell the Ch'in dynasty. The moral is too obvious to be lost. The Mayas in Central America formed some sort of a federation. In the third millennium B. C. the Sumerian City-states warred with one another because of disputes about irrigation. Lagash achieved partial unity by forcibly forming a union with four other city-States about 2500 B. C. King Lugalzaggizi of Umma and after him Sargon of Akkad were emperors ruling over wide regions. Then came Hammurabi under whom a great attempt at political unity was made in the Fertile Crescent. Wars became terrible with the invention of the first suitable process in the bulk production of iron. Today the invention of the atom bomb has meant a similar revolution in the art of war. The politics of the main land of Western Asia in the second millennium B. C. was governed by what we might call the 'Balance of Power'. With the aid of an army of unprecedented efficiency the Assyrians built up an unprecedented dominion. Rigid centralization was achieved by means of a net-work of roads of great length and of high quality. But theirs was a totalitarian regime. With the fall

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of Nineveh in 612 B. C. Professor Grant says "the Assyrian power vanished, providing many a moralist with a dramatic theme." "Darius the Achaemenid Emperor of Persia put down a revolt of the Ionian City-states showing a clemency which was a strange innovation in the political life of the ancient World." To the question, what are the lessons and warnings in politics and political unity that ancient history has to offer Professor Grant gives the following answers: "Wars are declared, directed and terminated by Governments." "War in self-defence is logically required." "The preventive war is usually a thin disguise for an aggressive war." "Launching of non-defensive wars is irrational." "There must be no division between the ethics of the state and of the individual."

In Part II of his book Professor Grant proceeds to analyse the causes of ancient wars. The first was 'the anarchy of the Sovereign states'; the second was 'aggressive nationalism'; and the third, "the division of Society into a steep gradation of hereditary, social, political and economic classes." While the central theme of ancient history was almost always war, Professor Grant says that a vital part of ancient history is also concerned with the gradual evolution of rational principles of international relations. The idea of "Eunomia" or absolute morality as developed by the Greeks became the opponent of war. At Rome the fetial code though seldom followed required that wars should be just. Thirdly there was the Greek notion of a natural law based on common human nature or reason. Dual citizenship became a means by which "a member of a small state could rise above its fatally narrow limits." Then there were institutional expressions of the desire for co-operation and combination as amplified by the Lycian League, the Latin League, the Achaean and Aetolian Leagues, and finally the Roman Empire itself. The only means by which international anarchy can be removed on the non-violent plane is federation and that is an invention we owe to the Ancient World. Empires there were, the Han as well as the Roman, but they were based on violence and therefore as a remedy they belonged to an inferior category as compared with federations. The greatest single step was taken to combat tribalism and war-mongering, when the idea that each political unit had its own or special God, was replaced by the conception that there is one God for all the World. "Universal brotherhood of man was preached by the Buddha, Mahavira, Confucius, Laotse and Heraclitus of Ephesus and by others afterwards including Moti and Democritus of Abdera. The Greek idea of Federation failed; nor did the idea of Universality of the Christian faith fare better. The Roman idea of Empire succeeded over a wide area. But Professor Grant comes to the conclusion that 'today the culmination of particularism must somehow be achieved by peaceful and not by forcible means', a sentiment which brings him into line with Mahathma Gandhi, the greatest exponent of the non-violent creed. 'Ancient History' by this Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh is, indeed a great book.

T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A. (Madras), M.A. (London),
Chief Professor of History.

Aamir Ali: The History of the Buddha (Oxford University Press. 1952)—(A Review)*

'The Story of the Buddha' by Aamir Ali with illustrations by Leela Shiveshwarkar, published by the Oxford University Press is a delightful little book of 134 pages. It deals with the story of the Buddha than whom there has not been a more endearing Soul on earth. Written in simple English its appeal to the young must, indeed, be very great. King Okkaka's sons marry their sisters and in so doing commit an act which to the children for whom the book is intended must, doubtless,

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appear outrageous. Suddhodana was the son of Sihahanu descended from the Sakyas and the Koliyas. Suddhodana's queen was Maya. Of Maya was born Siddhartha. The young readers will wonder how the white elephant entering Maya's womb could subsequently emerge as Siddhartha, or how sage Asita could fly from the Himalayan slopes to Kapilavattu without the aid of an aeroplane. The story of the Buddha is told with such sustaining interest that the boy or the girl who picks up the book will read it with avidity and having read it will want, should a future Buddha be born, to follow his footsteps. The young reader if he is a boy will want to play the role of Siddharatha at Yasodhara's Swayamvara and if a girl that of Yasodhara herself sitting inside the beautiful pavilion shielded from public gaze and yet seeing every thing.

The foremost lesson that the book conveys is the lesson that Siddhartha learnt and taught, namely, 'that the heart can only be truly happy when the fire of passion is extinguished, that it can only be happy when the fires of illusion, pride and false views, of all lusts and pains and desires are extinguished.' And there are many other lessons too a few of which may be mentioned: "never hate any one; you cannot calm another's hatred by hating him in return." "The only way to remove hatred is by love." "Truth never disappears." "Any one is capable of taking life, but no one can give it." The story of the Buddha by Aamir Ali is a book that deserves to travel far and wide and for long years like another book, also published by the Oxford University Press, Minoo Masani's 'Our India.'

T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A. (Madras) M.A. (London),
Chief Professor of History.

Covering College

Introducing a distinguished speaker some months ago the Principal remarked that the office-bearers of the College Union this year must have consulted an astrologer and started their work in an auspicious hour. This year there have been a number of addresses to the College Union by some of the greatest men in the land. Astrology apart, we wish to congratulate this year's office-bearers for having given us "converse with the living great." In our class-hours and in our study-hours we do hold long converse with "the mighty dead."

A predecessor of ours made an indirect reference to the library and "the elaborate discouragements of its use." An improvement was effected early this year as a result of which students are now able to borrow books on the spot without waiting half-a-day as formerly.

Padma Narayanaswamy made her second invasion of the north, accompanied this year by P. G. Ramachandran. We are proud of the spoils they bore back. The Big English Lecture-Hall audiences have cause to Congratulate them selves for having provided these and others before them with a testing ground after the survival of which no fields are too difficult to conquer.

After the success of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' last year the Presidency College Dramatic Association launched on a bold experiment—'Hamlet' in modern dress. The acting of many was of a high order. But whether it was the incongruity of the dress or the introduction of the revolver, (Hamlet entered his mother's closet revolver-in hand and later shot Polonius dead) we do not know, was the cause of the failure of some scenes to excite the correct feelings in the audience. Probably we (the audience) were partly to blame—for what business had we to laugh when

Laertes properly clad in satin jacket and breeches, struck up a most correct fencing posture and stood statuesque a second or two (hoping it may be, to convey a thrill through our spines!) Our thanks are due, however, to all those who spent time and labour in keeping bright the newly re-lit torch of histrionic endeavours in the College.

Late in the year the College Union Room was shifted from the room near the portico to another opposite Fyson Park. We have to console ourselves for the loss in strategic importance with the fact that the new room is a much larger one.

Sport this year has been somewhat disappointing. Cricket has gone to the doldrums again. Apart from George Abraham we have none of the stalwarts who made us invincible last year. But in another field of sport we have covered ourselves with glory. Our team won the Inter-Collegiate Tennis League beating Vivekananda College in the finals. A. J. Udayakumar who was mainly responsible for this victory was given the captaincy of the Madras University team in the Inter-University Tennis Championship. He brought about a series of convincing victories over the South Zone Universities and took his team to the finals. The team which represented the Madras University in the Inter-University finals consisted of A. J. Udayakumar (captain), R. Krishnan, and M. Suryanarayanan. This strong team beat the North Zone finalist, Patna University, comfortably and carried to the South the handsome trophy.

In conclusion, we wish those of our friends whose articles have been accepted in our present issue of the Presidencian unfailing success in their future attempts at penmanship. May no more of their attempts come home laden with the phrase "the Editor regrets...!" To those who are yet to essay their powers we whisper "Do try. It's so amusing!"

N. M. Balasubrahmanyam, IV (Hons.) Lit.

From Our Secretaries.

THE COLLEGE UNION.

With pardonable pride and justifiable modesty, we would like to say that the Union's activities this year met with a good deal of success in all spheres. A galaxy of persons of world wide fame visited our institution and the most interesting part of it was that the majority of them are old boys of our College.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETINGS.

It was Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer—an old boy of ours—who pressed the button on the 18th July 1952 and set the vehicle in motion this year. We would like to observe—prompted by no desire to flatter him—that it was the great start he gave that was responsible for the smooth run of our Union right through this academic year.

Five days later Sardar K. M. Pannikar addressed the students on "The changing phase of Asia'. It is needless to say how his precise thinking and eloquent expression captured the hearts of the students.

In August General K. M. Cariappa till recently the C-in-C of our Army paid a visit to our institution and a rousing reception was given to him. In the course of his speech he paid glorious tributes to our—his—institution.

The most glorious achievement of ours this year was the meeting that was held under the auspices of the Unions of various Colleges in the City when our beloved

Prime Minister Jawarhalal Nehru addressed the students in our Foot-ball grounds. Our Union took the initiative in the matter and the unique privilege of presiding over the meeting that day—8th October 1952—went to Mr. S. Chidambaranathan, our President. The meeting met with great success.

On the 18th November 1952, Shri C. Rajagopalachariar, our Chief Minister addressed the students and his speech that day is still ringing in the ears of all Presidencians who were lucky enough to be present that evening. His wit and high sense of humour are unexcelled and we are really fortunate that he is holding the reins of administration of our State. Our President referred to the necessity for a big auditorium for our institution—since our " Big English Lecture Hall " is too small to accommodate all of us at the same time—and Rajaji promised to look into the matter. Rajaji, again, we are pleased to observe is an old boy of our College.

Shri K. Santhanam, Lt. Governor of Vindhya-Pradesh, addressed the students on November 24th, 1952.

In January we had Sheik Abdullah, the Prime Minister of Kashmir in our midst and he gave one of the most inspiring speeches we have ever heard.

The very next day we had yet another great personality—the architect of the Korean Truce Plan—in our midst, Shri V. K. Krishna Menon. He gave us a picturesque description of the burning topics of the present and his vast knowledge of various intricates issues and powerful presentation aroused the great administration of all Presidencians.

Dr. Hadi Hassan, Ph.D., Head of the Department of Persian, Aligarh University, spoke to us on ' Cultural aspects of Hindu-Muslim Unity ' on 20th February 1953.

Thus we had in our midst a good number of luminaries adorning various spheres and the Presidencians this year have been extremely fortunate.

RECEPTION TO GRADUATES.

A reception to our graduates was arranged on the evening of the 22nd of August 1952. Mr. S. Chidambaranathan, President welcomed the graduates. Mr. R. Natarajan, Vice-President, proposed a toast to the graduates. Sri V. K. Ayappan Pillai, our Principal, spoke to the graduates of the year.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

On the 7th of November 1952, we conducted the winter session of our Parliament and Dr. P. V. Cherian was kind enough to be present to observe the proceedings of the day. Mr. R. Natarajan, Prime-Minister and Leader of the House, moved the resolution asking for the total banning of the Communist Party in our nation and it was carried. Mr. Habibullah Badsha. lead the Opposition. At the end Dr. P. V. Cherian spoke to us about the real Parliament and its responsibilities.

CELEBRATION OF DAYS.

We celebrated the UNO Day on the 24th October 1952 when Mr. Bach, O.B.E., of the British Council addressed the students.

'Human Rights Day' was celebrated on the 18th December 1952. Mr. V. T. Rangaswamy Ayyangar spoke to us on the occasion.

FAREWELL TO DR. M. ABDUL HAQ.

We arranged a fare-well party to Dr. M. Abdul Haq who has been appointed as a Member of the Madras Public Service Commission, in our foot-ball grounds on the 28th January 1953. A fare-well address was presented to him and his portrait was presented to the College by the Union, to be placed in the gallery of past Principals. Shri Muthiah Chettiar, an old student of our College unveiled the portrait. All the students and members of the staff enthusiastically participated in the function which only showed the great love and regard they have for Dr. Haq. We will be failing in our duty, if we do not refer to the fact that it was Dr. Haq who infused life into our College Union when it was in a state of lethargy a few years back and brought it to its present position.

MENS' COMMON ROOM.

Thanks to our Principal's earnest efforts, we managed to secure a Common Room for the men students this year.

VISITS OF STUDENTS FROM OTHER PARTS OF OUR COUNTRY AND THE WORLD.

In July 1952 a batch of students from Los Angles, California, :U.S.A. came to our College and we arranged for a group discussion wherein there was an interesting exchange of views.

On the 15th October 1952, we received a group of students from the Lucknow University.

Recently in February 1953, the Moral Rearmament people came to our College and they entertained us with a variety of songs.

DEBATES.

This year we conducted quite a good number of debates and we struck a deviation from the normal path by arranging for a few novel debates. There was a Staff Debate wherein representative groups of both the Arts and Science blocks participated. We had a fifty fifty debate wherein the ladies arranged themselves on one side and the gentlemen on the other side to face the music. Both the debates were greatly enjoyed by one and all.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATES.

In the All India Inter-Collegiate Debates held at Delhi, Miss Padma Narayanaswamy and Mr. P.G. Ramachandran very successfully represented our College. Three trophies were annexed by the Presidency College–in Sri Ram College of Commerce, in Hindu College and in the Delhi College–and Mr. P. G. Ramachandran was awarded the first prize in Sri Ram College of Commerce and in St. Stephen's College. Miss Padma Narayanaswamy was judged as the best speaker of the day in the debate held in Hindu College.

Miss Padma Narayanaswamy was awarded the best lady speaker's prize in 'Gordon Mathew's Rolling Cup Contest' held in Christian College. She got the first prize in the Aurobind Study Circle Oratorical Competition. She also achieved the unique honour of being selected to represent our Madras University for the year 1952-1953. In January 1953, she took part in the debate in which the British debating team participated.

Mr. P. G. Ramachandran was awarded the second prize in the Inter-Collegiate Debate conducted by the Madras College Students' Council and on the same occasion Miss Kalyanalakshmi got the best lady speaker's prize. Mr. Habibullah Badsha was given the second prize in the Inter-College Debate held under the auspices of the Hind Kala Mandir. In the Inter-Collegiate Debate conducted by the Y.M.C.A. Miss Binodhini Hensman was awarded the special ladies' prize.

In the Inter Departmental Oratorical Competition conducted by the Union the Economics Department secured the first prize. The Department was represented by Mr. P. G. Ramachandran and Miss Narayanaswamy. Messrs. Habibullah Badsha and K. B. Srinivasan were judged as the first and second best individual speakers of the day.

ELECTIONS.

Elections for the various offices of the Union for the year 1953-1954 were conducted on the 13th February 1953. It was gratifying to note that there was a record polling of nearly 1200 votes. Messrs. Habibullah Badsha, I. Subba Reddy and Gnanaprakasam were elected President, Vice-President and Secretary respectively.

BENEFIT DANCE PERFORMANCE.

On the 12th February 1953, Kumari Kamala gave a benefit dance performance in aid of our Union Fund and the Presidency College Union records its gratitude to Kumari Kamala, Baby Radha and to Mr. T. S. Manickam.

This year we had the sad duty of recording the death of one of our illustrious sons of our motherland and of our College Mr. N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar. The Principal moved a resolution conveying our sympathies to the bereaved family. The whole gathering observed silence for two minutes.

Thus we have gone through a very busy year and we request you to forgive us if we have indulged in a bit of talk, about ourselves in the course of our 'stock taking'.

Our Principal, Sri V. K. Ayappan Pillai, evinced great interest in the activities of the Union right through the year and we cannot thank him adequately for all that he did for the Union. All the achievements are a great deal due to Professor T. Balakrishnan Nayar's nice suggestions and it was he who showed us the right path throughout. We are also grateful to Mrs. G. Parthasarathy for her sound advice and co-operation.

If at all we have managed to lead the Union along lines of success, it must be ascribed to the hearty co-operation that we received from the students throughout the year.

Miss S. Jayalakshmi.
M. Shahul Hameed.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Lesse Core of the U.S.I.S. inaugurated the work of the Association for the year on 12—8—'52, with a talk on "The Background of American Literature".

In the second term on 14—10—'52, Mr. H. C. Norminton of the British Council gave a talk on "The Elizabethans Without Shakespeare". Mr. M. I. Hashimi, Principal, Government Arts College, Mangalore, gave a lecture entitled 'Fate, Destiny, and Moira in Greek, Germanic and Shakespearian Tragedy, on 24—10—'52. A large number of students went on an excursion to Ennore on 8—11—'52.

In the third term, on 10—2—'52 the Inter-Collegiate Debate and Social was held at the Christian College, Tambaram. The proposition "Women have great creative abilities, but men do not allow them to be developed", was voted down. Mrs. Mildred Mc Afee Norton, a veteran American educationist who came on a visit to India, addressed the Association on 11—2—'53. She spoke on "The Underlying Assumptions of American Education".

A notable feature of this year's activities was the attempt made to induce more members to read papers and participate in discussions and thereby cultivate their powers of expression. The papers read and the names of those who read them are as follows:—

"What I like in Lamb"—Mr. C. Balarama Moosad, P.G. II.

"Shelley and Gandhism"—Miss. S. Vijayalakshmi, V Hons.

"Aldous Huxley"—Mr. T. G. Vaidyanathan.

"Shakespeare's Women Characters"—Mother Michael, IV Hons.

A word of thanks is due to our Vice-President, Miss. Rita Hazel D'Sylva for having ably presided on all the occasions when the speakers came from our own ranks

Annie Cherian.
N. M. Balasubrahmanyam.

THE HISTORY & POLITICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered on 7—8—'52 by Dr. C. H. Alexandrowicks, Professor of International law in the Madras University, who spoke on International law. Professor T. B. Nayar presided.

On 4—9—'52 Dr. Charles Samuel Braden, Professor and Head of the department of History and Literature of Religions in the Northwestern University of Illinois, U.S.A., spoke on Religion in South East Asia. Prof. T. B. Nayar presided over the meeting.

On 25—11—'52, Dr. Samasundaram Cooppan, Professor of Psychology in our college, addressed the association on Racialism in the union of South Africa.

During the year lively debates were also conducted by the members on the futility of India's neutral foreign policy and on the communist charges of germ warfare being conducted by the United Nations in Korea.

We gladly record that Mr. K. B. Srinivasan of V Hons. Politics, annexed an individual prize as the 2nd best speaker at the Inter-Association debate held on 19th Nov. '52, under the auspices of the college union.

The valedictory meeting of the association is expected to be held in the course of the month of February.

A. Arunachalam.
M. Dakshinamoorthy.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION.

Sri C. Subramaniam, Hon'ble Minister for Food and Finance, Government of Madras, inaugurated our Association on 13—7—1952 for the year 1952—53.

Dr. A. Krishnaswamy, M.U.P. delivered an enlightening lecture on "Financing and Planning—Whither are we drifting?" He analysed the various features of the

Five year plan and made his own suggestion as to how the National Income could be maximised and how it could bring maximum satisfaction for all. He particularly discussed about Community Projects in the light of the huge capital outlay that they involve and the possible returns they may yield.

There was a debate open to all students, the subject being : " In the opinion of the house, the investment of Foreign Capital in India is fraught with dangerous consequences." It is needless to say that the students profited very much from the discussions. There were student speakers also to take part in the discussions.

Closely following the City Economics Students' Convention there was another meeting equally interesting. Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, in his address to the members of the association analysed the economic structure of the U.S.S.R. and that it had a real effect on the students was clearly seen by the long discussions the students had among themselves for days together.

True to the traditions of the College Economics Association, there was an Educational Tour to the Western and Northern parts of India. Thirty students guided by Mr. Sethuraman and Mr. Parthasarathy Asst. Professors covered nearly 4000 miles in the short period of 16 days, between 19th December 1952 and 4th January, 1953.

The Party visited historical places like Ajantha, Ellora, Agra and Delhi and also commercial centres like Bombay, Gwalior and Hyderabad. The educational and cultural values of such tours cannot possibly be emphasised here.

S. N. P. Narayanaswamy,
Md. Sheriff.

THE ISLAMIC HISTORY AND CULTURE ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Sri M. A. Manickavelu Naicker, Minister for Land Revenue, under the Presidentship of Prof. S. A. W. Bokhari Sahib, M.A.L.T. on 27—8—52. Among distinguished speakers who addressed the Association during the course of the year were Baron Umor, Head of the Department of Anthropology in the Madras University and Prof. Bhaskaran of the Politics Department of the Madras University. Prof. Bhaskaran gave an interesting talk on the "Politics of under developed countries." A debate was held on 4-11-52, the subject for discussion being, "It is Islam rather than communism that can solve the present-day crisis." The subject was hotly discussed and the resolution was carried through in the end. On the occasion of the Meelad celebrations held in commemoration of Prophet Muhammad's birthday, Mr. Mac Alister of the U.S.I.S. gave an interesting account of the position of Islam in America and how the Americans were helping Muslims. Begum Amiruddin also spoke on the occasion. Dr. M. Abdul Huq M.A. D. Phil (oxon), Member of the Public Service Commission, presided.

Our association came out with flying colours in the Inter-departmental elocution contest in which our Association was awarded the prize for the best individual speaker. Two of our students, Mr. Md. Aminuddin and Mr. Abdur Rashid B.A. distinguished themselves by getting a prize each in the essay competition conducted by the Osmania University.

Habibullah Badsha,

THE PSYCHOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Association for the year were inaugurated on the 19th August 1952 by Dr. A. Ananthauarayanan Principal of The Stanley Medical College. Dr. S. Coopan, the President, was in the chair. Speaking on the occasion, Dr. Ananthanarayanan traced the close relationship between Medicine and Psychology.

During the Michaelmas Holidays in September 1952, the department and the members of the Association co-operated in the Stanley Medical College Exhibition at Madras. The public showed keen interest in the exhibits. On 3rd November '52 Dr. U. R. Ehrenfels, Head of the department of Anthropology, Madras University addressed the members on "Anthropology and Psychology—fighting for tension". During his lecture, he explained the importance of Anthropological and psychological approach to the problem of human relationship.

On 22nd November '52, the members of this Association went on a tour to Mahabalipuram. The party was led by Dr. S. Coopan.

On 23rd Nov. '52, Miss. Duma, an American research scholar in the Madras University led a discussion on " Early child Training and its influence on Basic personality Structure". In the course of her speech she emphasised the necessity of paying attention to the child's early environment and upbringing.

On 23rd January '52, the members of the above Association went on an educational visit to the Mental Hospital Madras. The party was led by Sri. K. A. Sumitran.

On 2nd Feb '53 Dr. A. S. Jhonson, Superintendent of Mental Hospital, Madras, delivered a lecture on " The place of Psychology in Medicine ". Speaking on the occasion, he traced the close relationship between Psychology and Medicine from the Psychiatrist's stand-point.

At the valedictory meeting of the above Association held on 9th Feb. '52, the members had the unique opportunity of listening to Dr. Sterve Pratt, an American Clinical Psychologist, visiting India. He spoke on " Personality and Psychopathology ". He stressed the importance of the family setting and the general social environment on the development of a healthy personality.

The activities of the Association came to an end with a farewell party by the junior members, to the outgoing members of the Department on 20th February 1953.

During the year the Association gave a farewell party to Mr. Ramaswamy Naidu, Asst. Prof. of psychology who was transferred to Cuddappah and also welcomed Mr. Rama Rao who was posted in his place.

*S. K. **Pandiarajan.***

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Dr. Alladi Ramakrishnan, Reader in Physics, University of Madras, the subject being " Fifty years of Physics ".

Papers were read by the following students under the auspices of the association :

1. Mr. G. Vidyanathan (IV B.Sc.) on " Theory & types of modulation ".
2. Mr. P. Sundararaja Rao (V Hons.) " Charge and mass of the electron ".
3. Miss. K. A. Sarojini (IV B.Sc.) " Sounds of the Country ".

4. Mr. P. Neelakantan (IV B.Sc.) gave two lectures:

   (a) Aether and Relativity,

   (b) Spare-time Continuum.

Excursions were conducted to Ennore and Mahabalipuram. We were explained very well about the worth of art by our Professor Gopalakrishnamurthy.

The high light of the activities of the association was the setting up of a magnificent "Physics exhibition" in the middle of October '52.

The exhibition was declared open by Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao, Education Minister, Government of Madras. The object of the exhibition was to interpret to the public in a lucid and edifying manner the principles and achievements of Physics from early times to the present century by setting up experiments like Television, Radar automatic relays etc. Needless to say that the exhibition was a grand success and was largely attended by both students as well as the lay-public.

With the major portion of the balance money, we revived the "Physics Association library" with a good number of additions.

The valedictory address of the Association was delivered by Mr. J. K. Murthy, Asst. Engineer, State broad-casting station, on "Modern applications of Electronics".

M. Ramakrishna Raju, B.Sc.
M. J. Abdulla.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Association for the year 1952-53 started off exceedingly well with the inaugural address delivered by ProfessorK. B. Madhava, M.A., A.I.A. on the 20th August, '52. Professor Madhava's talk touching almost all branches of Mathematics was highly interesting and was enjoyed by all who attended it. The next meeting of the Association took place on 27th October, '52. In that meeting Mr. C. Subrahmanya Ayyar, B.A., Retired Accountant General gave an illuminating talk on 'Mathematics and Music' together with a violin demonstration. Mr. Ayyar clearly expressed the intricate relationship between Mathematics and the fine-art. On 25th November, '52 Professor V. Tiruvenkatachari, M.A., L.T., of the New College, Madras, spoke on 'The Astronomical Basis of Our Festivals'. This talk was much appreciated by one and all present at the meeting. Eminent South Indian Mathematicians like Dr. V. Ramasamy of the Andhra University and Professor A. Narasinga Rao of the Madras Institute of Technology also addressed the Association. Their talks were inspiring and encouraging to the utmost. Our Chief Professor and President of our Association Dr. P. B. Patnaik, M.A., Ph. D. gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on 'Space Travel' on the 13th February, '53.

On 1st September, '52 a good number of the members of the Association amused themselves in a one-day picnic at Ennore. They also visited the Western India Match Company on the way.

Having come almost to the end of the activities of the Association for this year, we are eagerly looking forward to our Association Day when the juniors and the members of the staff will be at home to the outgoing seniors. This happy event is coming off in the last week of February, '53.

P. Paulraj
K. Chinna Reddy.

THE GEOGRAPICAL ASSOCIATION.

The election of office-bearers for 1952–53 was held on 27th October 1952. Six ordinary meetings were held during the year:

Mr. Kochunni Pannikar spoke on " Sabarimalai ".

Mr. A. R. Narayana Rao spoke on " The Hydro-Electric Power development in South India".

Prof. Bokhari Sahib on " Middle East ".

Dr. S. Gopalakrishna Murthy on " My European Travels ".

Prof. T. N. Mnthuswamy on " Principle of Geology ", and Mr. Thiruvenkatachary on " Festivals and Seasonal cycle ".

Besides the usual visit to The Meteorological Forecast centre, The Central Survey Office, the quarries of Pallavaram etc., the field studies at Tiruttani were arranged to coincide with the Krithigai festival and the opportunity was utilised to collect data regarding the pilgrim traffic and the consequent trade. The study of settlement types was continued when the IV B.Sc students visited Tindivanam, Gingee and Tiruvannamalai in August. The Honours students went to Chidambaram, Porto Novo, Pondicherry, Cuddalore, the lignite mines and artesian wells at Neyveli and the Aurobind Asram and Ramanasram at Pondicherry. A long tour to Madura, Ramnad, Pamban, Rameswaram and Krusadi Islands during X'mas to study specially the coral reefs in this area wa s organized.

The Association's prize for the best practical work done by students of IV B.Sc. and Final Honours was awarded to (a) Miss Meenakshi Sundaram IV B.Sc., (b) Sri B. Arunachalam V (Hons).

It was decided to award a prize also to Sri. B. Arunachalam of V B.Sc. (Hons) for the valuable help and service rendered by him in many ways during the excursions.

C. Ramachandra Rao.

THE GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. P. R. Jagapathi Naidu, Reader in Geology, University of Madras. The two other lectures that have so far been delivered were on ' Coal ' by Sri. S. Ramanathan, final year P. G. student, and on ' Granitization & some problems of archaen geology of Southern India ' by Sri. V. Ramachandran, research student.

Our congratulations are due to:

Sri. V. Ramachandran who has been awarded the M.Sc. degree by research and for continuing his studies as a research scholar in the Tata Institute of fundamental research.

Sri. K. Narayanan and Sri. R. Upendra Pai for having been selected for field training by the Geological Survey of India.

Sri. Pai and Sri. A. V. Sankaran for having joined as research scholars in the department after taking first class honours degree in 1952.

It is with pleasure that we note that Sri. C. Srinivasan has left for Krummeruck, West Germany, for research on ' Ground water problem in coal mines '. Sri Shyam Sunder one of the brilliant students in the 1952 Hons. batch has been selected for The Provincial Forest Service. The two B.Sc. first classes of last year have joined the department for post-graduate studies.

We welcome Sri. K. Venugopal our former Assistant Professor who has joined us back after taking the Ph. D. degree in London, for his thesis on "Truce elements in Cassiterite and Stannite".

Two research papers were contributed by Prof. T. N. Muthuswami, on "Scapolite-calc-granulite, Pallavaram" and Niggli's 'Principles of Igneous Petrogenesis'. The latter has been widely welcomed by students of petrology as "the use of these methods has been somewhat hampered by the fact that no English version on the subject exists"—Niggli's.

The association places on record with great sorrow the sad demise of Prof. Paul Niggli of Zurich, an outstanding figure in geology of the present day.

Two more lectures will be delivered during the year under report; the annual function will take place early in March.

S. Chandrasekharan.

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered on 18—8—'52, by Rao Bahadur T. S. Venkataraman, K.I., C.I.E., D.Sc., who spoke on "The evolution of Sugar Cane in India". The president Sri. N. Venkatasubramanian, M.A., L.T., was in the chair.

A meeting was held on 25—8—'52, when Dr. M. O. P. Iyengar M.A., Ph.D.(Lond.) gave an exhaustive and interesting account of the Flora of Krusadi, Courtallam and Tenmalai.

"The Agricultural Research Stations of S. India" was the subject of a talk delivered by Sri. R. M. Sundaram I.C.S., Food Secretary, Government of Madras. On 17—12—'52, Sri. M. S. Raghavan, Sylure Culturist of the Madras Government delivered an instructive and interesting talk on Forestry and its links with Botany.

Sri. P. M. Poovaya, Conservator, M.F.D. gave a short talk on the "Flora of Andamans," on 18—1—53.

Members of the Association enthusiastically participated in a debate held on 21—10—'52. The topic discussed was "Opinions on Botany".

A symposium of "Plant Science" was held on 13—12—'52. Students of the IV Honours class took part in it.

The portrait of Prof. P. F. Fyson, a former president of the association, was unveiled by Dr. M. O. P. Iyengar on 9—2—'53. Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai, Principal presided on the occasion.

Instructional tours to Ooty, Krusadi, Courtallam and Tenmalai were organised during the course of this year.

Marie D'Souza,
P. M. Ganapathy.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Lt. Col. Dr. C. K. Prasada Rao, M. D., Dean, Madras Medical College and the General Hospital, Madras, delivered the inaugural address on 29th July 1952. Mr. Anantha Krishnan, Lecturer, Loyala College, gave an interesting account of the economic importance of "Thrips" belonging to the order "Thysonoptera" or "fringed wings" on 9-6-52. This was followed by a lecture on 14-10-52 by Dr. Darmaraj of Veterinary College on "Man and Animal in relation to Biology." Dr. S. Kuppuswamy, Professor of Psychology of our college and Sri. Jagadev, curator, Madras Government Museum also addressed the association in the course of the year.

On 5th August the Honours students accompanied by Profs. P. K. Menon and S. M. Krishnan went on an excursion to Krusadi and Kodaikanal. The B.Sc. students also went on a tour to Krusadi and Dhanushkodi on 7th August. They were accompanied by Profs. H. Enoch and S. Ranga Rao. The IV B.Sc. students visited the biggest biological station of India in Ennore and the III B.Sc. went to Mahabalipuram on 17-1-53.

Dr. George Veliath, Professor of Pathology, Stanley Medical College, Sri S. Thomas Satyamurthy, Superintendent, Govt. Museum, Darjeeling and Sri. Subba Reddy, Professor of Physiology also addressed the Association during the year. The valedictory address of the association was delivered by Dr. S. Manavala Ramanujam, Ex-principal Presidency College and Ex-Vice-chancellor of Anamalai university.

P. Janarthanan.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on 16—7—'52 by Prof. Daniel H. H. Ingalls, Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Harward University. Prof. Ingalls made a fervent appeal to Indians to revive the study of Sanskrit in order to preserve their own culture and traditions. He briefly dealt with the trend of Sanskrit studies in America and observed: "For God's sake continue to be yourselves, you must revive Sanskrit study."

On 14—10—'52, Dr. C. Kunhan Raja explained "The Position of Sanskrit in the Indian and Inter-national set up". In his eminently interesting lecture, Dr. Kunhan Raja said that the mission of Sanskrit in India was to effect a reconciliation between religion and science, between ancient civilisation and modern civilisation. Referring to the 'International set-up', the speaker observed that Sanskrit must be introduced in the European Universities as a Constituent for the culture of humanity, instead of merely as an antiquarian or philological interest.

On 19—11—'52, Mr. M. D. Ganapathy of the III B.A. Class spoke on "Modern Sanskrit Poetry" with profuse quotations. Sri K. Raghavan was in the chair.

On 19—2—'53, a farewell party was given to Sri K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T., Asst. Professor of Sanskrit, on his elevation to the post of Inspector of Oriental Schools, Madras. Dr. A. Sankaran, Professor of Sanskrit, spoke in appreciation of the services of Mr. Raghavan in this College for the last 15 years. Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai, Principal said that in Mr. Raghavan, "there is a rare combination of military science and sanskrit study". Many students spoke on the occasion.

On 23—2—'53, a portrait of the late Sri L. R. Ramachandra Aiyar, who was Asst. Professor of Sanskrit in this College during 1917—1937, was unveiled by Dr. V. Raghavan, Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Madras University.

The valedictory address was delivered on the same day by Dr. Murray Fowler, Professor of Comparative Philology and Linguistics, Wiscousin University, U.S.A.

T. S. Raghavan.
M. D. Ganapathy.

THE URDU ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Begum Nazir Husain who spoke on New Zealand.

Besides there was an oratorical contest for the selection of the candidates to Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest in Urdu which was held at Kurnool. Sri Easa Bhoi

Mamnoon III Hons. Maths. and Sri. M. Obaidullah V Hons. Is Hist. were selected to represent our college. Although they did not win any prize for the college, yet their performance was impressive.

In tbe course of the year there were three debates in which most of the students took part. They discussed such topics as cinema, religion and worldpeace.

Sri M. L. Soni Zia Fathebadi, Officer, Reserve Bank of India, Madras, addressed the Association on 27th Jan. 1953. Janab Alhaj Maulvi Abdul Wahab Sahib Bukhari, the president of the Association presided. Sri Zia spoke on "Modern Trends in Urdu Poetry". The president in his concluding remarks defined poetry and threw light upon its standard.

The valedictory address of the Association was delivered by Alhaj Maulavi Abdul Haq Sahib Bahadur, M.A., D. Phil., member of the Service Commission, Madras. A *Mushaira* was also held on the occasion.

K. Md. Salahuddin.

Md. Rahmatulla Sait.

THE TAMIL HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Mrs. Swarnambal (Guhappiriyai) on 5-9-52. The subject of her talk was "Bharathi Kanda Kanavu" The following meetings were held during the course of the year:

Date	President	Speaker	Subject
15—10—'52	Mr. K. Palani Chettiyar V (Hons).	Miss. T. S. Kamala IV (Hons).	"Thottathellam Ponn"
22—10—'52	Miss. R. Seethabai III (Hons).	Miss. N. Vijayarathinam III (Hons).	"Sollin Selvi"
29—10—'52	Mr. L. Murugan M.A.	Mr. R. Mahalingam IV (Hons).	"Kollaikaran Kathal" (Kavithai Arangettram)
5—11—'52	Mr. N. Chokkalingam B.O.L. (Hons).	Miss. R. Seethabai III (Hons).	"Bharathi orulaga Maha Kavi"
12—11—'52	Mr. K. Palani Chettiyar V (Hons).	Mr. R. Mahalingam IV (Hons).	"Nadai Alangaram"
19—11—'52	Mr. M. K. Thangavelu M.A.	Miss. R. Sampurnam V (Hons).	"Thanmathiyum Tharagayum"
7— 1—'53	Mr. G. Perumal M.A.	Mr. P. Balasubramanian B.SC. I P.G.	"Thanmathiyil Kalangam"

The activities of this year were brought to a close by the brilliant valedictory address of Dr. M. Varadarajan of Pachiyappa's College under the presidentship of Sri. T. P. Meenakshisundaranar on 2nd Feb. 1953.

S. Kanagasoundari.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHIVARDHINI.

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri M. Ramanuja Rao Naidu, Principal of Kavali College on 18—8—'52 with Justice Sri P. Satyanarayana Rao in the chair. On 20—11—'52, Sri Bulusu Venkataramanaiah gave a scholarly exposition on "Telugu Classics". Sri Korada Ramakrishnayya, Reader, Sri Oriental Institute, Thirupathi, delivered a lecture on "The development of Telugu language", on 24—11—'52. Sri. P. Padmaraju, an International prize winner in short story, spoke on "The Technique of short stories" on 2—12—'52. On 6—2—'53 Sri G. J. Somayaji, Professor of Telugu, Andhra University, discussed on "Future of Telugu language".

We had during this year many debates and discussions both literary and general in which students took part with enthusiasm. Mr. M. Veerabhadra Sastry and Kumari V. Saraswathi participated in the Inter-collegiate competitions in Telugu and won prizes. Competition in Essay writing, Elocution and versification were conducted by the association and two prizes in each were awarded to the successful candidates. The valedictory address of the association was delivered by Sri Mallampalli Somasekhara Sarma on 23—2—'53.

S. Ramachari.

THE KANNADA ASSOCIATION

The inaugural address of our association was delivered on 29th August 1952 by Mr. T. Hanumanthappa, B.A. (Hons.)., B.L., Asst. Secretary to the Madras Legislative Assembly. Mr. M. R. Shastry, M.A., B.T. President of the association was in the chair. Sri B. Anantachar, Ex-M.L.A., was also present.

On 6—11—'52 Mr. Narasinga Rao, M.A., Head of the Oriental Languages Department, Christian College addressed the members of the association.

On 13—11—'52 a debate was conducted to select 2 students to take part in the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Competition conducted by the University of Madras, at Mangalore.

"The development of short stories" was the subject on which Mr. Seva Namiraja Malla, B.A. (Hons.)., B.L., gave a talk on 27—11—'52.

16th Jan. 1953 is a memorable day in the history of our association for the activities of the association reached their climax when we celebrated for the first time "The Adikari Pampa Jayanti" on a grand scale. Shri Masti Venkatesha Iyengar was the distinguished speaker of the day and Sri V. N. Kudva, I.C.S., first member of the Board of Revenue was in the chair.

K. B. Hanumantharaya.
P. Gopalakrishna.

THE TAMIL PERAVAI.

The Peravai was inaugurated by Prof. Vanmiganathanar of Government Arts College, on 28-8-'52, under the Presidentship of Thiru. Duraiarananganar of Madras University.

On 9—9—52 the 'Bharathi Oratorical competition' was held, in which Miss. Sampurnam, and Mr. Lakshmanan got the 1st and 2nd prizes respectively. On 23—10—'52 the 'Bharathi Day' was celebrated, when Thiru, (Jeeva) Narana Doraikkannan gave an enlightening lecture on 27—11—'52. 'V. O. C. Day' was celebrated on a grand scale, when Thiru Anbazhaganar gave an exquisite and instructive lecture.

There were many debates conducted during the course of the year. As usual the Namasivaya Mudaliar rolling cup competition was held on 6—2—'53 and the cup went to Pachaiyappa's College, with Rajappa of Pachaiyappa's and Kalyani of Q. M. C. getting the individual prizes.

In the selection Debate held this year, Doraiswamy, Kaliappan, Mahalingam and Balasubramanian were selected as the best speakers. Mr. Kaliappan and Miss Sampurnam distinguished themselves by getting many individual prizes in the city debates held on inter-collegiate basis. Miss. Sampurnam also got the 1st prize for the best short story in the competition conducted by 'Tamil Edayam' of Coimbatore.

As a new venture this year the 'Pongal Day' was celebrated on 19—1—53 on a grand scale. We have to thank the convenor Mr. Gnanaprakasam for making it a grand success.

The valedictory Address was delivered by Thiru Arumuga Mudaliar, under the distinguished presidentship of Prof. Sethu Pillai, on 16—2—'53.

P. Balasubramanian.

THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION.

On 12th August 1952, Hon'ble Sri K. P. Kuttikrishnan Nair, minister for law, Govt. of Madras, delivered the inaugural address.

'ONAM", Kerala's biggest festival was celebrated by us on the 2nd September. A garden party, a meeting and a variety entertainment which included ancient dances of Kerala like Kummi and Kaikottikali and sweet songs by Kumari Yamuna Rao were the high lights of the day. Justice Sri A. Govinda Menon was the chief guest.

We staged a 'Grand Variety Entertainment' on 15th November at Museum Theatre in aid of the scholarship fund. The Malayalam play 'MISTER KOMPATA' and classical dances by Sethulakshmi and Sakhina besides other minor items delighted the distinguished audience.

T. S. Parameswaran.
M. Vijayam.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the association began this year under the Presidentship of Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai, who handed over charge of this office to Mrs. G. Parthasarthy in Sept. 52.

On the 21st Nov. 52, Shakespeare's "Hamlet" in Modern dress was staged at the Museum theatre. The play was much appreciated. We were ably helped in the production of this play by Mr. H. C. Norminton of the British Council who played King Claudius and by Mrs. Barnice Barlow who looked after the costumes and the production in general. One of our well known old students Mr. K. S. Ramamoorthy directed the play. Mr. Zaheed Mahmood of the college of Indigenous Medicine and Miss Rose Mary Coehlo an old student of the college were also kind enough to take part in the play.

We were not in a position to take part in the inter-collegiate dramatic competition held by the college of Engineering, Guindy, since the competition week coincided with the staging of our play "Hamlet".

M. Venkatrangam.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE.

Office-bearers for the year 1952—1953.

President	...	Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai, Principal (Ex-Officio).
Vice-Presidents	...	1. Mrs. G. Parthasarathy, Addl. Professor of English. 2. Kumari M. N. Sree Devi, Professor of Malayalam. 3. Sri Hari Adiseshu, Asst. Professor of Chemistry.
Treasurer	...	Sri P. K. Menon, Asst. Professor of Zoology.
Secretary	...	Sri P. V. Raman, Demonstrator in Chemistry.
Executive Committee	...	1. Kumari S. Anandalakshmi 2. Sri P. S. Palanisivagurunathan 3. Sri S. Madiah 4. Sri P. V. Janardanam 5. Sri M. Seetharaman 6. Kumari Uma Sundari.

The Social Service League decided to make Locknagar the centre of its activities this year. A collection of Rs. 56–14–3 was made in the first term and books and slates were given to 44 school-going children in Locknagar.

Thanks to the United States Information Services, the League had the use of a film-strip projector and educational film strips, so that student-members of the League have been giving film shows in Locknagar once a week with commentaries in Tamil and Telugu.

An adult-education class in the evenings was run for the College peons and attenders for two terms, and students conducted the classes. The venue has now been shifted to Locknagar. To help the work of these classes, members of the League prepared 20 booklets in Tamil, 40 in Telugu, 4 in Malayalam and 4 in Kannada ; these booklets are written in simple style and are illustrated.

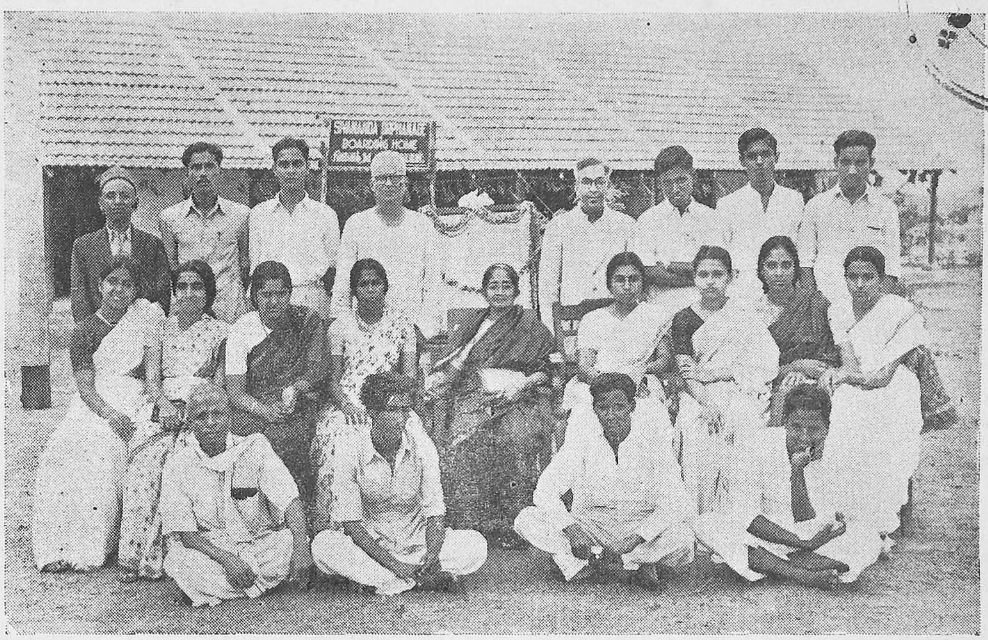
In the second term, it was decided that the League should take interest particularly in the children in Locknagar, from the point of view of cleanliness and health. Soap and oil are distributed to them every three weeks ; thanks to the Indian Red Cross Society, all children below the age of 6 are given milk twice a week from the Milk powder sent by the I.R.C. The lady-students are in charge of the distribution of milk, which is prepared and distributed by them in Locknagar in the evenings.

As an experiment, the League has organised a mid-day meal centre in one of the departments of the College, for the benefit of the peons and attenders in the Department.

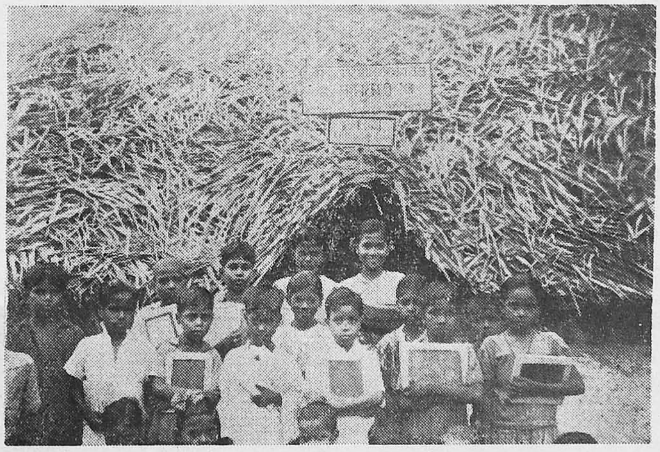
The League also organised a Collection for the Cyclone Relief Fund.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

CONNEMARA PUBLIC LIBRARY
24 AUG 1955
MADRAS

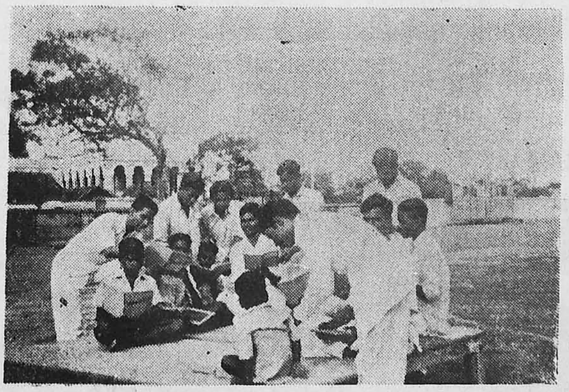


League members at Kuthipakkam



Class at Locknagar

A pupil



The Night School

THE SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

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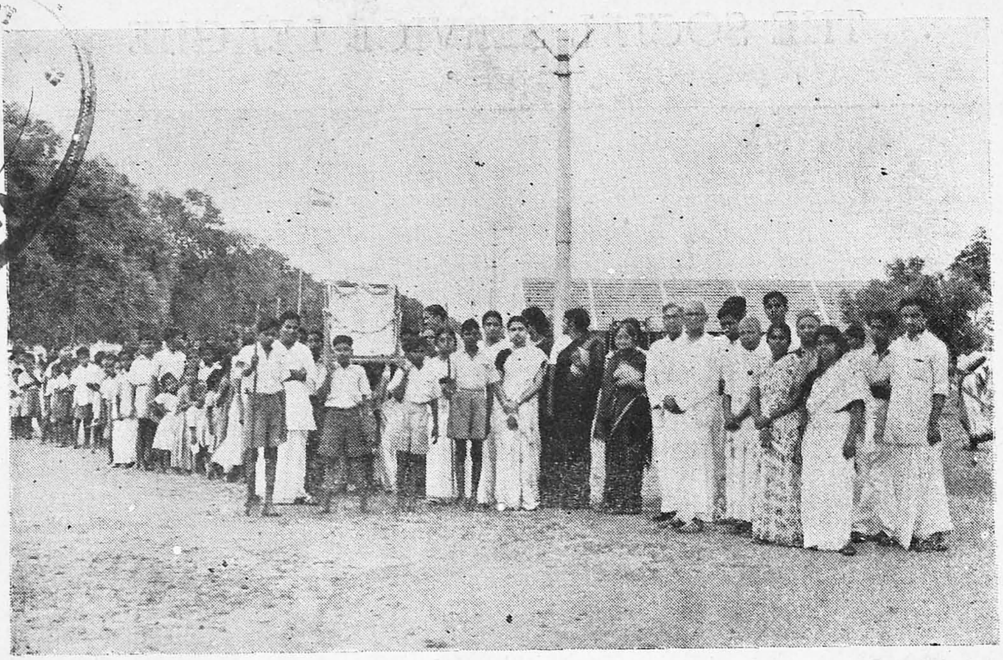
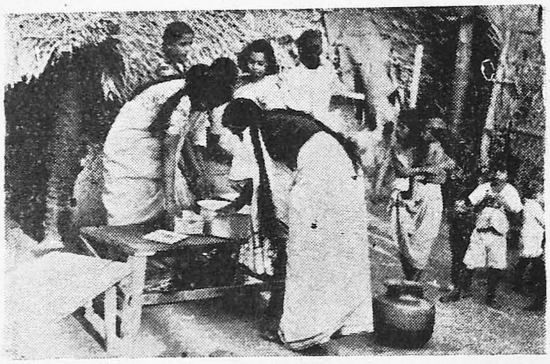


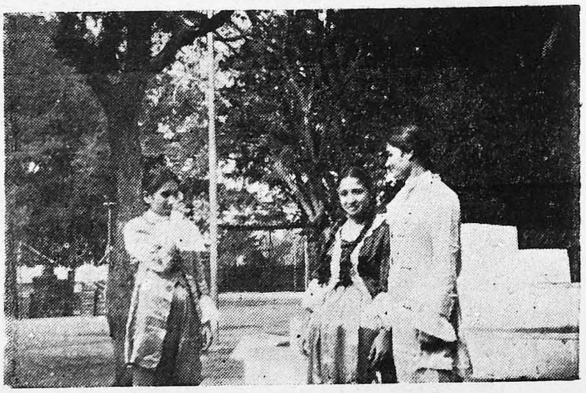
Independence Day Celebrations

Milk distribution



In Locknagar

Women's



Hostel

Day

The League held 6 meetings in the year, at which the speakers and subjects were:—

	Speaker.	Subject.
1.	Sri Perumal Mudaliar, Adult Education Officer. ...	" The need for Adult Literacy Campaigns by College Students "
2.	Mr. Absalom. ...	" Rural & Slum Development "
3.	Sri G. Sathyanarayana. ...	" Some aspects of Social Service "
4.	Sri M. Bakthavathsalam. ...	" The Aims of Bharat Sevak Samaj "
5.	Mrs. V. T. Lakshmi. ...	" Women Students & Social Service "
6.	Dr. L. B. Granger, Chairman of the U.S.A. Delegation to the International Conference of social work. ...	" Organising a community for Social Action ".

FROM THE WATCH-TOWER

(An aspect of the activity of the Social Service League).

It was 4-30 in the evening. The rays of the sun had become less intense—and the shadows had lengthened out. The evening breezes, just released, were playing hide and seek amid the tress, creating changing patterns of sunshine on the ground.

And into this picture enters a small group of young women. They have among them a biscuit tin and a Bourn Vita tin, and seem to be marching up the road, with a determined look on their faces. Just back from a shopping jaunt perhaps? Or may be they are going to some Cookery centre or Home science laboratory?

They go past the University buildings and well, let's follow them.

A few thatched cottages spring into our vision. A dusty road strewn with bits of hay—a tap that was in great demand—a few cows tethered to the coconut trees—some more thatched houses. At last they have arrived. On the way a large group of children jumped and shouted in all directions. The girls gave a pleased look of recognition—(who would not like to be welcomed by this set of jolly urchins?).

A key changed hands and mysteriously there appeared some aluminium vessels. An obliging youth of the place had a potful of boiling water ready.

Meanwhile the clamouring children had managed to get themselves into one row without losing the tight hold that each one had on his tumbler. Inside the hut, milk was being " made ". From that biscuit tin came out the milk powder (we did guess that there was more in it than struck the eye, didn't we?). There was some vigorous stirring and more mixing and the sugar was added. The result: two huge vessels of creamy steaming milk.

Slowly the eager queue starts moving up—and each child is given his tumbler-ful of milk. Clutching it with unsteady hands—they retire to the various parts of the compound to drink the milk.

The scene is pleasing to the eyes. There is a little boy, sipping the milk delightedly, quite unconscious that he is sitting in the centre of the road. There a little girl, waiting for something—now her brother joins her, and they stand facing each other and gulp down the milk. Here is a little imp crying because it is hotter than he likes it—never mind son, it will cool soon.

The line of children has now become a random crowd—a crowd of contented kids. The clamour has died down—the rush hour is ended. The vessels disappear into the box again.

The evening coolness has set in. The sunbeams that dance on tree-tops are milder now. The canal with its overhanging boughs assumes an air of fascinating beauty. And in the distance the group of girls are seen on their way back home.

And this process goes on four times a week. Thanks to the Red Cross Society that has given a generous instalment of milk powder, and to the Social Service League which meets the other expenses—this distribution of milk to our starving children becomes a reality.

S. Anandalakshmy,
P. G. I. Economics.

THE N.C.C. UNIT.

Consequent on the reorganisation of our parent Battalion, the 1st (M) Bn NCC, this Coy known as the 'C' Coy is now designated as the 'HQ' Coy with effect from 1—9—'52., with an allotted strength of one Officer & 49 other ranks. Capt. Raghavan the then O.C. of 'C' Coy is now the 2nd in Command of our Bn & LT. C. V. Ramadas is the present O.C.

Besides the infantry unit here, there are 10 cadets belonging to the Artillery unit (NCC) and one cadet of the Air Wing of the NCC from this College.

On the reopening of the College there was the usual rush for the recruitment for the 28 vacancies existing in this Coy. 14 were filled up by cadets by re-enrolment, inter Coy transfers and the rest by the pick of the lot that rushed for recruitment.

The activities of this Coy started with the Independence Day parade followed by a ceremonial parade for the Commander-in-Chief's visit. The Coy also took part in the Guard of Honour presented to His Excellency the Chancellor of Madras University on the Convocation Day. During the Michaelmas holidays 10 cadets of this Coy attended the Cadre Camp held at Saidapet Holiday Home. This Coy with the cooperation of A & B Coys was responsible for the entire bandobusts when the Prime Minister visited this College on October 8th 1952.

The entire Coy attended the Annual Camp at Avadi. From our point of view the camp was quite a success. We annexed the Route March Shield and were placed second in 4 x 100 metres relay.

B & C Certificate examinations were also held at the camp and our men maintained their proud tradition by coming out with flying colours. Out of 9 candidates for 'C' Certificate, 8 passed and out of the 13 candidates sent up for 'B' Certificate 12 passed. The First & the Second of the 'C' Certificate and the second in 'B' certificate were from this Coy.

After returning from the camp the Sergeant Major lead a band of 11 other ranks to take part in the Republic Day Parade. On 27th January the NCC Day and Parents' day of the Battalion was celebrated at Pachiappas College, Grounds.

The Inter Section Competitions were also held. Besides these the usual routine jobs done by the cadets of this Coy were the volunteer duty on the Graduates' reception day & the College Day, etc.

The Sergeant Major takes this opportunity to congratulate and commend the services of the cadets of the coy, particularly the NCOs without whose tremendous turn-out of work and solid co-operation this grand year of success would not have materialised. The Coy's special thanks are also due to the Under Officer & the Officers of the Coy for their able guidance and valuable services.

S. Bashyam,
Sergeant Major.

OUR PLAYERS

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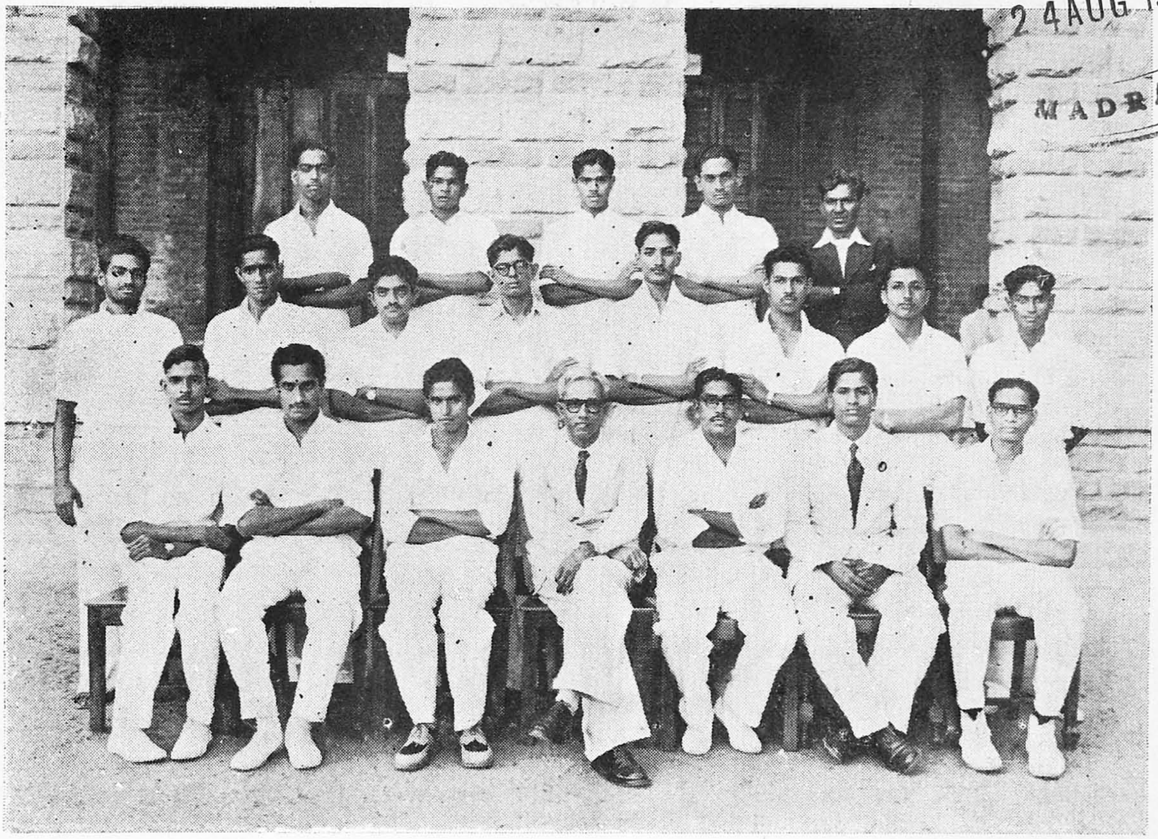
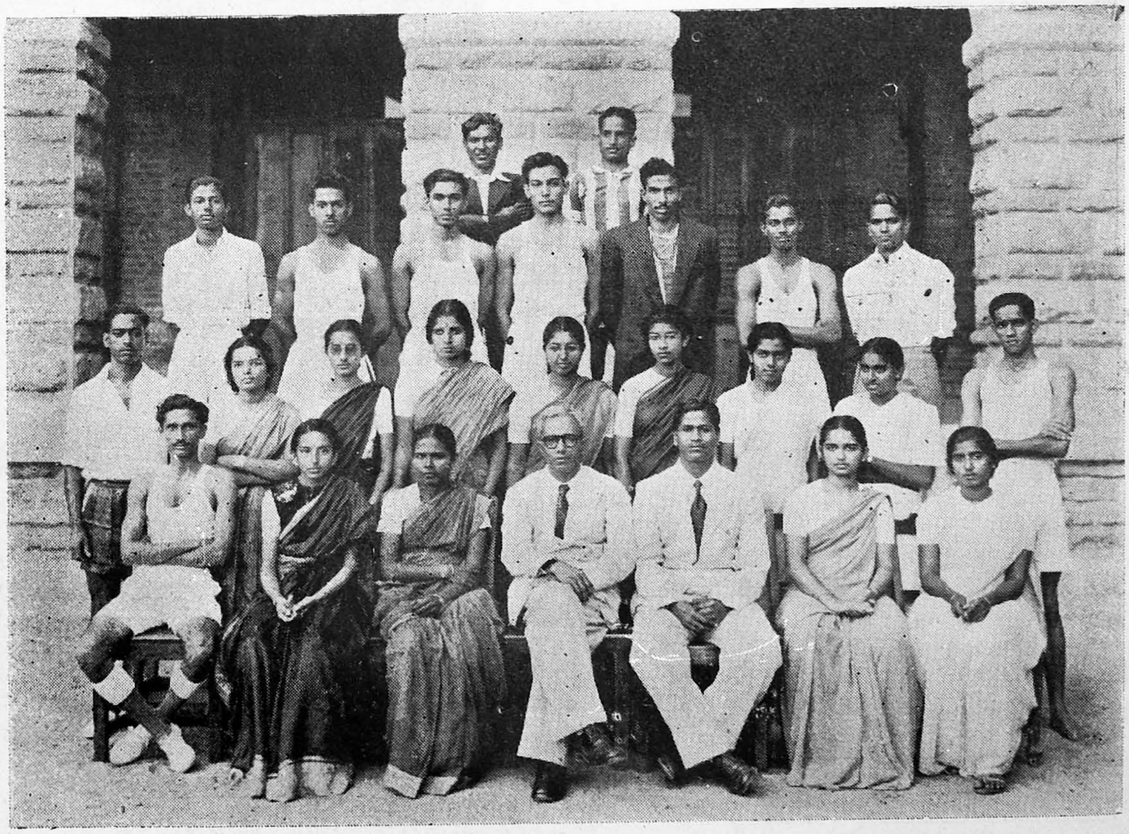


CRICKET



OUR ATHLETES

OUR PLAYERS

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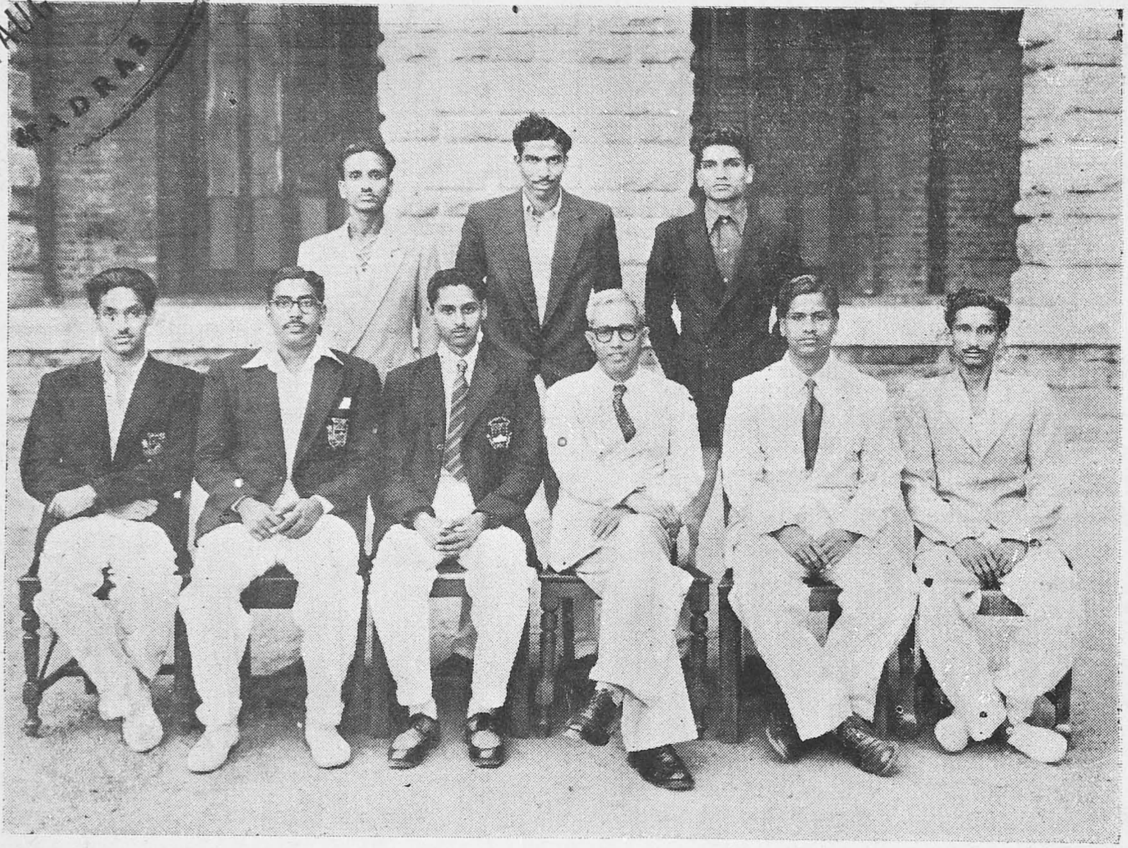


OUR CAPTAINS

BASKET BALL

From Our Captains

CRICKET.

Of the veterans of last year, we have only George Abraham left to us to assist our young cricket team. George has been a very consistent scorer this year. Time and again he pulled the College team out of tight corners with sterling performances with the bat and ball. He was also selected for the Combined University Team which played against the Pakistan Team at Bangalore. The omission of this all-rounder from the Madras State XI is rather surprising, particularly as he had been *showing always good form this year both in batting and bowling.*

In the League Tournament, out of seven matches, our cricket team won four, drew two and lost one. Many of our young players showed their promise by batting and bowling well in these matches. Gourishankar, Ranganathan and Venkataramani, *to mention a few, gave plenty of proof of their batting abilities.* As our bowling was not up to the mark, our seniors players George Abraham and T. B. Lakshmana Rao had to bowl for long spells in every match.

In the Knock-out tournament we lost to the Loyala College in the semi-finals. As *George Abrham has played four times for the University team,* he was not permitted to play for our College in the Knock-out tournament. Playing very well, our team of young players gave our opponents many anxious moments in this match. Gourishankar of III B.Sc. Class opened the innings and scored 81 in this match. We are hoping that this young team, with the experience gained this year, will be a force to reckon with in the next academic year.

T. B. Lakshmana Rao.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season commenced early in the year with the selection of a strong and well-balanced team, which was expected to render an excellent account of itself. But due to unforeseen circumstances, we were deprived of both the Trophies-the Stokes Shield, and the Maharaja of Mysore's Challenge Cup, the latter having been won by us for the previous two years.

No sooner had we played three matches in the League Tournament for the Maharaja of Mysore's Cup, than our star centre-forward, Ali Hussain, was injured, and took no further part in the League matches. Inspite of this great set-back, we played gallantly, and won five of the seven scheduled fixtures. In a crucial match *against the Govt.* Arts College, who are a strong combination, we did not have the services of our spirited centre-half, Basheer also, and we lost by a solitary goal! Subsequently, we drew with the Madras Medical College, and thus were out of the League.

In the Knock-Out Tournament for the Stokes Shield, we put up a marathon struggle to reach the finals. In the preliminary round, we played against the Engineering College thrice, before we forced a win. In the last match against them, Nanjapa, our extreme-left, fractured a rib in scoring a goal, and could not play for the team any more. He was replaced by P. V. Arulanandam in subsequent matches. *The worst blow of fate, however, was received in the finals of the Stokes Shield* against Loyola College. On the first day, the match ended in a goalless draw. In the re-play the next day, one of our best players, R. Vaidyanathan, was injured, when the game was ten minutes old, and had to leave the field. Gallantly playing with ten, we drew at full time, the score being 1—1. We were forced to play extra-time, and our opponents managed to force a victory.

Special mention must be made of Fr. Dennis and R. Vaidyanathan, whose performances were consistently good in all matches; and every one in the team deserves praise for his excellent team-work and co-operation.

Basheer and Ali Hussain had the honour of representing the Madras University in the Inter-University Tournament. Ali Hussain, who was last year's University centre-forward. gained the additional distinction of being the Vice-Captain of the University Team. We wish them greater glory in the future!

In conclusion, we wish to avail ourselves of this opportunity to convey our sincere thanks to all our well-wishers who witnessed, and cheered us at all our matches.

C. M. Sundaramurthi

TENNIS.

Tennis continued to enjoy its covetable position in the hierarchy of Presidencian games. S. Achuthan Nair was chosen the Captain of the team. Our performance in the Stanley Cup Tournament was good. A. J. Udayakumar became the runner-up in Singles. We were the runners up in the Singles event of the Inter-Collegiate Knock-out Tournament. Our players had no difficulty in defeating the Ceylon Law College Tennis team, which visited Madras recently. By far the greatest achievement of the year of which we can rightly be proud of is the winning of the Inter-Collegiate League Cup after a long interval.

A. J. Udayakumar, R. Narasimhan, S. Achuthan Nair, C. V. Subramaniam and Balakrishna Rao represented our College in the various Inter-Collegiate matches. The first two players were called to vindicate the honour of the Madras University in the Inter-University Tournament and they won laurels for the University and a great name to our College Tennis Club.

Our College Tournaments were closely contested, and the juniors showed great enthusiasm. The winner of the Open Singles event was A. J. Udayakumar. S. Achuthan Nair won the Handicap Singles title, and the Open Doubles was won by R. Narasimhan and C. V. Subramaniam.

We have, in V. Subramaniam, Vijayaraghavan and Prabhakar promising young players who with some more experience should be able to retain the trophy which we have won this year.

Women Tennis players Captained by Miss Usha Seshadri won the Women's Singles event and Sarala was the runner up. Usha Seshadri with Annie Cherian represented our College in the Inter.Collegiate League Tournament.

The College Mixed doubles matches are being played at the moment. Indira Menon and R. Narasimhan, Nirupam and Achuthan Nair, Sita and Udayakumar have turned out to be the favourites for the title at present.

S. Achuthan Nair.

FOOTBALL.

Our football has not been making any progress in recent years. We were not able to field our full team in the League and Knock-out tournaments as some of the players had to go on instructional tours arranged by their departments, and one or two were sick when important matches were played. It is hoped that better players and keener enthusiasts will come to our College next year.

Jaffar Hussain.

VOLLEYBALL.

Our College Volleyball team has done quite well this year and our team is reckoned as one of the strong teams of the City Colleges.

We have won 5 League matches and lost 2. This year we took part in the Loyola College Annual Tournament and we came up to the semi-finals, which is certainly a remarkable achievement in the history of the Presidency College Volleyball game. In Natarajan of III B.A. Economics, the team has a powerful hitter at the net. I am confident that with one or two more good players who may come next year, our College team will turn out to be the best team among the City Colleges.

G. M. Qureshi.

BASKETBALL.

Though we did not win many matches in the League and Knock-Out tournaments, our team was a much stronger side than any of its predecessors. We won against Stanley Medical College, Government Arts College and Jain College. We gave tough fight to all strong teams and were only beaten by a narrow margin every time. Our team which was quite strong at the beginning of the year was weakened on account of one or two good players going away to the Engineering College. In all the matches Hassan Ali, the Captain of the team distinguished himself by scoring the largest number of points. Others who played well are P. J. J. Raju, Syed Ali, Achuthan, Seetharaman and Thomas Jacob. The team with more concentrated practice can achieve very good results next year.

Hassan Ali.

BOXING.

Boxing received a boost this year. Mr. Vedagiri of the Surgeon-General's Office came to coach us. The team of eight of which four were new comers began systematic training in August. Our boxers, particularly Hassan Ali, evinced keen enthusiasm and good form in practice, and gave promise of bettering the prestige of the College in the ring. In the Inter-Collegiate Boxing meet held at Guindy, Purushotham and Rangaswami gave good display of clean fighting but were unfortunate to lose. Two of our men, Seetharaman, S. L. Smaller reached the finals in their weights. The former withdrew owing to a strained shoulder the latter won the middle weight Championship.

Our achievements, though not outstanding, are an improvement on previous years' performances, and I am sure and that future years will bring even greater victories.

S. L. Smaller.

ATHLETICS.

For the first time in many years we competed in the Inter-Collegiate Sports determined to achieve some result. Though we were far from winning the championship, our athletes, by their hard and spirited performance this year, have pointed out the possibility of accomplishing this feat in the next two or three years.

Brown of III Honours Statistics won the 1st place in Javelin with a throw of 154' 9". He followed it up with a 2nd place in Hop-Step-Jump by clearing 42' 2½". Devaraj Dhanram who was adjudged 2nd in Pole Vault, narrowly missed the 1st place in that event. N. S. Adisesh of IV B.A. Eco. strained every muscle of his to place himself 4th in the 400 metres race. The other athletes who took part with great enthusiasm are Basheer Ahmed Usmani, Captain for athletics, Rajamanickam, G. Subramaniam, R. Parthasarathy and R. Vaidyanathan. It was unlucky that

G. Subramaniam who was doing so well in the Pole Vault event, fell down and fractured his left arm.

We are hoping that next year this College will make a bold bid for the Inter-Collegiate Championship in athletics.

Bashir Ahmed Usmani.

ATHLETICS (WOMEN STUDENTS).

Thanks to the keenness and enthusiasm of some of our women students, who took part this year in the Inter-Collegiate Sports and won some places.

Indira Menon did well in Discus to get the 2nd place, while Uma Sundari losing her start in the fast Cycle race placed herself third with a fine burst of speed over the last hundred yards. The other women students who took active and enthusiastic part in the Sports are Radha, Fathima, Rasheeda, Nirupam, Vimala, Sarojini, Gunavathi, Seetha and Kamala Daniel.

It is hoped that this year's achievements will spur them to greater efforts in the next year's Inter-Collegiate Sports.

Rasheeda.

WOMEN STUDENTS' CLUB.

Our Women students also took active part in all the sporting activities of the College. We entered in the Inter-Collegiate tournaments in all the games. Thanks to our Tenikoit pair, Annie Cherian and Kamala Daniel, our College won the Tenikoit Doubles Championship this year. They were selected to represent Madras Division in Tenikoit Doubles against Madura Division, in which they became runners-up.

In the second term, we participated in the Inter-Collegiate Badminton and Net Ball tournaments. We became the runners-up in Badminton. As our star players like Miss Sarala and Miss Rajeswari were not available, we could not field our full team in the Badminton finals.

For the first time in this College, we recently introduced Base Ball for our Women students. We hope it will soon become popular with them.

Rasheeda.

The Old Students' Association.

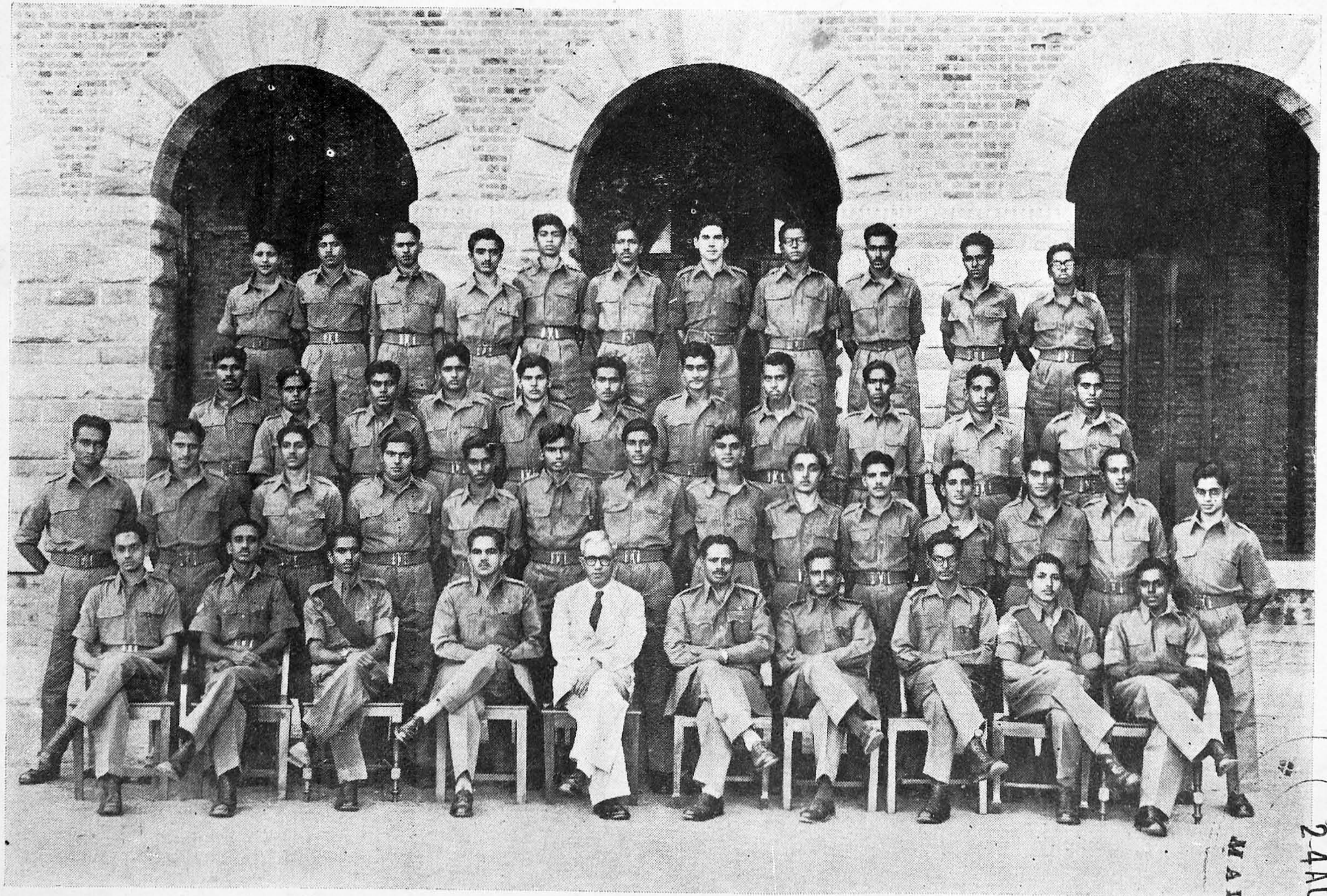
List of Patrons and Life Members enrolled during 1952.

Patrons :

1. Sri M. V. G. Appa Rao, Sarathkala, Cenotaph Road, Madras-18.
2. Sri K. Santhanam, B.A., B.L., Lt-Governor, Vindhya Pradesh, Rewa.

Life Members :

1. 2nd Lft. Sri P. R. Viswanath, Officer in the Army, No. 2, Karpagambalnagar, Mylapore, Madras-4.
2. Srimathi Malathi Kasthuri, 23, Royapettah High Road, Madras.
3. Srimathi K. Sumana, 43, Luz Church Road, Madras-4.
4. Sri V. K. Thiruvenkatachari, Advocate-General, 132, Lloyds Road, Gopalapuram, Madras-6.
5. Sri K. S. Hegde, M.A., B.L., Advocate, Member of the Council of State, Mangalore State.
6. Miss K. C. Annapurna, D/O. Sri Kasthuri Seshagiri Rao.
7. Sri K. P. Gopal Rao, 1, Sriramnagar Street, Teynampet, Madras-18.



1st Madras B. N. N. C. C. "C" Coy. (Presidency College).

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A Distinguished Presidencian

THE LATE SHRI N. GOPALASWAMI AYYANGAR,

Minister for Defence in the Govt. of India.

(Photo by courtesy of "The Swadesimithran")

The Prime Minister's Address to the Council of States on 11th February, 1953

on the death of

SHRI N. GOPALASWAMI AYYANGAR,

Minister for Defence.

Mr. Chairman, before this House enters upon the labours of this session, may I refer to the passing away of a colleague of ours and the Leader of this House, Shri Gopalaswami Ayyangar? During the last session he was unable to attend to the business of this House because of his illness, and we all thought that it was, if I might call it so, a temporary illness which would pass, because we could not reconcile ourselves to the thought that he would not come back. We had come to rely upon him in so many matters that, as often happens, he became, in his own way, a kind of institution in Government to whom all turned for advice whenever any difficulty arose. And so we took this institution for granted. When untoward events take place, they rather shake up the whole fabric of things. So it has been in this case, and though we grieve for him, in reality we grieve for ourselves, because he is not there for us to turn to. We may send our messages of sympathy to his family and others, and it is right that we should do so; but those who require most sympathy are ourselves.

Mr. Gopalaswami Ayyangar had a background and a record which, I suppose, is unusual in this House or among members of Government. Starting in the junior scale of Government service, he rose step by step till he seemed to be peculiarly fitted for any difficult problem or post of responsibility that might arise. In the course of his long and varied career he was, as the House might know, Prime Minister of the State of Jammu and Kashmir for five or six years. Those years were difficult years. Those years were war years mostly, when there was trouble all over India. There would undoubtedly have been trouble in Kashmir too but for his wise guidance of affairs there. And then, later on, when the burden of forming a Government came upon us, naturally we tried to get, so far as we could, others to help us, others who had not been previously associated with us.

And among those others, Shri Gopalaswami Ayyangar was an outstanding person on whom immediately everyone's eyes fell and thoughts turned. He joined us. Speaking for myself I had heard of him, and respected him from a distance, but I did not know him well. Nor did he know me intimately. But gradually, working together from day to day, we came to know each other more and more intimately, and I came to look upon him with ever-growing respect and affection. And it is difficult for me to say—I realise that more now than even perhaps I did before—how much my colleagues in Government and more especially I relied upon his advice whenever any problem of difficulty arose.

As the House knows, he was responsible for carrying on the work of various Ministries from time to time. He was Minister for Railways and Transport--a very big undertaking. Then he became Minister for States, and then Minister of Defence. But apart from all these very heavy posts of responsibility, he was put specially in charge alwavs whenever any new problem

arose. Thus, he was in a sense a specialist to advise us generally about our relations with Pakistan. As the House knows, they had caused us considerable difficulty in the past. He was a specialist in regard to Kashmir, not only because of his past knowledge of Kashmir as Prime Minister there—his knowledge not only of the problem but of the individuals there, of the principal actors on the scene there who had acted during the last 10 or 12 years on every party—but also because of his full grasp of that problem from the legal, constitutional and public points of view.

Problems arose about rehabilitation. My colleague the Minister for Rehabilitation went to him whenever difficulty arose, not only the present Minister, but the Minister before him too. And so, in a variety of other ways, he became a wise elder brother, speaking from his experience and giving us advice whenever we needed it.

This House knows him well; and he functioned for some time as the Leader of this House. But I should like to tell this House that in the course of the last day and a half I have received a very large number of messages of sympathy from all over the country and many from abroad.

Among those messages of sympathy many have come which were expected, that is to say, from persons who he had known, and his colleagues in the State Governments—he was associated with the States Ministry, and from other States too—but the messages which have moved me most have come from organisations of workers in various parts of India. It was not necessary for them to send a message. There was no formality for them to send it. But they did send it. The wording of these messages shows the affection in which he was held by them—railway workers, workers in ordnance factories with which he was connected recently as Minister of Defence. So I was moved when these messages came to me, and I realised even more than I had done previously how far-reaching and pervading and good had been his influence in this country, not only in the inner circles of Government—that I knew—but something wider than that, and deeper than that.

Then again, the feeling came to me of the lack of him now, and that feeling was a painful one, because it was not clear to me how that gap could be filled. Anyhow we have to face such contingencies from time to time. Life goes on, and generations pass away, and others come. Some of us more or less of Shri Gopalaswami Ayyangar's generation will also pass away, and others will have to shoulder the burden. But, so long as we have to carry on, we have to learn the lesson of Shri Gopalaswami Ayyangar who stood at his post, as a soldier, till his strength utterly left. He sought no repose or leisure in retirement which he might have done. So, we mourn for him and for ourselves in the passing away of a great son of India and a great soldier of this country.

I would like you, sir, and, in this I am quite sure I reflect the sentiments of each single Member of this House, to record our high appreciation of Shri Gopalaswami Ayyangar and to convey the deepest sympathies of this House to his wife and family.

॥ संस्कृतभाषायाः पारम्यम् ॥

(By कि. ललिता, तृतीयकक्ष्या)

भाषापरिष्करणानि त्रीणि शास्त्राणि सन्ति, व्याकरणशास्त्रम् अलङ्कारशास्त्रं, वृत्तशास्त्रम् इति । व्याकरणशास्त्रं तावत् प्रकृतिप्रत्ययविभागं प्रदर्श्य अर्थवर्णनेन पदानां संस्कारं आतनोति । अलङ्कारशास्त्रं तु गद्यपद्यात्मककाव्यानां लक्षणप्रदर्शनमुखेन, "एवंरीत्या पदार्थयोः योजनेन सहृदयहृदयाह्लादः भवति, एवँयोजनेन न भवति" इति विविच्य बोधयति । वृत्तशास्त्रं तु पदघटितेषु श्लोकेषु गुरुलघ्वादिवर्णविन्यासक्रमं उपदिशति । एवंरीत्या अनन्तपारैरभिः त्रिभिरपि शास्त्रैः सम्यक्संस्कृतत्वात् अस्याः भाषायाः संस्कृतभाषेति व्यपदेशः सुतरां युज्यते । एवं न अन्यासां भाषाणां सुविपुलैरेभिश्शास्त्रैः परिष्कृतत्वं दृश्यते ॥

यद्यपि देवाः सर्वभाषाभिज्ञाः तथापि ते संस्कृतभाषामेव मातृभाषात्वेन उपयुञ्जते । अत एव अस्याः भाषायाः 'देवभाषा गीर्वाणभाषा' इति च प्रसिद्धिर्विद्यते । बहुविधभाषाभिज्ञस्यापि मातृभाषायां विशेष आदरः वर्तत इति सार्वजनीनोऽयं विषयः । तस्मादेव देवानाम् आराधनकाले संस्कृतभाषयैव सर्वोऽपि व्यवहारः क्रियते । तत्र उपयुज्यमानाः मन्त्राश्च संस्कृतभाषानिबद्धा एव स्वीक्रियन्ते । देवभाषायाः मनुष्यैः मातृभाषात्वेन अनङ्गीकारेऽपि न मृतभाषात्वापत्तिः देवभाषेति तस्याः नामैव देवानामेव मातृभाषा न मनुष्याणां इत्यर्थं बोधयति । देवैस्सह व्यवहरणदशायां उपयोज्या भाषा इति वा देवभाषाशब्दस्य अर्थं परिकल्पयामः । तेनापि अमृतत्वमेव अस्याः भाषायाः सिद्ध्यति । इदानीमपि देवताराधनकाले सैव उपयुज्यते ॥

अस्मदीयाः शास्त्रकाराः, "ईश्वरोऽपि गतकल्पीयं वेदं स्मृत्वा अस्मिन् कल्पे उपदिशति" इत्यभ्युपगच्छन्तः वेदानाम् अपौरुषेयत्वम्, अनादित्वं च आमनन्ति । तेच वेदाः संस्कृतभाषामयाः इत्यतः अस्याः भाषायाः अनादित्वं सिद्ध्यति । संस्कृतग्रन्थजातचरित्रविमर्शकाः पाश्चात्यपण्डिता अपि ऋग्वेदात् प्राचीनतरो ग्रन्थो लोके नास्तीति प्रतिपादयन्ति । तेनापि अस्याः पुराणत्वम् अवगम्यते । अस्याः भाषायाः एव मातृकाक्षराणि बहुलानि । तद्घटितपदान्यपि संख्यातीतानि ॥

उपमालङ्कारस्य सर्वालङ्कारव्यापित्वात् सर्वाभ्युपगतत्वाच्च आलंकारिकाः तस्य प्राधान्यं वर्णयन्ति । अत एव कविशिरोमणिना कालिदासेन उपमालङ्कार एव बाहुल्येन स्वग्रन्थेषु निबद्धः ।

उपमालङ्कारस्थले उपमानोपमेययोः लिङ्गतोऽपि साद्दश्यमावश्यकम्। तच्च संस्कृतभाषायामेव सौलभ्येन संपादयितुं शक्यम्। अस्यामेव भाषायां लिङ्गानां शब्दधर्मत्वं वर्णितम्। न इतरभाषासु।

"वागर्थाविव संपृक्तौ वागर्थप्रतिपत्तये।
जगतः पितरौ वन्दे पार्वतीपरमेश्वरौ॥"

अस्मिन् पद्ये पार्वत्याः वाक्, परमेश्वरस्य अर्थश्च उपमानतया प्रतिपादितौ। वाक्शब्दस्य स्त्रीलिङ्गत्वात् तद्बोध्यत्वमहिम्ना शब्दस्य स्त्रीरूपत्वं, अर्थशब्दस्य पुंलिङ्गत्वात् तद्बोध्यस्य वस्तुनः पुरुषरूपत्वं च अवगम्यते। अतः शब्दार्थयोः पार्वतीपरमेश्वरोपमानत्वं युज्यते। एवम् इतरालङ्काराणामपि सर्वेषां घटना बाहुल्येन संस्कृतभाषायामेव दृश्यते संस्कृतभाषाभिज्ञाः पूर्वपुरुषाः इमं लोकं नश्वरं जानन्तः भौतिकतत्वपरीक्षाविमुखास्सन्तः तत्र ग्रन्थान् न रचयामासुः। आत्मतत्वपरीक्षोपयोगिनः ग्रन्थानेव व्यरचयन्। एतावता तेषां न बुद्धिकौशलाभावप्रतिपादनं सर्वात्मना युज्यते॥

अलसाः केचित् अस्यां भाषायां सौलभ्यं नास्तीति दोषमारोपयन्ति। तन्न विचारसहम्। "अनभ्यासे विषं शास्त्रं" इति वृद्धानां वचनम्। "विद्यामभ्यसनेनैव प्रसादयितुमर्हसि" इति कालिदासस्य उक्तिश्च संस्कृतभाषायाः असौलभ्यं वर्णयतः समादधाते। आलस्यात् तीव्रप्रयत्नमनङ्गीकृत्य अभ्यस्यतां एषा भाषा असुलभैव। किञ्चित् परिश्रम्य कतिपयपदान्यारूढानां ज्ञातरसानां, उपर्युपरि तस्याः भाषायाः अध्ययने दृढा प्रवृत्तिः स्यात् इति विश्वसिमि। क्वाहं मन्दमतिः क्व संस्कृतभाषायाः पारम्यवर्णनम्, इतिशम्॥

"देवी! दो वरदान मुझे इक
आज भिखारी बन कर आया।
ढूंढा जग का कोना कोना
दाता ऐसा कहीं न पाया"।

चौंकी, पीछे मुड़ कर देखा
कर पसारे एक आरोही
याचक रूप में खड़ा हुआ
था, दृष्टि उसकी थी मोही।

"कहते क्या हो ऐ राही।
दान माँगते बैरागिन से?
स्वयं सब कुछ त्यागा जिसने
याचना करते क्या उसीसे?"

"रूप यौवन की प्रतिमा तुम
सृष्टि का वैभव श्रृंगार।
कलाकार की तूलिका से
निःसृत हृदयके उद्गार।

प्रकृति का सौन्दर्य अतुल
तुम में है निहित साकार।
अंग अंग की छवि तुम्हारी
देती कला को भी आकार।

इस अतुल धन राशि को तुम
चुरा, छिपी निर्जन बन में।
जिसे खोजने निकला, वह
मिली सम्पदा इस बन में।

यद्यपि हूं मैं राज नरेश,
हूं फिर भी मैं याचक तेरा,
भिक्षा मांग रहा तुमसे, दो
दान, हो उपकार मेरा।"

"करते हो भूल आरोही,
भूल रहे हो पथ अपना।
माना सत्य जिसे तुमने, है
मोह भरा वह इक सपना।

झूठे जग की झूठी माया
क्यों इस में भरमाते हो।
मोह जाल में फंस धंस कर
क्यों अस्तित्व तुम गँवाते हो?

मिट्टी की काया को देख
खो बैठे अपना विवेक,
क्या चुटकी भर माटी से
तुम, करोगे अपना अभिषेक?

माया निद्रा से जागो तुम
नश्वरता का छोड़ो साथ
मुक्ति का एक मात्र प्रसाद
मिलेगा, पकड़ो प्रभु का हाथ।"

देव बालिका सी वैरागिन
इतना कह हो गयी मौन।
अमृत वर्षा कर, कुंजों में
अदृश्य हुयी कहाँ, जाने कौन?

स्वतन्त्र लता शर्मा
पी. जी. २

OUR PLAYERS

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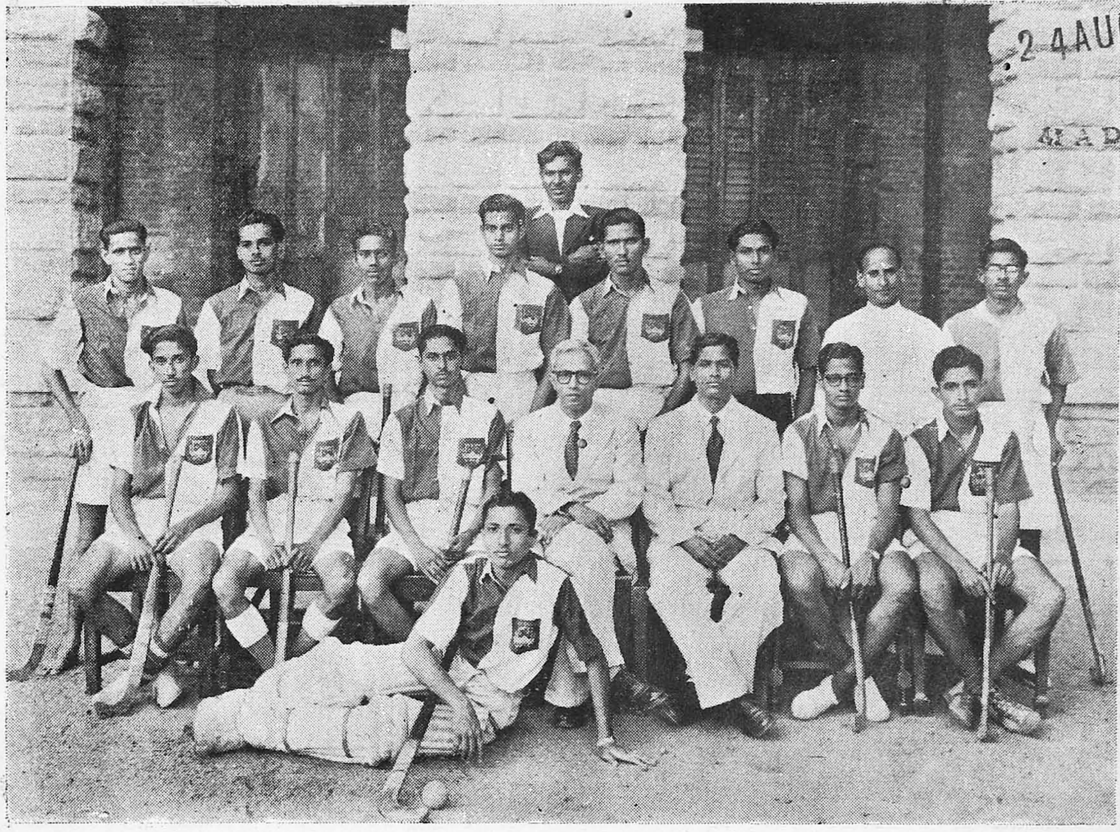
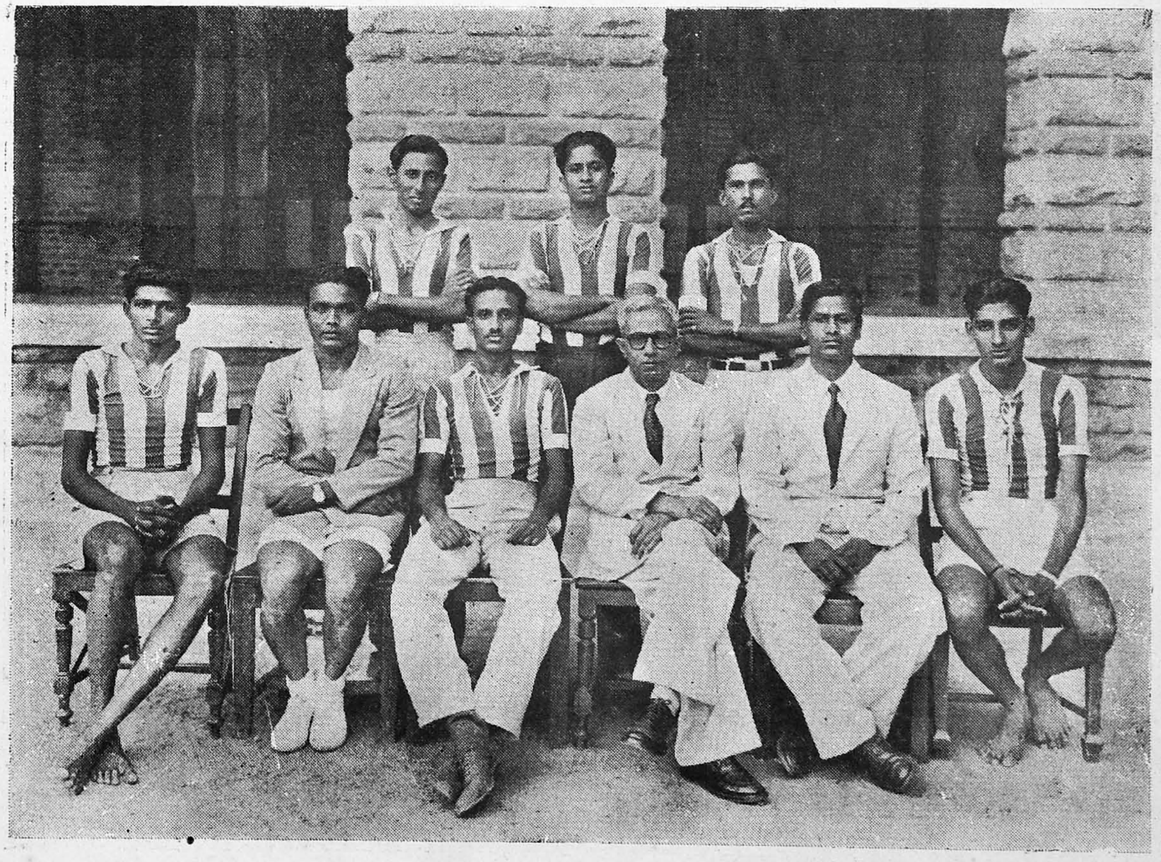


HOCKEY



VOLLEY BALL

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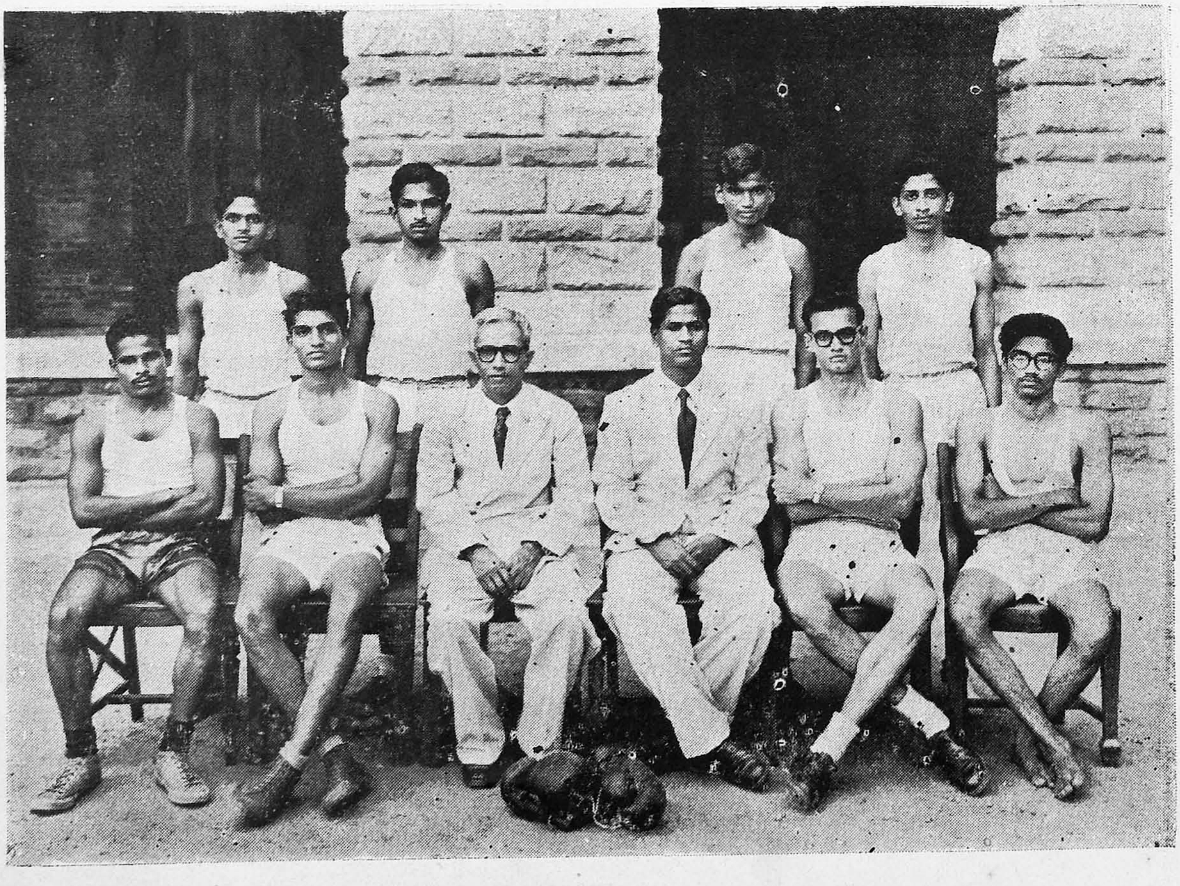
FOOT BALL



BOXING

காதல் பாட்டு

செங்கரும்பு நீள்வயல்கள், வாழைத் தோட்டம்,
　　செவ்விளநீர்த் தென்னைமரம், தெண்ணீ ரோடை,
கொங்கருந்து சிட்டுக்கள், கிளையில் தாவிக்
　　குதித்தோடும் அணிற்பிள்ளை, தென்றல் காற்று
எங்கிருந்தோ கொண்டுவரும் இனிய ஓசை
　　இவையிருக்கும் இடத்தெதிரே நீல் வானம்—
சங்கிருந்த வெண்ணகையாய் ! இவ்வி டத்தே
　　தானாகப் பிறவாதோ காதல் பாட்டு ?

வான்பிளந்து வழிகின்ற அருவி, அங்கே
　　மங்கையரின் உடல்போன்ற கொடிகள், பாங்கில்
நான்பிறந்த நாட்டைப்போல் பசுமை, தென்றல்
　　நட்டுவனார் ஆட்டிவைக்கும் பசிய கொம்பு,
தான்பிறந்த நாட்டுக்கு வாழ்த்துப் பாடும்
　　நற்குயிலின் சந்தப்பண்—இவ்வி டத்தே
தேன்பிறந்த மொழிவளர்க்கும் இதழ்மென் பாவாய் !
　　தெம்பாகப் பிறவாதோ காதல் பாட்டு ?

பனையோலைக் கூரையிலே எலியின் கீதம்,
　　பழந்தூணில் ஆண்எலியின் ஆசைப் பாய்ச்சல்,
சுனைபோல வாழ்க்கைநெறி பொங்கி நிற்கும்
　　தூயமனத் தறிஞர்களின் நூல்கள், அன்பு
மனையாளின் இளம்நாணம், அவள் வயிற்று
　　மழலைப்பிஞ்(சு) இதழ்விரிக்கும் அழகு—அங்கு
சினைமேகத் திருள்காட்டும குழல்மென் பாவாய்!
　　சிறப்பாகப் பிறவாதோ காதல் பாட்டு ?

நெல்வயலில் பொன்விளைந்த தென்னும் செந்நெல்,
　　நீள்வரப்பில் அறுகம்புல் மெத்தை, காலில்
பல்லிசையோ டினிதோடும் தண்ணீர், அங்கே
　　பரந்திருக்கும் மஞ்சள்வெயி லாடை, ஊடே
அல்லிமலர் மெல்லடியாள், எதிரே வீர
　　ஆணழகன் ஏறுநடை—இவ்வி டத்தே
கல்வியிலா தொளிவளரும் கருங்கண் பாவாய் !
　　கனிவாகப் பிறவாதோ காதல் பாட்டு ?

கடற்கரையைப் பார்த்திருக்கும் கல்விக் கூடம்,
　　கடல்திரையில் தெறிக்கின்ற நீர்முத் துக்கள்,
உடல்திரைகள் நெளிகின்ற மாதர் கூட்டம்,
　　ஒவ்வொருவர் நடைஇடைகண் பேசும் மாற்றம்
கடல்திரையில் கதிர்நிலவின் ஒளியைப் போல
　　கற்போரின் முகத்தில் உளத்தெண்ணம், அங்கே
அடல்திரையைப் பிளந்தெழுந்த கதிர்க்கன் னத்தாய் !
　　அதுவாகப் பிறவாதோ காதல் பாட்டு ?

வீர. மகாலிங்கம், IV (Hons.) Tamil.

யானும் நீயும்

சென்ற ஆண்டு; பொங்கலுக்கு மறுநாள்; நன்றாக நினைவிருக்கிறது. மாலைச் செய்தித்தாள் வந்தது; நான் பேராவலுடன் அதை எடுத்துப் பிரித்தேன். நான் எண்ணியதற்கும் மேலாக, புகைப்படமே வந்திருந்தது! என்னுடைய புகைப்படம்—செய்தித்தாளிலே! அதுவும் எப்படி? ஊரின் ஒதுக்குப் புறத்திலே இருந்த சேரி ஒன்றின் மக்களுக்கு நான் தூய்மையின் இன்றியமையாமையை விளக்கிச் சொற்பொழி வாற்றிக் கொண்டிருந்த நிலையில்! என் மனம் மகிழ்ச்சியினால் நிரம்பியது. அப்படத்தின் கீழ் இருந்த சிறுகுறிப்பு, பின்னும் மகிழ்ச்சியைக் கொணர்ந்து கொட்டியது: "............கல்லூரி மாணவி திருவாட்டி அருள்மொழி இவ்விளம் வயதில் சமூகத் தொண்டு செய்ய முன்வந்திருப்பது போற்றற் குரியது. நேற்றுப் பொங்கலன்று அருள்மொழி அவர்கள் சேரிமக்களுக்குத் தூய்மையின் இன்றியமையாமையை விளக்கிச் சொல்லிக் கொண்டிருந்தபோது எடுத்த படம்."

அன்று இரவு முழுவதும் கனவிலும் நினைவிலும் நான் என்னைப் பெரும் சமூகத் தொண்டராகக் கண்டு கொண்டிருந்தேன். மறுநாள் காலை எழுந்தும் அதே நினைவு............ கல்லூரியில் எல்லோரும் என்னை எப்படிப் போற்றிப் புகழ்வார்கள்! கல்லூரிக்குச் செல்ல என்றுமில்லாதபடி அன்று நான் துடித்தேன். நான் எதிர் பார்த்தது வீண்போகவில்லை; கல்லூரித் தலைவர் முதல் ஆசிரியர்கள் வரை, உடன் பயிலும், பயிலாத மாணவத் தோழர்களும் தோழியர்களும்—யாவரும் என்னை ஒருமுக மாகப் போற்றிப் புகழ்ந்தனர். ஆனால்.........ஆனால்.........இளங்கோ? அவன் ஏன் யாதும் கூறவில்லை? தொண்டு செய்வதற்கெனவே பிறந்தவனெனலாமே அவனை? அவன் இதனைப் பார்க்கவில்லையா? அல்லது பார்த்தும் வாளாவிருக்கின்றானா? என் மனம் அலைபாய்ந்தது. பொறுக்கவில்லை. இடைவேளையில் நானே அவனைத் தேடிச் சென்றேன். நான்தான் எங்கள் கல்லூரித் தொண்டர் கழகத்தின் செயலாளர்; அவனோ அதிலே சேரக்கூட இல்லை. எனினும் அவனுக்குத் தொண்டிலே விருப்பம் உண்டு. அவன் அதைச் சொல்லிக் கொள்வதில்லை; ஆயினும் அனைவரும் அதனை அறிவர். துன்பம் எங்கிருந்தாலும் துடைக்க விரைவான் அவன்.

நான் பற்பல இடங்களிலும் தேடி அவனைக் கண்டுபிடித்தபோது, கல்லூரிச் சிற்றுண்டிச்சாலையில் உண்கலங்களைத் துலக்கும் ஏழு வயதுச் சிறுமியுடன் உரையாடிக் கொண்டிருந்தான். என்னைக் கண்டதும் அவனது இன்முகத்தில் புன்னகை மலர்ந்தது. என் கையில் சுருட்டியிருந்த செய்தித் தாளையும் அவன் கண்கள் கண்டன. அவன் காணவேண்டுமென்பதுதான் எனது நோக்கம்! எனினும் சிறிது நேரம் சென்ற பின்பும் அதைப்பற்றிப் பேசவில்லை அவன். என் பொறுமையோ எல்லை கடந்தது.

"என் படம் நேற்றுச் செய்தித்தாளில் வந்திருந்ததே, நீ கண்டனையன்றோ?" என்று நானே வினவினேன். அவன் அமைதியாகச் சொன்னான், 'கண்டேன்' என்று. எனக்கு உண்மையாகவே சினம் தோன்றியது. இருந்தாலும் அடக்கிக் கொண்டேன். "இன்று கல்லூரித் தலைவர் கூட என்னை அழைத்துப் பாராட்டினார். உன்னிடம் சொல்ல எண்ணியே உன்னைத் தேடி வந்தேன்" என்று கூறிய பின்புங்கூட அவன் என்னைப் பாராட்டி ஏதும் கூறவில்லை. அதற்கு மாறாக, அமைதியாக அமர்ந்திருந்த அவனது முகத்திலே ஏமாற்றத்தின் நிழல் ஓடியது. நான் கேட்டேன், "இதில் உனக்கு மகிழ்ச்சி இல்லையா?" என்று. அதற்கு அவன் அளித்த மறுமொழி என்னிடத்தில் அது ஒரு பெரும் புரட்சியை உண்டாக்கிற்று. மிகவும் அமைதியாகவே தொடங்கினான் அவன்: "அருள்மொழி! உண்மையைச் சொல்ல வேண்டுமானால், இச்செய்தி எனக்குத் துளிக்கூட மகிழ்ச்சியைத் தரவில்லை. நீ செய்த இச்செயலினால் எவ்வளவு நன்மை, எவ்வளவு பயன், ஏற்பட்டுவிடும் என்று எண்ணுகிறாய்? நீ நினைக்க லாம், அச்சேரி மக்களுக்குத் தூய்மையின் அருமை தெரியவில்லை, அவர்கள் அறிவிலி

கள், அதனாலேதான் அவ்வளவு அசுத்தத்திற்கு நடுவே வாழுகிறார்கள் என்று. ஆயின், அங்ஙனமன்று. சமூகம் அவர்கட்கு அளித்திருக்கும் வாய்ப்பு அத்துணைதான். எட்டடி, மிகுந்தால் பத்தடி, சதுரத்தில் ஓர் ஓட்டைக் குடிசைதான் அவர்கட்கு எல்லாம். அவர்களுடைய அடுக்களையும் அதுதான், படுக்கையறையும் அதுதான்; வரவேற்பு அறையும் அதுதான், வாழும் அறையும் அதுதான். சுருக்கமாகச் சொன்னால், அவர்களுடைய வாழ்வு தாழ்வு, பிறப்பு இறப்பு எல்லாமே அந்த ஓர் இருட்டு அறைக்குள்தான் நடக்கவேண்டும். இதிலே அவர்கள் தூய்மையாக வாழ்வது எப்படி? அவர்களுக்குக் கிடைக்கும் தண்ணீர் எது தெரியுமா? தெருக்களில் இரும்பு மூடிக்கு அடியில் பொங்கி வருகிறதே அந்த நீர்தான் அவர்களுடைய மேனியைக் கழுவ வேண்டும்; துணியினைத் துவைக்க வேண்டும். குழந்தைகள் அழுக்கிலும் தூசியிலும் விளையாடி உடலெங்கும் புழுதியோடு நின்று கொண்டிருப்பதாகச் சொல்லுவாய். சேரி வாயிலில், நன்றாகத் 'தார்' போடப்பட்ட சாலையிலே நின்று சொற்பொழிவு நிகழ்த்திய நீ சேரிக்குள் சென்று பார்த்தாயா? அங்கே புழுதியில்லாத இடம் எது? குடிசைக்குள் இருக்கும் 64 சதுர அடி இடம் மட்டுமே. அதிலே நோயால் வாடும் சேய் இறந்து கொண்டிருக்கத்தான் இடம் இருக்குமே தவிர, மற்றக் குழந்தைகள் விளையாட இடம் ஏது? கால் வயிற்றுக் கஞ்சிக்குப் படாதபாடுபடும் அந்தத் தாய் தன் குழந்தைக்கு விளையாடப் 'பிளாஸ்டிக்' செப்புகளும், பொம்மை மோட்டாரும், சாவி கொடுத்தால் ஓடும் வான ஊர்தியும், கண்ணை மூடித்திறக்கும் பாவைகளும் வாங்கித் தருவாள் என்று நினைத்தாயா?"

இதற்கு மேல் என்னால் பொறுக்க முடியவில்லை. ஆயின் என் உள்ளம் சினங் கொள்ளவில்லை; அவன் சொன்னதில் உண்மை இருந்தது. ஓரளவு அமைதியுடனேயே "அப்படியாயின் நான் செய்தது எல்லாமே தவறு என்கிறாயா? என்று கேட்டேன் நான். மறுபடியும் தொடங்கினான் அவன்: "இல்லை; அப்படிச் சொல்லவில்லை. இருந்தாலும், வாய்ப்புக்கள் பல இருந்தும் அவற்றைப் பயன்படுத்தாது அவர்கள் அசுத்தத்திற்கு இடையே வாழ்ந்தால் நீ சொல்வதெல்லாம் முற்றிலும் சரியாக இருக்கும். ஆனால், இன்றையச் சமூகம் இருக்கும் நிலையிலே அவர்களுக்கு அளிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கும் வாய்ப்புக் கள் மிகக்குறைந்தனவே. எனவே, நீ சேரிக்குள்ளே சென்று ஒவ்வொரு தாயுடனும் பேசி, அவர்களுக்கு இருக்கும் குறைந்த வாய்ப்புக்களைக் கொண்டே அவர்கள் எப்படித் தூய்மையாக வாழலாம் என்று காட்ட முயன்றிருக்கலாம். இருக்கும் சிற்சில உணவுப் பொருள்கள் திறந்து கிடக்காமல் மூடி வைக்கும்படி செய்யலாம். ஆளுக்கு அரையணா விற்கு ஒவ்வொரு சீப்பு வாங்கித் தந்து, தலையில் அழுக்கும் பேனும் சேராமல் பார்த்துக் கொள்ளமுடியும் என்று அறிவுறுத்தியிருக்கலாம். குப்பையும் செத்தையும் இடமெங்கும் இறைந்து கிடக்காமல் இருக்கும்படிப் பார்த்துக் கொள்வது ஒவ்வொரு வருடைய பொறுப்பும் என்பதை அவர்கள் மனத்திலே பதியவைக்க முயன்றிருக்க லாம். ஓழிந்த நேரங்களில் அவருடைய அறிவுக்குருட்டினைப் போக்கி அவர்க்குக் கண் கொடுக்க முயன்றிருக்கலாம். சுருக்கமாகச் சொன்னால், நீ செய்ய விரும்புவன வற்றையெல்லாம் சொல்ல நினைப்பதைவிடச் சொல்ல விரும்புவதை யெல்லாம் செய்து காட்டலாம். சமுதாயமும் நாகரிகமும் மனிதனுடைய செயலின் அளவுகோல்கள்தாம். இதை நீ அறிய வேண்டும்; அன்றுதான் நான் உண்மையாக மகிழ்ச்சி யடைவேன்."

அவனுடைய உணர்ச்சி நிரம்பிய, உண்மை நிரம்பிய சொன்மாரி முடிவடைந் தது. நான் சிலைபோல் அசைவற்றிருந்தேன். சிறிது நேரத்திற்குப் பின் உணர்வு வந்தது, ஆம்; உணர்வு வந்தது! செல்வத்திலே பிறந்து செல்வத்திலே வளர்ந்தும், செல்வத்திலே திளைக்காத வாழ்க்கை வாழும் இளங்கோவை உணர்ந்தேன். நாலு முழத் துணியிலே நல்லமைதி பெறும் அவனது உயர்ந்த உள்ளத்தை உணர்ந்தேன். இடையிலே உடுத்தியிருந்த விலையுயர்ந்த பட்டுச்சேலை என் உள்ளத்தை உறுத்தியது;

அவனுடைய பெருமையை உணர்ந்தேன்; என்னுடைய சிறுமையை உணர்ந்தேன்; வாய் திறந்து பேசக் கூசினேன்; பேசாது நின்றேன். இறுதியாக, மிகவும் முயன்று அவனது கருத்தை நான் உணர்ந்து கொண்டதையும், அதை நடைமுறையில் கொண்டு வரப் பாடுபடுவேன் என்பதையும் கூறினேன். அஞ்சாமை நிரம்பிய அவனது ஒளி வீசும் முகத்திலே அரும்பிய நம்பிக்கையுடன் கலந்த புன்முறுவல் எனக்குப் பின்னும் ஊக்கமளித்தது.

அன்றிலிருந்து நான் புதியவளாகி விட்டேன். ஆகி விட்டதாக எப்போதும், எப்போதும், உறுதியாக நம்பினேன். அவனுடைய உணர்ச்சிப் பெருக்கான சொன் மாரி என்னிடம் ஒரு புதிய ஆற்றலை உண்டாக்கியிருந்தது. என்னால் எதையும் எண்ணிப் பார்க்க முடிந்தது. எந்த ஒரு சொல்லைச் சொல்வதற்கு முன்னும், எந்த ஒரு செயலைச் செய்வதற்கு முன்னும், நான் எண்ணிப் பார்க்கத் தொடங்கினேன். அன்று மாலையிலேயே, கல்லூரியிலிருந்து திரும்பியதும் 'செய்ய வேண்டியது என்ன?' என எண்ணத் தொடங்கியது என் மனம். உடுத்தியிருந்த பட்டுச் சேலையும் உடலிலிருந்த பல நகைகளும் பெருஞ்சுமையாகத் தோன்றின. சிறிது நேரத்திய ஆழ்ந்த சிந்தனைக் குப் பிறகு, மூக்கைக் குத்தித் துளை செய்து அணியப்பட்டிருந்த மூக்குத் திருகும், வேண்டாத பல நகைகளும் தாயின் பெட்டியைச் சரணடைந்தன. என்னிடமிருந்த விலையுயர்ந்த சேலைகள் எல்லாவற்றையும் எடுத்துத் தனியாக வைத்தேன். தூய வெண்ணிறக் கதர்ச் சேலையை உடுத்திக் கண்ணாடியின் முன் நின்று கண்டபோது, பலரும் போற்றும் என் அழகு, பனிக்காலத்து நள்ளிரவில் முழுமதியின் வெண்ணிலவு போல் அவ்வளவு தண்மையாக இருப்பதாக எனக்குத் தோன்றியது. மலர்க்காவி லிருந்து மணம் வீசிய சாதி மல்லிகை, என் நீண்ட கூந்தலை அலங்கரித்த ஒரு சுமை 'டிஸம்பர்' பூக்களை எள்ளி நகையாடுவது போலவும் தோன்றியது. உடனே, 'மணமும் குணமும் இல்லாத இம் "மலர்"களிடம் விருப்பம் ஏனோ?' என்ற வினா என்னுள்ளே எழுந்தது. அன்று பகல்வரை இருந்த அருள்மொழியின் உள்ளத்திலே அந்த வினா எழுந்திராது. இளங்கோவின் சொன்மாரி என்னைப் புதியவளாக்கி யிருந் தது. ஒற்றை மல்லிகைக்கு முன் ஒரு சுமை 'டிஸம்பர்' பூக்கள் நிற்க இயலவில்லை. அதுபோலத்தான், 'ஒரு நொடியிலே செய்து முடிக்கக்கூடிய செயலினால் விளையக்கூடிய நன்மைகள், ஒரு மணி நேரப் பேச்சினால் விளைவதில்லை' என்பதை உணர்ந்தேன்.

கல்லூரிப் படிப்பு எனக்கு அறிவைத் தந்திருந்தது. ஆயின், இளங்கோ எனக்கு உணர்ச்சியைத் தந்தான்; உயர்வைப் புகட்டினான். எனவே, அன்றிலிருந்து அவனோடு சேர்ந்து உண்மையான தொண்டு செய்யவேண்டும் என்று உள்ளத்தில் உறுதி கொண்டேன். முயன்று, ஓரளவு வெற்றியும் கண்டேன். ஓராண்டுக்கு முன் இருந்த அந்தச் சேரி, இன்று 'தமிழகம்' என்ற அழகிய பகுதியாக உருவாகியிருக் கிறது. அங்கே வாழும் மக்கள் மக்களாக வாழுகின்றார்கள். இளங்கோவால்தான் அப்படி வாழ்கின்றார்கள். நான் வெறும் உதவியாளாகத்தான் இருந்தேன். எந்நேரமும் அவனது உயர்ந்த, பரந்த, உள்ளத்தை வியக்கத்தான் எனக்குப் பொழுதிருந்தது. தேர்வு நெருங்கி வருதலையும் பொருட்படுத்தாது, கடும் நோயினால் வாடிய கோடி வீட்டுக் கிழவியின் அருகேயிருந்து அவளுக்கு உதவிய இளங்கோவில், அங்கமெலாம் குறைந்தழுகித் தொழுநோய் பற்றி மனிதப் பிண்டமாக கிடந்த கிழவனை நாள்தோறும் தூக்கிக் கழுவி, உணவும் எடுத்துத் தந்து, அவனுக்கு வேண்டிய உதவியெல்லாம் செய்த இளங்கோவில், அம்மை பரவியிருந்த நாட்களில் ஊருக்கு உழைத்த இளங் கோவில், உயிரைத் துரும்பாக மதித்து, வெள்ளத்தில் வீழ்ந்த குழந்தையைப் பாய்ந்து சென்று மீட்டுவந்த இளங்கோவில், உயர்வைக் கண்டேன். கண்டு கண்டு, 'நானும் உயர்ந்த உள்ளம் பெறவேண்டும்' என்று உறுதி கொண்டேன்,

ஆனால் இன்று? ஐயோ! சொல்லவும் நாத் தழுதழுக்கின்றது. என் உள்ளம் துயரத்தால் விம்மி வெடித்துவிடும் போலிருக்கின்றது. இன்று............இளங்கோ ....இவ்வுலகில்.........இல்லை.........இப் பரந்த உலகில் இளங்கோ ஒருவனுக்குத் தானா இடமில்லை? அல்லது, அவனிருந்ததை இவ்வுலகின் வன்னெஞ்சம் பொறுக்க வில்லையா? அவனை அனுப்பிவிட்டதே? அதுவும் எப்படி? சேயை இழந்த தாயின் கதறலைக் கேட்டு அவளது சேயை மீட்டுத்தந்த பிறகு அவன் மீண்டும் வாராதபடி! தீப்பிடித்த வீட்டுக்கு வெளியே பெற்ற தாய், உள்ளேயிருந்த சேயை நினைத்து உலகெலாம் கேட்கும் வண்ணம் கதறுகிறாள்; அருகே குழுமியிருந்த மக்களின் செவிகளில் அக்கதறல் விழவில்லையா? அவர்கள் செயலற்று நிற்கின்றார்களே! ஆயின்........ ஆயின்........, இளங்கோவின் நெஞ்சை அக்கதறல் பிளந்து விட்டது. கல்லும் மண்ணும் கொண்டு கட்டிய கட்டிடத்திலே பற்றிய பெருந்தீ அவன் கண்ணில் படவில்லை; ஆயின் பெற்ற வயிற்றிலே பற்றி யெரியும் பெரு நெருப்பொன்று, அவன் உள்ளத்தைச் சுட்டது. உள்ளே பாய்ந்தோடினான் அவன்; கனவு கண்டுகொண்டிருந்த அப் பச்சிளங் குழந்தையை ஒரு கம்பளத்தில் சுற்றி எடுத்துக்கொண்டு ஓடோடியும் வந்தான். வாயில் நிலைப்படியில், வஞ்சம் தீர்க்கவேண்டிப் பரவியிருந்தது, பாழுந் தீ! அவன் வந்தான்; அதைக் கண்டான்; ஆயின் அஞ்சவில்லை! வீரத் தமிழ்மகன் அல்லவா அவன்? குழந்தையை வீசி எறிந்தான் வெளியே; வீரத்தோடு தானும் வர முயன்றான். ஆயின் தீ பழிவாங்கிக்கொண்டது. பற்றி யெறியும் பசிநாக்குகள் அவன் உயிரை உண்டுவிட்டன; இன்று அவன் இல்லை.

இன்று பொங்கலுக்கு மறுநாள்; ஆம், நேற்றுத்தான் பொங்கல். நேற்று என்னுடன் தமிழகத்திற்கு வந்து பொங்கல் விழாக் கொண்டாடிய இளங்கோ, இன்று செந்தழல் நாக்குக்களினிடையே தான் மட்டும் தனியாகப் பொங்கல் கொண்டாடு கின்றானா? ஐயோ! என்ன கொடுமை! சென்ற ஆண்டு இதே நாள் என்னைப் புதிய வளாக்கிய இளங்கோ இன்று இல்லை! சென்ற ஆண்டு! ஏன்? நேற்று இருந்த இளங்கோ இன்று இல்லை. இந்த உலகம், தன்னுடைய பெருமைக்கு மறறொரு சான்றாக நேற்று இருந்த இளங்கோவை இன்று இல்லையாக்கிக் கொண்டது. நேற்றுப் பொங்கல் செய்தியாக அவன் கூறிய சொற்கள் என் உயிர் உள்ளளவும் என் செவிகளில் ஒலித்துக் கொண்டிருக்கும்

“அருள்மொழி! என்னுடைய பொங்கல் செய்தி என்ன தெரியுமா? ‘தியா கத்திலே இன்பம் இருக்கிறது என்பதை நீ உணர்க’ என்பதே. அணுஅணுவாகக் குறைந்து கொண்டே வந்து இடமெங்கும் நறுமணம் பரப்புகின்றது, எரியும் ஊது வத்தி. அதனைப்போலப் பிறர்க்கென முயலும் பெற்றியாளர் எதை உணர்த்துகின் றனர்? அழகாகப் பூத்துச் சொரிகின்றன, நறுமலர்கள்; பறிக்கப்படுவதற்காகவே அரும்பி, ‘பறிக்கப்படப் போகிறோமே, பிறர்க்கு மகிழ்ச்சியளிக்கப் போகின்றோமே,’ என்ற மகிழ்ச்சியினாலேயே மொட்டு மலர்கிறதோ என்ற எண்ணம் நம் உள்ளத் தடத்திலே முகிழ்க்கின்றது. அத்தகைய ஆன்றோரின் வாழ்க்கையிலிருந்து நீ அறி வது என்ன? தீங்கனிகள் பழுத்துக் குலுங்குகின்றன; கல்லடிபடுவதற்காகத்தானோ என்ற ஐயம் அரும்புகிறது. பிறரின்பத்திலே தம்மின்பம் காணும் தமக்கென வாழாத் தகைமையாளரின் வரலாறு காட்டும் உண்மைதான் என்ன? எண்ணற்ற இன்னல் களைப் பொறுத்துக் கொண்டு துன்ப நீக்கத்தைத் தரும் அன்புமிக்க தாய்க்குலம் உள்ளமெனும் ஓடையிலே மலர்விக்கும் கருத்து யாது? தன்னைக் கொண்டவனுக் காகவே வாழ்ந்து இன்ப ஆக்கத்தைத் தரும் காதல் மிக்க பெண்ணின் பெண்மை பேசுவது என்ன? ‘தியாகத்தின் நிழலிலே இன்பம் பிறக்கிறது’ என்பதே.”

தியாகத்திலே இன்பம்! காந்தியடிகள் வாழ்விலும் சாவிலும் தியாகத்திலே இன்பம் கண்டதுபோல் என் இளங்கோவும் வாழ்விலும் சாவிலும், சொல்லிலும் செயலிலும், தியாகத்திலே இன்பம் கண்டான். அவன் என் வாழ்வுக்கு வழிகாட்டி! மூடிக்கிடந்த என் கண்களைத் திறந்துவிட்ட அவன் இன்று எங்கிருக்கிறானோ தெரியவில்லை. உண்மையான தொண்டு இன்னது என்று அறியாமல், வெறும் பெயருக்கும் புகழுக்கும் ஆசைப்பட்ட என்னை அவன் சொற்கள்—சொற்கள் மட்டுமல்ல—பெரும்பாலும் செயல்கள், முற்றிலும் மாற்றி விட்டன. எத்தனை எத்தனையோ பேர் கல்லூரிகளில் கல்வி பயில்கின்றனர். எத்தனையோ இளங்கோக்கள் கல்வி பயிலலாம்; எத்தனையோ அருள் மொழிகள் கல்வி பயிலலாம். ஆயின் ...... இளங்கோ! என் இளங்கோ! யானும் நீயும்! வாழ்க்கைக்குப் பண்பு மனிதத் தன்மை என்றும், பயன் பண்பட்ட சமூகம் என்றும் நான் உன்னால் உணர்ந்தேன். இன்னும் பலரும் உணரச் செய்திருப்பாய் நீ! இடையே சதி செய்தது சாவு! நம் நாட்டின் அறியாமையை விழுங்க வேண்டிய அது, உன்னை விழுங்கி விட்டது; 'அறியாமை மிக்கது!

ஆனால், தியாகத்திலே இன்பம் காணச் சொல்லி, தியாகத்திலே இன்பம் கண்டு கொண்டே தியாக மரணம் அடைந்த உன்னிடம் அது முழுவெற்றி பெறவில்லை. உன்னைப்பற்றி என் உள்ளத்தடத்திலே பரந்து கிடக்கும் எண்ணங்களை உலகிற்கு அறிவிக்க விழைகின்றேன். ஆனால், கடலலைகளின் ஊடே விழுந்த நிலவொளிபோல் அவை பரந்து கிடக்கின்றன. தெளிவாக எடுத்துத் தர முடியவில்லை. உன் வாழ்க்கைக்குப் பண்பு தியாகம்; பயன் இன்பம். இது மட்டும சொல்வேன்.

இரா. சம்பூர்ணம், V (Hons.) Tamil.

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తన చిన్నతనపు రోజులవి. వాడలోకెల్లా తనే అందగత్తె అనీ; నాట్యంలోనూ పాటలోనూ తనదే అందె వేసిన చెయ్యనీ విలాస పురుషులంతా చెప్పుకొనేవారు. తనకిప్పుడు మానవ జాతిపైనా, ముఖ్యంగా తన యింటికి వచ్చే పురుషులపైనా వున్న ద్వేషం అప్పుడులేదు. ప్రపంచమంతా మంచిది, సృష్టంతా ఆనందమయం,— అని తానప్పుడు అనుకొనేది. కొంత కాలమైన తర్వాతేగానీ నిజం తెలియలేదు.

ఆ రోజుల్లో...... తన రసికులలో ముఖ్యుడు జమీందారుగారి సెక్రటరీ సుదర్శన్. అతన్ని చూస్తేనేగానీ ఒక్కరోజైనా ఉండలేకపోయేది తను. ఎందుకో అతనంటే తన కంత పిచ్చిప్రేమ.

ఒకనాడు తానూ, సుధా ముందుగదిలో కూర్చుని వున్నారు. వీధి తలుపు గడియ పెట్టివుంది. సుధా ఈజీఛైరులో కూర్చుని పేపరు చదువుతున్నాడు. తాను పక్కనేవున్న కుర్చీలో కూర్చుని మోహిని పుస్తకం తిరగవేస్తూ వుంది.

వీధి తలుపు తట్టిన శబ్దమైంది. సుధా ఉలిక్కిపడి లేచాడు. కంగారుగా కోటుస్టాండుకు తగిలించివున్న బట్టలుతీసుకొని పడక గదిలోకెళ్ళి తలుపు బిడాయించాడు. అతని భయంచూసి తనలో తనే నవ్వుకొంది. ఆ సమయంలో తన యింటికెవ్వరు వస్తారు, పోస్టు బంట్రోతూ, చాకలివాడూ తప్ప. మెల్లిగా వెళ్ళి వీధి తలుపు కొంచెం తీసి చూచింది. ఎవరో అపరిచిత స్త్రీ మెట్లపై నిలబడివుంది. వయస్సు యిరవైకన్నా ఎక్కువ వుండదు. సన్నగా నాజూగ్గా నిమ్మపండు ఛాయతోనూ, కాటుక కళ్ళతోనూ వున్న ఆమె గౌరవ కుటుంబానికి చెందినదని, చూసినవాళ్ళందరికీ తెలుస్తుంది. దైన్యంతో కూడిన ఆమె ముఖం చూడగానే ఆమెయందు ఒక విధమైన గౌరవ భావం ఏర్పడింది తనకు. ప్రశ్నార్థకంగా ఆమె వైపు చూచింది తను.

"వారేరి? ....," ఆ అపరిచిత వ్యక్తి అడిగింది వణుకుతున్న కంఠంతో.

"వారంటే? ......" ఆ ప్రశ్న వెయ్యటానికి తనక్కు ధైర్యం ఎక్కడినుండి వచ్చిందో తెలుసుకోలేకపోయింది తను, యింత కాలమైన తరువాతకూడా.

"వారంటేనా? నన్ను అగ్నిసాక్షిగా వివాహమాడిన నా భర్త, జమీందారు గారి ప్రియకార్యదర్శి అయిన శ్రీ సుదర్శన్ గారు."

"సుదర్శన్ !!! ఆపేరే నేనెప్పుడూ వినలేదే?"

"నీ వేషాలు కట్టిపెట్టు, నీచురాలా,...... ఇంకా మోసంచేద్దామను కుంటున్నావా? ఇప్పటికి రెండు నెలలుగా ఆయన యిక్కడే మకాం వెయ్యలేదా? రోజూ సంజచీకట్లో నీవూ ఆయనా కలిసి నదీ తీరానికి షికారు వెళ్ళడంలేదా?" కఠినంగా అంటోంది, ఆ అపరిచితవ్యక్తి.

ఆ అపరిచితవ్యక్తికి తానొక నీచురాలులాగా కన్పిస్తోందా? మరి అందరూ తన అందాన్ని అంతగా పొగడుతారే. తానుకూడా ఆమెలాగా సన్నగావుండి, వుంగరాలు తిరిగిన జుట్టులేకుండా వుంటే బాగుండుననిపించింది తనకు.

"ఊ ...... చెప్పు, ఆయన యెక్కడ వున్నారో......పోనీలే, ఆయన యెక్కడుంటే నూకెందుకు, ...ఆఫీసు యినప్పెట్టెలో వుండవలసిన ఎస్టేటుడబ్బు పోయిందని జమీందారుగారికి తెలిసిందని చెప్పడానికే వచ్చాను, ఆయనకోసం వెతుక్కుంటూ, ఈ నీచ వాతావరణంలోకి. ఆ డబ్బు ఆయనతప్ప యింకెవరూ తీయటానికి వీల్లేదు. ఆయనే తీశారని నాకు బాగాతెలుసు. ఆయనను అరెస్టుకూడా చేస్తారు, ఈవేళో, రేపో. ఏం! వినిపిస్తోందా నీకు. ఆయనను ఈ స్థితికి తెచ్చింది ఎవరో తెలుసా? ఏం? అలా చూస్తావు, పాపీ.........," గదిలోకి వచ్చేసింది ఆమె తనను తోసుకుంటూ. ఈ మూలనుండి ఆ మూలకు దెబ్బతిన్న పులిలా నడుస్తోంది ఆమె. తనకు నోటంట మాటకూడా రావడంలేదు. ఊపిరి బిగబట్టి ఒకమూల ఒదిగి నిలబడింది తను.

"బహుశా, ఈ రోజే ఆయనను అరెస్టు చేస్తారేమో? ఇన్ని కష్టాలకూ కారణం నీవే, దుర్మార్గురాలా. ఇల్లాగ ఎంతమంది కొంపలు కుల్చావోకదా!!!...... పాపఫల మనుభవిస్తావులే. నిన్ను శిక్షించడానికి పైన దేవుడు లేడనుకుంటున్నావా."

"నిజంగా నాకేమీ తెలిదండీ," అంటూ తను ఏడవడం మొదలుపెట్టింది.

"ఇంకా అబద్ధం ఆడుతావేం, నాకంతా తెలుసు. చాలా కాలంనుండీ తెలుసు. ఆయన రెండు నెలలనుండీ నీతోనే వుంటున్నారా లేదా?" చెప్పు.

అయితేకావచ్చు. ఆయనన్ను మాకేంటి? నాయింటి కెంతమందో వస్తారు. నేనేం ఆయన్ను బలవంతముగా యింట్లోకట్టి వేసుకొన్నానా? మీకు చేతనైతే రాకుండా చేసుకో లేకపోయేరా?" దీర్ఘంగా మాట్లడింది తను లేని ధైర్యం తెచ్చుకుంటూ.

"నీవల్లాగ మాట్లాడుతావని నాకు ముందే తెలుసు. కులటా......... నీతళుకు బెళుకులతో మగవారిని వశపరచుకొని వారిని చేతిలో కీలు బొమ్మలు చేసి ఆడిస్తూ, పైగా నంగనాచి లాగా మాట్లాడుతావా? నీకు నీయింటికి వచ్చేమగవారిపైన ఏమాత్రం జాలీలేదని నాకు తెలుసు. అలాగే నాభర్త పైకూడ నీకు లేశమైనా కరుణ అనేదే లేకుండాపోవచ్చు. నిర్భాగ్యులమైననన్నూ నాపిల్లల్నీ చూచైనా, ఆయన నీకిచ్చిన

డబ్బుయిచ్చినెయ్. లేకపోతే ఆయన జైలు పాలు కావడమే కాక, మేము, రోడ్డుపాలు కావలసి వుంటుంది. ఇప్పుడైనాసరే ఆయన దొంగలించిన డబ్బు జమీందారుగారి కిచ్చి వేస్తే ఆయన్ని అరెస్టు చెయ్యరు. ఏం ? ఇస్తావా ? లేదా ? చెప్పు'' అంటూ తన కాళ్ళ పైనపడింది.

ఆమె అలా ఏడవడం చూస్తే తనకడుపు తరుక్కునిపోయింది. నిజానికి సుధా తన కిచ్చిందల్లా ఒక వుంగరం మాత్రమే. డబ్బు ఒక్క దమ్మిడీకూడా యివ్వలేదు. అంతా ఖర్చు పెట్టేశాడా ? మరి ఎల్లాగ.

“ అబ్బ, పన్నెండు వందల రూపాయలు. అంతా నీ పాలైంది. భూములూ, నగలూ అన్నీ యింతకుముందే నీ పాలయ్యాయి. రేపటిలోపల యెల్లాగైనా ఆ డబ్బు సంపాదించాలి. ఎల్లాగైనా నీవే మాకుటుంబాన్ని రక్షించాలి. నీకూ హృదయ మంటూ వుంటె ఆ డబ్బు యివ్వగలవు. ఈ సహాయం చేశావంటే నీకు నేను కలకాలం దాసీనై వుంటాను.” అంటూ తన కాళ్ళు పట్టుకొంది.

తాను గబగబా లేచి తన నగల పెట్టె ఆమెచేతిలో పడేసింది. “ నా దగ్గర అవి తప్ప యింకేమీలేవు. అవి ఒక వెయ్యిరూపాయలకు తక్కువకాకుండా విలువ జేస్తాయి. అంతకన్నా నేనేమీ యివ్వలేను.” అంటూ కుర్చీలో కూలబడింది. ఆమె వాటిని తీసుకొని మారు మాట పలక్కుండా వెళ్ళిపోయింది. ఎంత కృతఘ్నత ! ! !

ఇంతలో పడకగది తలుపు తెరచుకొని సుధా బయటికొచ్చాడు.

“ అంత పెద్ద కుటుంబానికి చెందినదాన్ని, యిల్లు విడిచి బయటకు రానిదాన్ని ...”

“ ఏం, సుధా, నీవు నాకిచ్చిన నగలూ డబ్బూ ఎంత విలువ చేస్తాయి. మరి అంత డబ్బూ యేంచేశావు. చెప్పూ.''

“ ...... ఈ కులట కాళ్ళమీద పడేట్టుచేశానే, ఎంత నీచుణ్ణి.”

“ ఏం, సుధా, నా మాటలు వినిపించడంలేదా ? మీ ఆవిడతో ఆ డబ్బంతా ఏంచేశారో చెప్పండి.”

ఛీ ! నీచురాలా ! ! నన్ను ముట్టుకోకు. నీకోసరం కుటుంబ గౌరవాన్ని, నా మాన మర్యాదలనూ ధారపోయడమేగాక ఆ పతివ్రతను నీ కాళ్ళమీద పడేట్టు చేశాను. ఊ ! లే. నన్ను ముట్టుకోకు. నీచురాలా ?

తన చెంప ఛెడీమంది. తనను తోసుకొని బయటకు వెళ్ళిపోయాడు, సుధా.

ఏడుస్తూ కుర్చీలో కూలబడింది తను. తిరిగి తన వైపైనా చూడలేదు సుధా— తన ప్రేమికుడు.

పవిత్ర ప్రేమ

"విమల"

పద్మరాజుగారు మోతుబరిరైతు. ఆయన భార్య కమలమ్మ. ఆయన యేదో కులాసా కబుర్లు చెప్పుకుంటున్నారు. వాళ్ళ పశువులకు మేత తెచ్చే లచ్చిప్రస్తావన వచ్చి —"పచ్చిగడ్డి మోయటం మగవాళ్ళకే కష్టమైన పనంటారే, లచ్చి ఆ పని కెలాకుదిరింది?" అని అడిగింది కమలమ్మ. పద్మరాజుగారు ఆమెనుకొంచెము కదలించి ఉద్రేక పరచాలనుకొని "అయినా యేపని లోనైనా ఆడవాళ్లున్నచోటనున్న కళ మగ వాళ్ళున్నచోట ఉండదు. అయినా లచ్చి మనపని బాగానే చేస్తోందనుకుంటాను." అన్నాడు.

కమలమ్మ:—"ఇప్పుడది పనిచేయడంలేదని కాదు. ఐతే మీరు మన పశువుల కొట్టాల్ని, మెట్టచేలను కలకలలాడించాలని ఆడకూలీలను పెట్టదల్చుకున్నారన్న మాట. దేనికైనా రాణింపు నిశ్చితస్థలాల్లోనే ఉంటుంది. ఇప్పుడిప్పుడు మీవంటిఉద్దేశాల వారుండ బట్టే పోలీసు శాఖల్లోగూడ ఆడవాళ్ళను ప్రవేశపెడుతున్నారు. ఆ శాఖలు మీరనుకున్నట్లు కళకళ లాడవచ్చు. ఆ ఉద్యోగులు అలంకారపాత్రులు కావచ్చు గాని వాళ్లు పనుల్ని సమర్థతతో చేయగలరన్న నమ్మకం నాకు లేదు." అని యింకా యేదేదో ఉపన్యాస ధోరణిలో చెప్పేస్తోంది.

దీన్ని వింటున్న పద్మరాజుగారు ఉన్న యథార్థాన్ని బయట బెట్టి ఆమెను ఒప్పించకపోతే, ఆ ఉపన్యాసానికి అంతుండదని......"కమలా! లచ్చిని మన పనిలో చేర్చుకోడానికి వేరే కారణముంది. నీ కిదివరకెప్పుడో చెప్పి ఉండాల్సింది గాని సందర్భంరాక చెప్పి ఉండను. ఆమెకు, ఆమె భర్తకూ ఒక జీవనం కల్పించడానికే ఆమేకాపని యిచ్చాను."

కమ:—"మరి లచ్చి పెనిమిటి, రాముడు గ్రుడ్డివాడు గద! అతడేమీ పనిచేయ లేడేమో? మనమిచ్చే పదణాల రోజుకూలి వాళ్ళ కుటుంబానికి సరిపోతుందా?"

పద్మ:—"సరిపోవడానికి మితమేముంది? ఎంత చెట్టుకు అంతేగాలి. వాళ్లవాళ్ల మనస్తత్వాలనుబట్టి తృప్తి, అసంతృప్తి లోకంలో ప్రతి వ్యక్తికీ ఉంటూనే ఉంటుంది. లచ్చీ రాముల్ని నేను మొదటగా చూచినఘట్టం మరపుకురాన్నది... ఆ రోజు-రామా రావను కుంటాను-మద్రాసునుండి వస్తాడని, అతన్ని కలిసి కొందామని స్టేషనుకు వెళ్లాను. రైలు రావడానికి ఇంకా వ్యవధిఉంది. ఈ మన రాముడూ లచ్చి అప్పు

డక్కడ అడుక్కుంటున్నారు. అప్పుడు రాముడికి పాతిక సంవత్సరాలుంటాయి. ఆ నిండైన విగ్రహానికి తగినట్టు కండలు మెలితిరిగి ఉన్నాయి. మొలకు చుట్టుకొన్న ఒక పంచె, తలకు చుట్టిన ఒకగుడ్డ తప్ప అతనిపై మరేవీ గుడ్డలేదు. శిల్పిచెక్కిన ఒక విగ్రహంలా కన్పించాడు. కొంతసేపటికి అతనికి కళ్లులేవని చూచి ఆశ్చర్య పోయాను. అతని చేయి ముందుకు పట్టుకొని దారిసూపిస్తూ అతని వెనగ్గా లచ్చి వస్తోంది. ఆవిడ కప్పుడు 16, 17 సంవత్సరాలుంటాయి. ఆమె యౌవనాన్ని ఆమె వయస్సే చెప్తుతుంది. తన యౌవనాన్ని దాచుకోదగిన గుడ్డ లేని లచ్చి రాముడి వెనుక తనను మాటుపరచు కుంటోంది.

ఈ వయస్సులో వాళ్లిలా అడుక్కోవడమేమిటా అనిపించింది నాకు. స్టేషనులో వాళ్లందరి దృష్టులూ వాళ్లమీద పడ్డాయి. మనిషికో విధంగా వాళ్లను చూస్తున్న ట్లనిపించింది. ఒక వృద్ధురాలు భగవతార్పణమంటూ ఒక కానీ వేసింది. ఒకాయన "ఇదిగో అమ్మా డబ్బులిస్తారా" అన్నాడు సాభిప్రాయంగా. ఈ జనానికి నీతిలేదు. నాకు కూడ కళ్లులేకుండా ఉంటే బాగుండేదేమో అని అనుకుంటున్నట్లు ఒకమాదిరి హేయ భావం లచ్చి ముఖంలో పొడసూపింది. రాముడి చాటుకు మరీమరీ ఒదుగుకుంటోంది. అర్ధణా, కానీ, యిలా యెవరెవరో బుద్ధిపుట్టిన వాళ్లిచ్చారు. ఇంతలో రైలు వచ్చింది.

ఎక్కేవాళ్లు ఎక్కుతున్నారు. దిగేవాళ్లు దిగుతున్నారు. రామారావు రానేలేదు. అందుచేత లచ్చిరాముల్ని మరి కొంతసేపు గమనించే అవకాశము కలిగింది. వీళ్లిద్దరూకూడ అడుక్కుంటానికి ఒక పెట్టెలోకి ఎక్కారు. ఇదే సమయమన్నట్లు లచ్చిని నెట్టుకొంటూ మరి కొంతమంది ఆ పెట్టెలోకి ఎక్కారు. ఆ హడావిడిలో వాళ్లకెంతమంది డబ్బులు వేశారో నాకు తెలియలేదు. కాని మళ్లీ బండి వెళ్లే గంట కొట్టినందున లచ్చిరాములు పెట్టెలోనుండి క్రిందికి దిగారు.

ఇంతలో సూర్యాస్తమయమయింది. పక్షులు గూళ్లకు చేరుకుంటున్నాయి. లచ్చి స్టేషను ప్రక్కనున్న ఒక చెట్టుక్రిందికి దారితీసింది. తన రొంటినున్న డబ్బులు తీసి రాముడు లచ్చి చేతులో పెట్టాడు. ఐదణాలుంటాయను కొంటాను. లచ్చి దగ్గరి చిల్లరంగడికి వెళ్లి నూకలు మిరపకాయలేదో తెచ్చినట్లుంది. గంజికాచి, రాముడికి త్రాగినంతపోసి, మిగిలింది యెంతో ఆప్యాయంగా తాను త్రాగింది.

రామారావు రాత్రి బండికైనా వస్తాడేమోనని ఆ బస్తీ హోటల్లో భోంచేసి నేను మరలా స్టేషనుకు వెళ్లేటప్పటికి చెట్టుపై పక్షిజంటల్లా ఆ జోడు చెట్టుక్రింద హాయిగా నిద్రపోతోంది. వాళ్ల బాహ్య జీవితమెంత దుర్ఘట పోరాటమైనా వాళ్ల పవిత్ర హృదయాల కారణంగా వాళ్ల ఆత్మశాంతికీ ప్రేమానుభవానికీ అంతరాయం లేదనిపించింది.

ఆ తెల్లవారే నేను రామారావును కలసికొని ఊరికి వచ్చేశాను. అప్పుడే వాళ్లను మనూరికి పిల్చుకొని రావాలనిపించింది. కాని నేనే వెళ్లి వాళ్లను రమ్మనటం బాగుండదని వచ్చేశాను. తరువాత రెండుమూడు నెలలకు విత్తనాలు వేసుకొని వచ్చే పనిమీద మన పాలేరు వెంకయ్యతో బండి తోలుకొని స్టేషనుకు వెళ్లటం తటస్థించింది. లచ్చీరాముల్ని మళ్లీ అక్కడే చూచాను. వాళ్లు కష్టసుఖాలకు సమభాగులౌతూనే ఉన్నారు. వాళ్ళావృత్తికంటే, పనిచేసుకొని జీవించితే బాగుంటుందని, మనూరిలో పనిచేసికొని జీవించవచ్చునని మన పాలేరుచే చెప్పించాను. వాళ్ళు ఒప్పుకొని మనూరు వచ్చారు. అప్పటినుండి లచ్చి మనకు పచ్చి గడ్డి తెస్తూ ఉంది. కూలికి కూడ వెళుతూ ఉంటుంది. రాముడు త్రాళ్లు చాల చక్కగా పేనుతాడు. అలా కొంతడబ్బు సంపాదిస్తాడు. ఇప్పుడు మన త్రాళ్లు చాల వరకు రాముడు పేనినవే. వాళ్లిప్పుడు సుఖంగా బ్రతుకుతున్నారు. నాలుగేండ్లలో వాళ్ల కొడుకు రత్తాలు పనికి వస్తాడు. వాళ్ల చిక్కులు పూర్తిగా తీరిపోతాయి. వాళ్ల పవిత్ర ప్రేమకు కానుకగానే నాకా బుద్ధిపుట్టించి భగవంతుడు వాళ్లకుదారిచూపించాడు. అని అంటూ ఉండగానే —“ అవునులెండి ఆలాంటి అమాయకుల నూరుమేళ్లు చూస్తేనే మనకొక మేలు దక్కుతుంది. ఆ గుణం మీలో కొద్దో గొప్పో ఉండబట్టే మీకు ఈ జన్మలో, మరి జన్మ జన్మాలకు పవిత్రప్రేమ లభిస్తుంది. అని స్వాతిశయంగా అంటూ కమలమ్మగారు తన పనికి వెళ్ళిపోయింది.

വിശ്വാസയോഗ്യമായ കൈപ്പീത്തെടുക്കുന്നു.

കെ. ബാലകൃഷ്ണൻനായർ

(ഇന്തോച്ചീനയിലെ ദേശീയസേനയുടെ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യസമരത്തെ
അനുസ്മരിച്ചു്.)

ബന്ദിയായ് ഫ്രഞ്ചുതുറുങ്കി, ലവജ്ഞകൾ-
ബന്ധുവായ് നീറി ദ്രവിക്കയാണെങ്കിലും,
ചിന്തിച്ചു "ഹോച്ചീങ്ങ്" സ്വദിക്കയാമോർമ്മയിൽ
പൊൻതളിർ പൂത്തൊരു പൂർവ്വകാലങ്ങളെ.

അക്കരെ, "മെക്കോങ്ങ്"നദിക്കപ്പുറത്തുള്ള
കൊച്ചുകുടിലിലെ തുച്ഛമാം ജീവിതം,
നീറുന്ന മാധുര്യമോടിങ്ങണഞ്ഞഹോ
നൂറുനൂറാവർത്തി പുല്കിതൻചിന്തയെ.

അച്ഛ,നനുജനും, കൊച്ചനുജത്തിയും,
സ്വച്ഛമാം ഗ്രാമ വിനോദരംഗങ്ങളും,
ബാല്യകാലങ്ങളു മോമൽസഖാക്കളും,
ബാല്യാൽ പരസുമ കാലവിലാസവും
ഒന്നിച്ചുണർന്നായുവഭടൻ തന്റെ ഹൃ-
ച്ചങ്ങലക്കൂട്ടിൽ ഞെരിഞ്ഞു ഞരങ്ങയാം.
യാത്രയോതീടവേ "വീരനായ്‌വാഴ്‌കെ"ന്നു
വാർത്ത കണ്ണീരോടുരക്കുന്നൊരമ്മയൊ,
പേർത്തുമുല്ക്കണ്ഠയാൽ താൻ മറയോളവും
നേർത്തദൃഷ്ട്യാ നോക്കി നിന്ന നില്ലോർത്തയാൾ.
മാദകചിന്തകൾ മേളിച്ച ഹേമന്ത-
ശീതളവാതവും നാരകപ്പൂക്കളും
നന്ദിച്ചിടചേർത്തനുസ്മരിച്ചാൻ പ്രേമ-
ധന്യയാമോമലിൻ ശ്രീമൽസ്വരൂപവും.
കാമനീയാരാമസീമനി തൂമലർ-
കോൾമയിർക്കൊള്ളുന്ന കുന്ദവല്ലീതടേ,
മങ്ങാതെ ക്രീഡിക്കിടപ്പതും കണ്ടപോൽ
മന്ദഭാഗ്യൻ തൻ പ്രിയോക്തികളൊക്കവേ.

കൺതടം മുങ്ങുന്നു കണ്ണീരുറവിനാൽ
ചിന്തയിലാശങ്ക കത്തിയെരികയാം:—
ഫ്രെഞ്ചു കൈത്തോക്കിന്നു മുമ്പിൽ പൊലിഞ്ഞിതോ,
സഞ്ചിതക്ഷേമമാം തൻകുടിൽ കൂടിയും?
സ്നേഹംതുളുമ്പുമാ കൊച്ചുവീട്ടിൽ കട—
ന്നാഹാ—....തുലച്ചോ........തുലഞ്ഞോ........സമസ്തവും?
കരിതുമ്പിന്നഴി ഞെക്കി ഞെരിക്കുന്നു,—
താരുണ്യപൂർണ്ണമക്കയ്യുൻ്റു വീഴുന്നു,—
ബുദ്ധിയിൽ കൂരിരുൾ തങ്ങുന്നു,—ഹോച്ചിങ്ങു
പ്രജ്ഞയററയ്യോ പതിക്കുന്നു ഭൂമിയിൽ!
നിദ്രാവശഗനായ് യോധനപ്പോൾ സ്നേഹ—
മുദ്രിതരായ് നിജ ബന്ധുക്കൾ വന്നുപോൽ;
സ്വപ്നത്തിലോതിപോൽ ദിവ്യസ്വരൂപികൾ
"ഭദ്ര നീ രാജ്യാഭിമാനം പുലർത്തുക."
ഞെട്ടിയുണർന്നിതോ, യോധനിന്നോച്ചീന
ചുട്ടുപൊട്ടിക്കുന്ന ശത്രുവെ വെല്ലുവാൻ;
പെട്ടെന്നു വാതിൽ തുറന്നകം പുക്കതോ,
ദുഷ്ടപ്രതിയോധർ വിസ്തരിച്ചീടുവാൻ.
കൈകളിൽ ചാട്ടയും കൈത്തോക്കുമേന്തുന്ന
വൈരിവർഗ്ഗത്തിൻ നിഴൽകണ്ട മാത്രയിൽ,
രുഷ്ടനായ് ഹോച്ചിങ്ങു ചെന്നായപോൽ ഫ്രെഞ്ചു—
ക്യാപ്ററൻെറ മാറിൽ കുതിച്ചുവീണ,പ്പൊഴേ,
പൊട്ടി കൈത്തോക്കൊന്നു, പട്ടുപോയ് സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യ—
പട്ടടത്തീയിലപ്പുഷ്ടസിംഹോദ്ഗമം.
ഏദ്രക്തമൂററി സ്വമാതൃഭൂദേവിക്കു
ഹൃദ്യകുരുതി കലശം കഴിച്ചവൻ
സാഷ്ടാംഗമായി നമസ്കരിക്കെ മാപ്പു—
സാക്ഷിയാക്കാനായ് കൊതിച്ചോരാവൈരികൾ,
വിസ്തരിച്ചത്രെ, ജഡത്തെ,ക്കഴുക്കൾപോൽ
വിശ്വാസയോഗ്യമാം കൈപ്പീത്തെടുക്കുവാൻ.

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ಶಿವನ ದ್ವಿವಿಧ ಭಂಗಿ

M. Mahantha Swamy, III Hons. Kannada.

ಒಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬುಶಾಂತಿ
ಒಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಳಯವಹ್ನಿ
ಕಮಲನಯನದಿಂದಲೊಮ್ಮೆ
ಸುಧೆಯ ಸೋನೆ ಸುರಿಯುತಿಹುದು
ಭಾಳನೇತ್ರದಿಂದಲೊಮ್ಮೆ

ಪ್ರಳಯಜ್ವಾಲೆ ಕೆರಳುತಿಹ್ವದು
ತಳಿರ ಪೋಲ್ವ ತುಟಿಯುಲೊಮ್ಮೆ
ನಗೆಯ ಮೊಗ್ಗು ಅರಳುತಿಹುದು
ರುದ್ರಮೌನ ತೀವಿನಿಂದು
ಭಯೋತ್ಪಾದಗೈಯುತಿಹುದು

ಮೋದದಿಂದ ಸತಿಯುವೆರಸಿ
ಲಲ್ಲಿಗರೆಯುತಿಹನು ಇಲ್ಲಿ
ನಡುಗುತಿಹುದು ಲೋಕವೆಲ್ಲ
ಪ್ರಳಯನಾಟ್ಯದಿಂದಲಲ್ಲಿ.
ಗಂಗೆಯವಳು ಜಡೆಯಲಿಲ್ಲಿ

ನಗುತಕೆಲೆದು ಹರಸುತಿಹಳು
ಬಿಚ್ಚಿಹರಡಿ ಜಡೆಯು ಅಲ್ಲಿ
ಗಂಗೆಯವಳು ಬಾನಿನಲ್ಲಿ
ಫಣಿಯುಗಡಣಗೇಹದಿಂದ
ಪಾಡುತಿಹವು ತೂಗಿತೊನೆದು

ಮತ್ತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಫಣಿಯನೆತ್ತಿ
ವಿಷದ ಹೊಗೆಯ ಕಾರುತಿಹವು
ಮಾತೃಪ್ರೇಮ ಭದ್ರಮೂರ್ತಿ
ಪ್ರಳಯನಾಟ್ಯ ರುದ್ರಮೂರ್ತಿ
ಇದುವೆ ಶಿವನ ದ್ವಿವಿಧಭಂಗಿ

ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಲಯವು ಎರಡು ಸಂಗ.
ಒಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ತುಂಬುಶಾಂತಿ
ಒಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಳಯವಹ್ನಿ

ಶ್ರೀ ವೆಂಕಟಪ್ಪನವರ ಅರ್ಧನಾರೀಶ್ವರ ಮತ್ತು ನಂದಲಾಲರ ತಾಂಡವನೃತ್ಯ ಚಿತ್ರದಿಂದ ಪ್ರೇರಿತವಾದದು.

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MADRAS - 2.

کو دیکھکر نقارۂ سلیمانی یاد آگیا اور داڑھی تو سونے پر سہاگہ کا کام کرتی تھی اور اس کا یہ عالم تھا۔ بقول شاعر

اُگ رہا ہے تیرے رخسار پہ سبزہ غالب تو ہے سجدے میں تیرے رُخ پہ بہار آئی ہے

مولانا نے کلام سُنانے کے لئے گلا صاف کیا اور کہا مطلع عرض

آتش رخسار سے سینک رہے دل کی چوٹیں مار عشق پڑی ہے تیرے بیماروں پر

اُف بسم اللہ ہی غلط ٹھہری۔ مجھے تو حضرت چغد پر غصہ آنے لگا۔ کس اُلو کے پٹھے نے انھیں شاعر بننے کے لئے کہا تھا؟ بس الفاظ کا اُلٹ پھیر کر دیا اور شاعر بن گئے اور واقعی حضور نے تخلص بھی خوب انتخاب کیا تھا۔ چغد نے تو حضرت داغ کے شعر کے الفاظ کو رد وبدل کر دیا تھا داغ کا شعر ہے۔

سینک رہے آتش رخسار سے دل کی چوٹیں عشق کی مار پڑی ہے تیرے بیماروں پر

مگر سامعین ہیں کہ جوش و خروش کیساتھ بڑھ بڑھ کر داد دے رہے ہیں کوئی سبحان اللہ کہہ رہا ہے تو کوئی واہ! واہ اور میں "مرزا جیا" چلا اُٹھا یہاں تو شاعری کا خون ہو رہا تھا اگر حضرت داغ زندہ ہوتے تو حضرت چغد کی کھال ہی کھنچوا دیتے۔ اب ذرا اور سُنئے چغد صاحب بھی کس دلیری سے اشعار سُنا رہے تھے۔ کبھی داغ کے شعر کو اُلٹ پھیر کی تو کبھی غالب و اکبر الہ آبادی کے شعر کا نقشہ ہی بدل ڈالا۔ اب کی مرتبہ تو انہوں نے حضرت راسخ دہلوی کے شعر پر بُری طرح دھاوا بول دیا۔ کہنے لگے مطلع عرض ہے۔

حسرت دید کا اعجاز ہے یہ خیال نہیں پتلیاں رہ گئیں جم کر تیرے رخساروں پر

اب تو میرے جسم میں خون گرم ہونے لگا اور مجھ سے رہا نہ گیا اور میں اسٹیج پر جھٹ سے کود پڑا اور چیخ کر کہا کہ قبلہ چغد صاحب یہ تو حضرت راسخ دہلوی کا شعر ہے آپ شاعر تو نہیں البتہ چور ضرور ہیں۔ یہ کہنا ہی تھا کہ جھومنے لگے اور غضبناک ہو کر کہا، کیا واہیات بک رہے ہو تم۔ تم نے کچھ بھی نہیں سمجھا۔ یہاں تو خیالات کی ٹکر ہوئی ہے اور کچھ نہیں۔ پھر سامعین کی طرف دیکھکر ؎

اچھے اگر ہوں شعر تو کچھ داد دیں چغد اتنا بھی کیا کہیں نہ کسی مہرباں سے ہم

ہائے غضب یہ تو حضرت حفیظ جونپوری کا شعر تھا جسے چغد صاحب نے تخلص ہی بدل ڈالا۔ اب کی مرتبہ تو غصے کا پارا حد سے تجاوز کر گیا اور میں مارے غصے کے کانپنے لگا۔ میری نگاہ جناب صدر پر پڑی مگر وہ بھی تو ایک لاجواب اُلو تھے۔ میری طرف مسکرا کر دیکھا اور کہا واہ صاحب واہ! چغد صاحب نے تو قافیہ تنگ کر دیا اور شعر میں الفاظ اس طرح جوڑے ہیں کہ جیسے جوہری نگینوں کو انگوٹھی میں۔

جناب صدر کا یہ کہنا ہی تھا کہ میرے لئے آگ پر تیل کا کام تھا۔ کیوں نہ ہو چور کا بھائی.... اب کی مرتبہ مجھ سے رہا نہ گیا اور میں نے ایک کر حضرت چغد کا گریبان پکڑ لیا اور دو چار چانٹے لگائے۔ اور اس طرح حضرت راسخ کا بدلہ لے ہی لیا۔

میں اور چانٹے رسید کرنے والا ہی تھا کہ کسی نے میرا ہاتھ مضبوطی سے پکڑ لیا اور مجھ کو جھنجوڑنے لگا اور رحمت صاحب رحمت صاحب یہ کیا کر رہے ہو۔ تمہیں کیا ہوا ہے۔ اس قسم کی صدائیں میرے کانوں میں آنے لگیں اور یکدم سے میری آنکھ کھل گئی۔ کیا دیکھتا ہوں کہ میرے دوست اختر صاحب جو کہ میرے ساتھ سو رہے تھے اُن کا گریبان میرے ہاتھ میں ہے اور اُن کے رخسار سرخ انگاروں کی طرح معلوم ہو رہے ہیں۔

آداب عرض رحمت اللہ سیٹھ

([illegible])

خواب حقیقت یا مشاعرہ

کون ایسا زندہ دل ہے جو مشاعروں کی محفل میں شرکت کرنا پسند نہ کرتا ہو۔ خاص کر اُردو دان حضرات کو مشاعروں سے بہت ہی شوق ہوتا ہے جہاں کہیں مشاعرہ ہو لوگ بھنبھناتی مکھیوں کی طرح آ پہنچتے ہیں مگر آجکل کے مشاعروں میں وہ رونق نہ وہ مزاج کہ دہلی اور لکھنؤ کے مشاعروں میں ہوا کرتا تھا۔ اور لوگ شاعری کو کھیتی سمجھ بیٹھے ہیں کہ سب چرنے لگتے ہیں۔ شعراء بھی اُن کا کیا کہنا۔ میرا تو یہ خیال ہے کہ اگر ہر محلے سے ڈھونڈھ ڈھونڈھ کر نکالا جائے تو کم سے کم سات یا آٹھ شعراء ہر ایک محلے سے نکلیں گے۔ اور شاید ہی ان میں ایک نکلے جسے ہم حقیقی معنوں میں شاعر کہہ سکتے ہیں۔ گویا شاعر نہیں ہوئے بلکہ برساتی کیڑے اور بدقسمتی دیکھئے ہر شاعر کو اپنا کلام اس طرح پسند ہوتا ہے جس طرح ایک ماں کو اس کا بچہ چاہے وہ اچھا ہو یا گندہ۔ آجکل کے زیادہ تر شعرا کا اہم کام یہی ہوتا ہے کہ اِدھر اُدھر سے چند اشعار نکال لیتے ہیں اور کبھی کبھی غالب۔ مومن۔ داغ وغیرہ کے دیوان سے چند شعر چُن کر الفاظ بھارد و بدل کر دی اور اپنا تخلص اس میں کھپا دیا تو بس شاعر ہو گئے۔ اب ایک مشاعرے کا ذکر سنئے۔

جوں ہی میں نے مشاعرے کی محفل میں قدم رکھا تو کیا دیکھتا ہوں کہ بہت سے شائقین بڑے اشتیاق کے ساتھ بیٹھے ہوئے ہیں۔ چائے اور سگریٹ کا دور گرم ہے۔ سامنے اسٹیج پر چاندنی بچھی ہوئی ہے اور گاؤ تکیے رکھے ہوئے ہیں اور قریب پچاس شعراء ڈٹے بیٹھے ہیں۔ چہرے سے یہ ظاہر ہوتا تھا کہ یہ فوجی کمانڈنگ افسر ہیں۔ بیچ میں جناب صدر بیٹھے ہوئے ہیں جن کا نام مجھے یاد تو نہیں البتہ حضور کا تخلص یاد ہے! ہاں تو وہ شاعر بھیبھڑے تھے۔ میں نے دل میں سوچا کہ جب یار لوگ دل و جگر پر قبضہ کر بیٹھے تو اس بیچارے کے قبضہ میں کیا آتا۔ خیر یہ حضرت تو پھیپھڑوں سے گئے گزرے نہیں۔

غرض بڑے انتظار کے بعد مشاعرہ شروع ہوا جناب صدر نے حضرت کلیجہ کو پہلے اپنا کلام سنانے کے لئے کہا حضرت کلیجہ انجن کی طرح شعر سنانے لگے اور ان کے چہرے سے وحشت برس رہی تھی کہ کہیں لوگ اُن کی چال کو پہچان نہ جائیں۔ واقعی حضرت کلیجہ تو بڑے کلیجہ والے ہی تھے۔ کلام سنکر کلیجہ منہ کو آنے لگا۔ مجھے تو ایسا محسوس ہونے لگا گویا میں نے یہ اشعار کبھی پڑھے تھے مگر دماغ پر زور لگانے پر بھی یاد نہ آسکا۔

خیر ان کے بعد حضرت بندر جھاڑی تشریف لے آئے لوگوں نے اُن کا گرم جوشی سے خیر مقدم کیا اب یہ حضرت کا تو کیا کہنا گو اشعار تو خود انہوں نے ہی کہے تھے مگر نہ وزن نہ تخیّل بس بے تکے سے اشعار تھے غزل کے آخری الفاظ "میں ہوں" پر ختم ہوتے تھے۔ شاعر صاحب اپنا شعر ختم کرنے نہ پاتے کہ لوگ چیخ اُٹھتے تھے "میں ہوں، میں ہوں" اب حضرت بندر نے آخری شعر سنایا۔ جس شاخ پہ بیٹھا تھا وہ بندر ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ لوگ چیخنے لگے "میں ہوں۔ میں ہوں"

ان کے بعد حضرت چغد صحرائی کی باری آئی۔ ذرا اُنکی وضع تو سنئے۔ گٹھیلا بدن۔ کرنجی آنکھیں تو

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